

Nichols, John

A Collection of Poems With Notes, Biographical And Historical

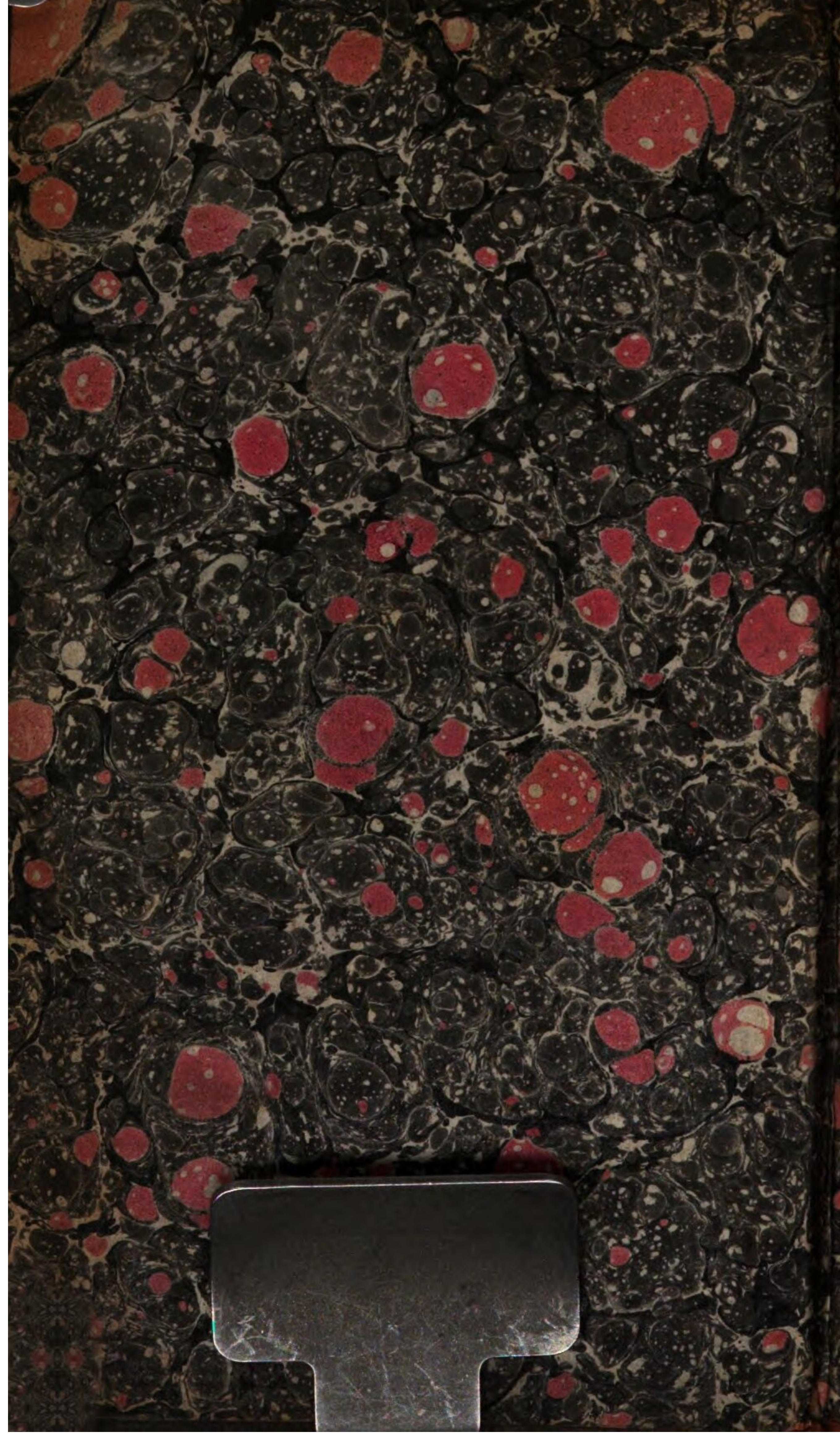
Bd.: 3.

London (1780)

P.o.angl. 73-3

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10745586-7







ps v any 73-3

<36641640610015

<36641640610015

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

Collect. B. Langb. pag. 4^a

J. NICHOLS'S

SELECT COLLECTION

OF POEMS.

VOLUME III.

Handwritten: (over) 2nd page 4

J. NICHOLS, 2

SELECT COLLECTION

OF P O E M S.

VOLUME III.



T. Cook sculp

A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS:
WITH
NOTES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

THE THIRD VOLUME.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,
RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXX.

A SELECT

COLLECTION

2:

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

THE THIRD VOLUME

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,

RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET STREET.

MCCCLXXII.

[1]
A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
MISCELLANY POEMS.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN*,

AN APOLOGUE; translated from the Original of
Æsop, written Two Thousand Years since, and
now rendered in familiar Verse by H. G. L. Mag.

GOOD precepts and true gold are more valuable for
their antiquity. And here I present my good reader
with one, delivered by the first founder of mythology,
Æsop himself. Maximus Planudes takes notice of it,
as a very excellent part of his production; and Phæ-
drus, Camerarius, and others, seem to agree, that his
Eagle, and five others not yet translated, are equal to

* The political moral of this little apologue is too evident
to need any other comment, than barely mentioning that the
lady was Queen Anne; desiring the reader to recollect the
change which she made in her ministry in 1709, the year in
which this poem was written; and referring to Dr. King's
“Rufinus, or the Favourite,” in the English Poets, vol. XX.
p. 367. N.

VOL. III.

B

any

any of his that are handed down to us. Though Mr. Ogleby and Sir Roger L'Estrange had the unhappiness to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the good fortune to discover them by the removal of my old library, which has made me amends for the trouble of getting to where I now teach. They were written, or dictated at least, by Æsop, in the fifty-fourth Olympiad: and though I designed them chiefly for the use of my school (this being translated by a youth designed for a Greek professor), yet no man is so wise as not to need instruction, aye, and by the way of fable too; since the Holy Scriptures themselves, the best instructors, teach us by way of parable, symbol, image, and figure; and David was more moved with Nathan's "Thou art the man," than all the most rigid lectures in the world would have done. Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing this version with the original, let them begin at the tenth line, and they will find it metaphrastically done, *verbum verbo*, as the best way of justice to the author. Those that are meer adorers of ψῆλοι λόγοι will not be angry that it is in this sort of metre, for which I gave leave, the lad having a turn to this sort of measure, which is pleasant and agreeable, though not lofty. For my own part, I concur with my master Aristotle, that ῥυθμὸς καὶ ἁρμονία are very far from being unnecessary or unpleasant. May this be of use to thee; and it will please thine in all good wishes, HORAT. GRAM.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

BY DR. KING*, OF THE COMMONS.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

A LADY liv'd in former days,
 That well deserv'd the utmost praise;
 For greatness, birth, and justice fam'd,
 And every virtue could be nam'd;
 Which made her course of life so even,
 That she's a Saint (if dead) in Heaven.

This

* To the works of this excellent Humourist, which were first collected in 1776, I prefixed some Memoirs of his Life; which have since been so elegantly epitomized, that it would be superfluous to enlarge on this article. Some extracts from his last biographer shall therefore supply the place: “ William King was born in London in 1663, the son of Ezekiel King, a gentleman. He was allied to the family of Clarendon. From Westminster-school, where he was a scholar on the foundation under the care of Dr. Busby, he was at eighteen elected to Christ-church, in 1681. In 1688, he was made master of arts; and, engaging in the study of the Civil Law, became doctor in 1692, and was admitted advocate at Doctors Commons.—Though he was a regular advocate in the courts of civil and canon law, he did not love his profession, nor indeed any kind of business which interrupted his voluptuary dreams, or forced him to rouse from that indulgence in which only he could find delight. His reputation as a civilian was yet maintained by his judgements in the courts of Delegates, and raised very high by the address and know-

This Lady had a little feat
 Just like a palace, 'twas so neat,
 From aught (but goodness) her retreat.

One morning, in her giving way,
 As was her custom every day,

}

To

ledge which he discovered in 1700, when he defended the earl of Anglesea against his lady, afterwards dutchess of Buckinghamshire, who sued for a divorce, and obtained it. The expence of his pleasures, and neglect of business, had now lessened his revenues; and he was willing to accept of a settlement in Ireland, where, about 1702, he was made judge of the admiralty, commissioner of the prizes, keeper of the records in Birmingham's tower, and vicar-general to Dr. Marsh the primate. But it is vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it. King soon found a friend, as idle and thoughtless as himself, in Upton, one of the judges, who had a pleasant house called Mountown, near Dublin, to which King frequently retired; delighting to neglect his interest, forget his cares, and desert his duty. Here he wrote "Mully of Mountown," a poem, by which, though fanciful readers in the pride of sagacity have given it a political interpretation, was meant originally no more than it expressed, as it was dictated only by the author's delight in the quiet of Mountown. In 1708, when lord Wharton was sent to govern Ireland, King returned to London, with his poverty, his idleness, and his wit. In 1711, competence, if not plenty, was again put into his power. He was, without the trouble of attendance, or the mortification of a request, made gazetteer. He was now again placed in a profitable employment, and again threw the benefit

To cheer the poor, the sick, and cold,
 Or with apparel, food, or gold,
 There came a gazing stranger by,
 On whom, she quickly cast an eye.

The man admiring, made a stand;
 He had a bird upon his hand:

ness away. An Act of Insolvency made his business at that time particularly troublesome; and he would not wait till hurry should be at an end, but impatiently resigned it, and returned to his wonted indigence and amusements. One of his amusements at Lambeth, where he resided, was to mortify Dr. Tennison, the archbishop, by a publick festivity, on the surrender of Dunkirk to Hill; an event with which Tennison's political bigotry did not suffer him to be delighted. King was resolved to counteract his sullenness, and at the expence of a few barrels of ale filled the neighbourhood with honest merriment. In the autumn of 1712 his health declined; he grew weaker by degrees, and died on Christmas-day. Though his life had not been without irregularity, his principles were pure and orthodox, and his death was pious. After this relation, it will be naturally supposed that his poems were rather the amusements of idleness than efforts of study; that he endeavoured rather to divert than astonish; that his thoughts seldom aspired to sublimity; and that, if his verse was easy and his images familiar, he attained what he desired. His purpose is to be merry; though perhaps, to enjoy his mirth, it may be sometimes necessary to think well of his opinions." I need not repeat that this is quoted from Dr. Johnson.

The poems which are now presented to the reader are none of them in the late collection of the English Poets. N.

10 MISCELLANY POEMS.

"What's that, says she, that hangs its head,
Sinking and faint? 'Tis almost dead."

"Madam, a Red-breast that I found,
By this wet season almost drown'd."

"Oh! bring him in, and keep him warm;
Robins do never any harm."

They soon obey'd, and chopt him meat,
Gave him whatever he would eat;

The Lady care herself did take,
And made a nest for Robin's sake:

But he perkt up into her chair,
In which he plenteously did fare,
Assuming quite another air.

The neighbours thought, when this they spy'd,
The world well mended on his side.

With well-tun'd throat he whistled long,
And every body lik'd his song.

"At last, said they, this little thing
Will kill itself, so long to sing;
We'll closet him among the rest
Of those my Lady loves the best."

They little thought, that saw him come,
That Robins were so quarrelsome:

The door they open'd, in he pops,
And to the highest perch he hops;

The party-colour'd birds he chose,
The Gold-finches, and such as those;

With them he'd peck, and bill, and feed,
And very well (at times) agreed:

Canary-birds were his delight,

With them he'd *tête-à-tête* all night;

But

But the brown Linnets went to pot,
He kill'd them all upon the spot.

The servants were employ'd each day,
Instead of work, to part some fray,
And wish'd the aukward fellow curst
That brought him to my Lady first.
At last they all resolv'd upon 't,
Some way to tell my Lady on 't.

Meanwhile he 'd had a noble swing,
And rul'd just like the Gallic king;
Having kill'd or wounded all,
Unless the Eagle in the hall;
With whom he durst but only jar,
He being the very soul of war,
But hated him for his desert,
And bore him malice at his heart.

This Eagle was my Lady's pride,
'The guardian safety of her side:
He often brought home foreign prey,
Which humbly at her feet he lay.
For colour, pinions, and stature,
The fairest workmanship of nature;
'Twould do one good to see him move,
So full of grandeur, grace, and love:
He was indeed a bird for Jove.
He soar'd aloft in Brucum's field,
And thousand Kites and Vultures kill'd;
Which made him dear to all that flew,
Unless to Robin and his crew.

8 MISCELLANY POEMS.

One day poor Bob, puff'd up with pride,
Thinking the combat to abide,
A goose-quill on for weapon ty'd,
Knowing by use, that, now and then,
A sword less hurt does than a pen.

As for example — What at home
You've well contriv'd to do at Rome,
A pen blows up—before you come.
You are suppos'd to undermine
The foe—in some immense design.
A pen can bite you with a line;
There's forty ways to give a sign.

Well—all on fire away he stalk'd,
Till come to—where the Eagle walk'd.

Bob did not shill-I shall-I go,
Nor said one word of friend or foe;
But flirting at him made a blow,
As game-cocks with their gauntlets do.
At which the Eagle gracefully
Cast a disdainful, sparkling eye;
As who should say—What's this, a lie?
But no revenge at all did take,
He spar'd him for their Lady's sake,
Who ponder'd these things in her mind,
And took the conduct of the Eagle kind.
Upon reflection now—to shew
What harm the least of things may do,
Mad Robin, with his cursed flirt,
One of the Eagle's * eyes had hurt;

* οφθαλμος, amongst the Greeks, signifies “ Honour as
“ tender as the eye.”

EAGLE AND ROBIN.

Inflam'd it, made it red and fore :
But the affront inflam'd it more.
Oh, how the family did tear !
To fire the house, could scarce forbear :
With scorn, not pain, the Eagle fir'd,
Murmur'd disdain, and so retir'd.

Robin, to offer some relief,
In words like these would heal their grief :
“ Should th' Eagle die (which Heaven forbid !)
We ought some other to provide.
I do not say that any now
Are fit, but in a year or two :
And should this mighty warrior fall,
They should not want a General.”

As men have long observ'd, that one
Misfortune seldom comes alone ;
Just in the moment this was done,
Ten thousand foes in fight were come ;
Vultures, and Kites, and birds of prey,
In flocks so thick—they darken'd day.
A long-concerted force and strong,
Vermin of all kinds made the throng ;
Foxes were in the faction join'd,
Who waited their approach to ground.

By every hand, from common fame,
The frightful face of danger came.
One cries, “ What help now—who can tell ?
I'm glad the Eagle 's here, and well !”
Another, out of breath with fear,
Says, “ Thousands more near sea appear ;

They 'll swop our Chicken from the door ;
We never were so set before :
We 're glad the Eagle will forget,
And the invaders kill or beat."

Reserv'd and great, his noble mind,
Above all petty things inclin'd,
Abhorr'd the thoughts of any thing,
But what his Lady's peace could bring :
Who blest'd him first, and bade him do
As he was wont, and beat the foe.

Burning and restless as the sun,
Until this willing work was done ;
He whets his talons, stretch'd his wings,
His lightning darts, and terror flings ;
Towers with a flight into the sky,
These million monsters to descry,
Prepar'd to conquer, or to die.

The party, that so far was come,
Thought not the Eagle was at home :
To fame and danger us'd in field,
They knew he'd quickly make them yield :
But, on assurance he was near,
Incumber'd, faint, and dead with fear,
They made with hurry towards the lakes ;
And he his pinions o'er them shakes.
They had not (with such horror fill'd)
The courage to let one be kill'd :
They fled, and left no foe behind,
Unless it were the fleeting wind :
Only—a man by water took
Two fine young Merlins and a Rook.

The

The family had now repose :
But with the sun the Eagle rose ;
Th' imperial bird pursued the foe,
More toil than rest inur'd to know.
He wing'd his way to Latian land,
Where first was hatch'd this murdering band ;
He darted death where-e'er he came,
Some of them dying at his name.
Their mighty foe—a fatal pledge,
Their bowels tore through every hedge :
They flutter, shriek, and caw, and hiss ;
Their strength decays, and fears increase :
But most the chevaliers the Geese.
So many slaughter'd fowl there was,
Their carcases block'd-up the ways ;
The rest he drove, half spent, pell-mell,
Quite to the walls of Pontifell.

Robin at home, though mad to hear
He should so conquer every where,
Expostulated thus with fear :
“ Ungrateful I, that so have stirr'd
Against this generous, noble bird,
Wast thou not first by him preferr'd ?
Let 's leave him in his gall to burn,
And back to Pontifell return.”

There some to chimney-tops aspire,
To turrets some that could fly higher ;
Some 'bove a hundred miles were gone,
To roost them at Byzantium.
Alas ! in vain was their pretence,
He broke through all their strong defence :

Down

Down went their fences, wires, and all;
Perches and birds together fall.

None hop'd his power to withstand,
But gave the nest to his command;
They told him of ten thousand more,
In flocks along the Ganges' shore,
Safe in their furrows, free from trouble,
Like Partridges among the stubble.

He spreads himself, and cuts the air,
And steady flight soon brought him there.

Lord, how deceiv'd and vex'd he was!

To find they were but meer Jackdaws.

A hundred thousand all in light,

They all could chatter, not one fight.

"I'll deal by them as is their due:

"Shough! cry'd the Eagle; off they flew."

His flashing eyes their hearts confounds,

Though by their flight secure from wounds,

Which was a signal, fatal baulk

To a late swift Italian Hawk.

The Eagle would no rest afford,

Till he had sent my Lady word;

Who when she heard the dear surprize,

Wonder and joy stood in her eyes.

"My faithful Eagle, hast thou then

My mortal foes destroy'd again?

Return, return, and on me wait;

Be thou the guardian of my gate;

Thee and thy friends are worth my care,

Thy foes (if any such there are)

Shall my avenging anger share."

So

So—lest new ills should intervene,
She turn'd the Robin out again.

The Samians now, in vast delight,
Bless their good lady day and night;
Wish that her life might ne'er be done,
But everlasting as the sun.

The Eagle high again did soar;
The Lady was disturb'd no more,
But all things flourish'd as before.

}

ROBIN RED BREAST, WITH THE BEASTS,

A N O L D C A T ' S P R O P H E C Y ;

Taken out of an old copy of Verses supposed to be
writ by JOHN LIDGATE a Monk of Bury.

BY DR. KING.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

ON E that had in her infant state,
While playing at her Father's gate,
Seen and was most hugely smitten
With young Dog and dirty Kitten,
Had took them up and lug'd them in,
And made the servants wash them clean *.

When she to a fit age was grown,
To be sole Mistress of her own,

* The political drift of this pretended prophecy is still
more evident than that of the preceding poem; the satire
being abundantly more personal. N.

Then

Then to her favour and strange trust
 She rais'd these two; in rank the first
 The Dog: who, with gilt collar grac'd,
 Strutted about. The cat was plac'd
 O'er all the house to domineer,
 And kept each wight of her in fear;
 While he o'er all the plains had power,
 That savage Wolves might not devour
 Her flocks. She gave him charge great care
 To take: but beasts uncertain are!

Now see by these what troubles rise
 To those who in their choice unwise
 Put trust in such; for he soon join'd
 With beast of prey the Dog combin'd,
 Who kill'd the Sheep, and tore the Hind;
 While he would stand, and grin, and bark,
 Concealing thus his dealings dark.

A Wolf, or so, sometimes he'd take,
 And then, O what a noise he'd make!
 But with wild beasts o'er-run yet are
 The plains: some die for want of fare,
 Or torn, or kill'd; the shepherds find
 Each day are lost of every kind.

Thy silly Sheep lament in vain;
 Of their hard fate, not him, complain.
 The shepherds, and the servants all,
 Against the traitor loudly bawl:
 But there was none that dar'd to tell
 Their lady what to them befel;
 For Puss a Fox of wondrous art
 Brought-in, to help, and take their part,

By

By whose assistance to deceive,
She made her every lye believe.

One lucky day, when she was walking
In her woods, with servants talking,
And stopp'd to hear how very well
A Red-breast sung, then him to dwell
With her she call'd : he came, and took
His place next to a favourite Rook;
Where Robin soon began to sing
Such songs as made the house to ring;
He sung the loss and death of Sheep,
In notes that made the Lady weep :
How for his charge the Dog unfit,
Took part with foes, and shepherds bit ;
Ev'n from his birth he did him trace,
And shew him cur of shabby race ;
The first by wandering beggars fed,
His fire, advanc'd, turn'd spit for bread ;
Himself each trust had still abus'd ;
To steal what he should guard, was us'd
From puppy : known where-e'er he came
Both vile and base, and void of shame.

The Cat he sung, that none could match
For venom'd spite, or cruel scratch ;
That from a Witch transform'd she came,
Who kitten'd three of equal fame :
This first, one dead, of tabby fur
The third survives, much noise of her
Had been : a Cat well known, with ease
On errands dark, o'er land and seas,

She'd journies take to cub of Bear,
 From these intriguing beasts, who swear
 They'll bring him to defend the wrong
 That they have done. Again he sung,
 How Tabby once, in moon-light night,
 Trotted with letter Fox did write;
 In which he sends his best respects
 To the She-bear, and thus directs:
 "Madam, said he, your cub safe send,
 "None shall his worship soon offend;
 "It's all I can at present do
 "To serve him, as his friends well know."

At this the beasts grew in such rage,
 That none their fury could assuage;
 Nay, Puss her Lady would have scratch'd,
 And tore her eyes, but she was watch'd;
 For she'd set up her back, and mew,
 And thrice ev'n in her face she flew.
 The Dog, like an ungrateful spark,
 At her would dare to snarl and bark.
 Her tenants wondering stood to hear
 That she their insolence would bear;
 And offer'd their assistance to
 Soon make them better manners know:
 But she, to avoid all farther rout,
 Her window opening, turn'd Bob out;
 Hoping that then her beasts would live
 In peace, and no disturbance give.

Yet nothing she can do avails,
 Their rage against her still prevails;

Though

Though Puss was warn'd to fear their fate
 In lines (by old prophetic Cat
 Writ before her transformation,
 When she was in the Witch's station)
 Foretelling thus: "When beasts are grown
 " To certain heights, before unknown
 " Of human race, some shall aloud
 " Inflame and arm a dreadful crowd,
 " Who in vast numbers shall advance,
 " And to new tunes shall make them dance:
 " When this begins, no longer hope,
 " For all remains is ax and rope."

But, not deterr'd by this, they dar'd,
 With some who of their plunder shar'd,
 T' affront their Lady, and conspire
 To many with her money hire;
 Contemning her, to pay undue
 Regards unto this bestial crew:
 Though these resembled human shapes,
 They were indeed no more than Apes;
 Who some in house, and some in wood,
 And others in high boxes stood,
 That chattering made such noise and stir,
 How all was due to Fox and Cur;
 Till, by their false deluding way,
 She found her flocks begin to stray.

Still Robin does for her his care
 And zeal express; on whom yet are
 His thoughts all fix'd. On her he dreams
 Each night. Her praises are his themes

In songs all day. Now perch'd on tree,
Finding himself secure and free,
He pertly shakes his little wings,
Sets up his throat : again he sings,
“ That she had left no other way
To save her flocks, and end this fray,
But soon to her assistance take
One who could make these monsters shake ;
A well-known huntsman, who has skill
The fiercest beasts to tame or kill :
At her command he'd come, and he
Would make her great, and set them free ;
That, should these beasts some evil day
Bring Cub into her grounds, she may
Depend that not herself they'll spare,
Since to insult her now they dare :
All she at best can hope for then,
Is to be safe shut up in den ;
Since by sure signs all these ingrate
Are known to bear her deadly hate.”

He ends his song, and prays to Heaven
That she may have the wisdom given,
Before it be too late, to take
Such resolutions as may make
Her safe, and that these beasts no more
To ravage in the plains have power.

BIBLIOTHECA: A POEM.

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF

A MODERN LIBRARY.

WITH

SOME VERY USEFUL EPISODES AND DIGRESSIONS.

PROBABLY BY THE SAME *.

—— Ridiculum acri

“ Fortius et melius magnas plerunque fecat res.

“ ——Utile dulci.” HOR.

To the most noble Prince HENRY, Duke of Beaufort, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, Baron Herbert, Lord of Chepstow, Ragland, and Gower; and the illustrious Brotherhood †, over which his Grace presides; this POEM is humbly dedicated, by their most obedient, most dutiful, and humble servant.

* This is ascribed to Dr. King upon conjecture only. It was published in 1712, the winter before he died, by *his* bookfeller, inscribed to *his* patron, and is very much in *his* manner. His name is accordingly affixed to the author's notes. The poem is on many accounts worth preserving; and if it is not Dr. King's, it is at least *not* by an *inferior* writer. N.

† The duke was captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners. N.

B I B L I O T H E C A *.

THE tea was sipp'd, Ocella gone
 To regulate affairs alone ;
 When, from the marriage lumber freed,
 The Doctor with himself decreed
 To nod—or, much the same, to read.
 He always seem'd a wondrous lover
 Of painted leaf, and Turkey cover,
 While

* Though the interests of Virtue and Religion are best secured by the severest reason and argument, yet I hope a less solemn recommendation of them to the world may not be esteemed a prejudice to either. How oft has a stubborn folly been successfully arraigned by a candid and easy rebuke, which had long maintained itself against a more powerful, though a less familiar, conviction ! If we can smile away the follies of an adversary, sport with his vanities, and laugh him into a sense of his errors ; why should we forfeit that exquisite pleasure of complacency and good-humour, which a malicious conflict with a rival would most certainly deprive us of ? If we miscarry in an attempt of this nature, our defeat would be the less dishonourable, because we seemed only to play and trifle with the mistakes of an author ; but should we, under the mask of a little raillery, wit, and good-humour, obtain our end, it would double our satisfaction, as well as the glory of our conquest. Two important debates of the utmost consequence in religion (Eachard's Contempt of the Clergy, and Philautus and Timothy) have with wonderful applause lately appeared in the world ; the beauties of their author's stile, the purity of their diction, the elegant turn of thought, and above all a torrent of severe but good-natured wit, drew a thousand readers to peruse an hypothesis
 they

While no regard at all was had
 To fots in homely russet clad,
 Concluding he must be within
 A calf, that wore without his skin.
 Scott †, if in rags, was not admir'd,
 While Lacy ‡ seem'd as much inspir'd,
 And, in rich purple nicely drest,
 Discours'd as faintly as the best.

they little imagined ever to espouse ; but they were insensibly deluded into good principles, and betrayed into a conviction of those very truths they came on purpose to deride and ridicule. Where they expected to gratify a fancy only, they found a more real advantage in the reformation of their judgement, and, from admirers of the author's wit and beauties, became at last profelytes to their opinions. If in two or three instances I have transgressed my own rules, the Fool or the Knave must be imagined very notorious ; and that those tender and merciful lashes that were judged sufficient for little offenders would hardly have reached the vanities of the one, or the villainies of the other. And if I am thought to have injured any person in his character, or to have said as much as I am able, I must beg leave to assure the world, that it was owing to abundance of humanity and good-nature I did not say a great deal more ; and would rather advise them to sit easy and quiet under the innocent rebukes of a satire, than provoke others to prepare that correction, which their ignorance, their impudence, or both, have so justly deserved. KING.

† John Scott, D.D. author of the *Christian Life*, 5 vols. R.

‡ A whimsical odd fellow, and a preacher among the Camisars. KING. — Lacy was one of those enthusiasts who supported the French prophets. R.

Great Sherlock, Barrow, and those few
 That teach our passions to subdue,
 Without gilt backs he would despise,
 Which seem'd at best but dully wise;
 And Bunyan's Pilgrim shew'd the way
 To Paradise as well as they.

But, though his thoughts were fix'd to read,
 The treatise was not yet decreed :

Uncertain to devote the day

To politicks, or else to play ;

What theme would best his genius suit,

Grave morals, or a dull dispute,

Where both contending champions boast

The victory, which neither lost ;

As Chiefs are oft in story read,

Each to pursue, when neither fled *.

He enters now the shining dome

Where crouded authors sweat for room ;

So close, a man could hardly say

Which were more fixt, the shelves, or they.

Each with his golden title tells

Its author's name, and where he dwells ;

And, to enlarge his credit more,

Directs us to his very door ;

Boasting of wonders to be seen,

If we have faith to look, within.

To please the eye, the highest space

A sett of wooden volumes grace ;

Pure timber authors, that contain

As much as some that boast a brain ;

* See the battle of Mons, 1709. KING.

That

That Alma Mater never view'd,
 Without degrees to writers hew'd :
 Yet solid thus just emblems shew
 Of the dull brotherhood below,
 Smiling their rivals to survey,
 As great and real blocks as they.

Distinguish'd then in even rows,
 Here shines the Verse, and there the Prose ;
 (For, though Britannia fairer looks
 United, 'tis not so with books :)
 The champions of each different art
 Had stations all assign'd apart,
 Fearing the rival chiefs might be
 For quarrels still, nor dead agree.
 The Schoolmen first in long array
 Their bulky lumber round display ;
 Seem'd to lament their wretched doom,
 And heave for more convenient room ;
 While doctrine each of weight contains
 To crack his shelves as well as brains ;
 Since all with him were thought to dream,
 That flagg'd before they fill'd a ream :
 His authors wisely taught to prize,
 Not for their merit, but their size ;
 No surer method ever found
 Than buying writers by the pound ;
 For Heaven must needs his breast inspire,
 That scribbling fill'd each month a quire,
 And claim'd a station on his shelves,
 Who scorn'd each sot who fool'd in twelves.

Say, Goddess! thou that tak'st delight
 To live and lodge with folks that write;
 What numbers justly may describe
 The orders of the learned tribe?
 Fierce wits, that long at variance stood,
 And drew much ink, but little blood,
 Each other's pardon now implore,
 The cudgels drop, and snarl no more;
 And, filling now the self-same place,
 No longer combat, but embrace.

Here vanquish'd Bentley, dreading still
 The force of Boyle's victorious quill,
 All suppliant now, devoutly swore
 He ne'er would question Æsop more,
 But own each page authentic stood
 Some centuries before the flood;
 Who, though the tyrant's bull of brass
 Did for a mighty wonder pass,
 On purpose wrote, to have it known
 He made much bigger of his own*.

Maurus† and Garth their feuds survive,
 And here in endless friendship live;
 Kindly concurring, now impart
 Their healing power and rhyming art;
 Unrival'd heroes both confest,
 To close a life, or break a jest,
 And *both* with *both* Apollo's ‡ blest.

* Dr. King's very humorous "Dialogues of the Dead" are particularly leveled against this colossal critic. N.

† Sir Richard Blackmore. N.

‡ The God of Medicine and of Verse. N.

But

But who can mention Maurus' name,
 Without a line to crown his fame;
 Upon whose brows inspiring hung
 Large poppy wreaths, whene'er he sung,
 Whose kindred rhymes their nature keep,
 Gently disposing folks to sleep?
 Then say, great Mirror of our Time,
 (Not half so fam'd for cures as rhyme)
 Why should'st thou other means pursue
 To heal with drugs, when verse will do?
 Five tender distichs, from those strains
 Where Arthur moans, and Job complains,
 Shall ever boast a power to steep
 The wakeful'st eyes in downy sleep.
 When strongest opiates nought avail,
 Prescribe thy Muse, 'twill never fail;
 Ne'er trouble physick with a cure,
 Each page of thine will work as sure;
 With whatsoever ills oppress'd,
 'Tis sure to give thy patient rest.

See next the Mantuan Bard appears,
 And in his hand th' Æneid bears;
 Ten thousand laurels, round him spread,
 Bloom ready to adorn his head,
 Their greens too languid to bestow
 That fame which to his verse we owe.
 Such magick fills each heavenly line,
 We read, and reading grow divine;
 Conscious we feel the extacy,
 And seem inspir'd as well as he;

With

With him we soaring gain the skies,
 Yet know not whence or how we rise.
 But see what clouds of sullen woe
 Sadly obscure his laurel'd brow!
 While the bright glory, that surrounds
 His sacred head, his sorrow drowns;
 In vain the weeping Muse essays
 To ease his grief with proffer'd bays;
 Though, fam'd beyond the starry sky,
 She vow'd th' Æneid ne'er should die!
 But, while we thus his grief explore,
 Oh! view the cause, nor wonder more:
 See, closely fixt on either hand,
 His two translators * near him stand,
 Oblig'd to hear them both rehearse
 His wondrous song in doggrel verse;
 Thus doom'd to all succeeding times
 To gingle in dull British rhymes.
 "He never thought, great bard! to see:
 "His Roman ladies sipping tea,
 "Divine Lavinia taking snuff,
 "Or grave Æneas charge in buff,
 "Against his Latian foes advance
 "With musket now, instead of launce;
 "While mighty Turnus owes his fall
 "Not to a javelin, but a ball;
 "Shot through the belly in the fray,
 "Expiring a genteeler way."

* Ogilby and Lauderdale. KING.—To the latter of these translators, however, Mr. Dryden was considerably indebted. N.

A MODERN LIBRARY. 27

Had Withers, Shirley, or the good
Laureat of Cambridge near him stood ;
No wrinkle had been seen, nay more,
Even R——ll's self he could have bore
(Where Nature, taking wondrous pains
To furnish guts, ne'er thought of brains) :
But doom'd to perish by a foe,
Yet hug the arm that gave the blow ;
A fate was look'd on too severe
For Heaven to fix, or him to bear.
So much unlike appear'd their strains
To those he sung on Latian plains
(Begging their readers to dispense
With pretty cuts instead of sense),
That from those lines their pencil drew,
Scarce his own self great Maro knew ;
Till honest Loggan* let him see
In copper-plates it must be he ;
No longer then he could refuse,
But from the cuts confess'd the Muse.

Oh ! who can view without a tear
Great Pindar's Muse, and D'Urfey near ?
Whose soaring wit ne'er higher flew
Than to endite for Barthol'mew,
Setting, for fots at country fairs,
Dull bawdy songs to Purcell's airs ;
But here how sweetly they combine,
Their fancies club, and numbers join !

* An engraver of singular eminence. N.

While the bold Grecian nobly sings
 Of gods, of heroes, and of kings,
 And something more than mortal fire
 Exalts his voice, and warms his lyre,
 That, fir'd with each transporting page,
 We feel his heat, and catch his rage;
 While each immortal warrior's name
 His Muse transmits to deathless fame,
 Green wreaths upon their hearse bestows,
 And every wound immortal grows!
 But much, oh! very much below
 Our meek Pindaricks gently flow,
 In soft and easy metre creep,
 And just oblige us not to sleep,
 While lovers storm, and heroes weep.
 Let thy dull Pegasus no more
 To Lyric song attempt to soar;
 Nor with thy weight presume to rise,
 With rival strength, above the skies,
 Which trots much better than he flies.
 Let Pindar's Muse record the flames
 Of heavenly nymphs, celestial dames;
 Be thou content to whine, and tell
 How Strephon charm'd, and Phyllis fell;
 Or with that willow grace thy song,
 Where late despairing Chloe hung,
 While the sad tree the story owns,
 Sprouting each May with sighs and groans,
 Which, fann'd with Zephyrs, never fail
 To waft abroad the doleful tale,

And

And shall to future times remain
 Sacred to Love and Chloe slain.
 Bright heroes in thy list shall stand,
 In modern brunts that held command,
 Whose bold adventures shall out-shine
 The heroes all of Cæsar's line.

Brave Arthur and his daring crew
 Shall kill each mother's son they view;
 And great Pendragon's fatal blade
 Convert each foe into a shade;
 Guy for Alcides shall command,
 And Highgate for Olympus stand.

See next, in purple seated high,
 A dazzling Wit * attracts the eye,
 Inviting, with his radiant hue,
 If not to read, at least to **view**;
 Though his dark lowering aspect shews,
 That Nature meant the fool for prose;
 To waste his little sense and time,
 In broaching any thing but rhyme.
 Yet by degrees the wretch arose
 To trade in verse, from vending hose †;
 And still, in Nature's spite, thinks meet,
 Though not in *socks*, to deal in *feet*.

The toothless satire that he writes
 No other but its author bites
 (Like those mistaken curs of yore
 That for the stag their master tore);

* De Foe. He wrote a dull scandalous libel on all the English nobility, called "The true-born English-man." KING.

† De Foe's first profession. N.

Where harmless pun and witty clinch
 Mumble sometimes, but never pinch;
 And, aiming at a wound, are sure
 To give us smiles, and work our cure.
 Hadst thou no other damning crime,
 Justice might fairly urge thy rhyme:
 Heaven's votaries have still pretence
 To piety, at least to sense;
 But villains dull as well as rude
 A double justice must exclude.
 If e'er thy sins thou dost rehearse,
 Be sure in tears clap-in thy verse;
 Pardon for that with sighs implore,
 Confess thy guilt, and write no more;
 Content to match thy fame with those
 That live, and asses die, in prose.
 But, if no counsel can reclaim
 Thy daring pen, and fancy tame,
 That Engine * view, where lately hung
 Thy Muse, and thee exalted sung;
 Let that at least engage thy fears,
 And drop thy pen, to save thy ears.
 Oh, of what strange and powerful use
 Are pillories to inspire a Muse!
 Hark, in what hymns and grateful lays,
 The pendent bard resounds their praise!

* He wrote an infamous libel called "The shortest Way,"
 for which he was apprehended and stood in the pillory, to
 which afterwards he wrote a "Hymn." KING.

From rotten eggs, that round him flew,
 His happy inspirations drew,
 Whose balmy scent inspir'd his vein
 To send them back in verse again.

Oh, help, Apollo! now's the time,
 To save thy son for future rhyme!

See on his wooden throne dismay'd,

He, peeping through, implores thy aid,

The only time he ever pray'd;

And begs thee to relieve his wants,

In Helicon or kinder Nantes,

A liquor of as sovereign use

As Aganippe's noble juice,

To raise and cheer his drooping Muse!

See round his venerable head

Bright turnip-greens for laurel spread!

The lustre that his temples crown'd,

In fable showers of ordure drown'd.

Yet, Phœbus, let this wretch survive,

Revenge thyself, and let him live!

(Ador'd by those his saucy Muse

In scoundrel satire durst abuse,

Where oft the starving villain fed,

Cring'd for a groat, and fawn'd for bread.)

Atoning thus for each offence

Committed against thee and sense,

Till all the stuff the idiot wrote

Will scarce gain credit for a groat;

Till, starv'd and rotting in a gaol,

He trucks his poetry for ale

(Too

(Too richly pay'd if his three parts
 Will fetch him in as many quarts);
 And should his boasted labours bring
 But pence beside to buy a string,
 Let him, th' experiment to try,
 Swing his own "Shortest Way*," and die!

Chaucer, the chief of all the throng
 That whilom dealt in ancient song
 (Whose laurel'd fame shall never cease,
 While Wit can charm, or Humour please),
 Lies all in tatters on the ground,
 With dust instead of laurels crown'd;
 Teaching mankind that Poets have
 With vulgar Wits one common grave;
 That all their boasted labours must
 Like other folks submit to dust;
 Partake their fate the common way,
 And verse itself be turn'd to clay;
 That none shall tell, while mix'd we lie,
 Which mighty Spenser was, which I;
 Nor, in one common dungeon thrust,
 John Dryden's from John Bunyan's dust;
 Empty alike both skulls we view,
 Of the same thickness, form, and hue;
 Unknowing now which pate contains
 The greater stock of sense or brains;
 While Bunyan here is every whit
 As bright, and looks as like a wit;

* An allusion to one of his tracts, called "The Shortest
 "Way with the Dissenters." N.

For the grim jaw of hungry Time
 Has no regard at all for rhyme,
 But bluntly down together mows
 Wits fam'd for verse, as well as prose;
 Commanding oft the self-same hearse
 To hide the poet and the verse,
 While sweetly in one common fire
 The labour and the bard expire.
 This Tutchin * found, whose works a while
 With melting softness charm'd our isle;
 But, when their dying lord withdrew,
 They took the hint, and vanish'd too.
 Thus Job †, and thus the British Prince †,
 Were once, but never heard of since.

The Muse that in immortal lays
 So nobly sung Eliza's praise,
 (Extoll'd, beneath a fancy'd name,
 No Fairy but a British dame)
 With all his boasted power to save
 All other laurels from the grave,
 In a dark corner rudely thrown,
 Now wants a power to save his own;
 Though Heaven itself his bosom fir'd,
 And all the God his breast inspir'd,
 That Phœbus self from Spenser's Muse
 Might softer strains and numbers chuse;
 Make Daphne listen to his lay,
 And force the flying nymph to stay!

* Of whom, see the Supplement to Swift. N.

† Two poems by sir Richard Blackmore. KING.

With all his wit deserves no more,
 Than a poor shelf behind the door;
 His heroes in each warlike page
 In hotter feuds must now engage;
 And foes more dreadful here withstand,
 Than all they drubb'd in Fairy Land;
 Regardless now of ravish'd dame,
 Each guards a custard from the flame,
 Though whilom they disdain'd to lie
 Beneath so weak an enemy.
 Brave Gyon and Sir Britomart,
 Instead of nymphs, protect a tart;
 Though once averse to warm desire,
 Are destin'd now to fall by fire;
 All his brave chiefs in order fry,
 And every warrior saves a pye.

Melodious Wither * by himself,
 In learned tatters, bends a shelf,
 Though none so base as to dispute
 His title to a better suit;
 He sadly moans, expos'd to air,
 His cover thin, and livery bare;
 Grinning with envy to behold
 His meaner rivals shine in gold.
 Thy dying Muse, when urg'd by fate,
 Might sure have claim'd to lie in state;
 Though living scorn'd, and never read,
 Like other things, admir'd when dead:

* Of George Wither, whose memory is preserved with
 unjust contempt by Swift and Pope, see Dean Percy's
 "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," vol. III. p. 190. N.

But see! she hardly is allow'd,
 Mingled among the common crowd,
 The wretched honours of a shroud.
 But both together must decay,
 Kindly consume and turn to clay;
 No curious eye shall e'er presume
 To alter her appointed doom;
 Her peaceful labours to molest,
 But seal them up in endless rest,
 That sleep allow her in the grave,
 Which she to all, when living, gave!

Close by the door, if not behind,
 Poor Ovid had a place assign'd;
 And, in a musty corner pent,
 Begg'd for a second banishment;
 With all his wit, close ramm'd between
 Two rival bards of Aberdeen,
 The first of all the northern clime
 That turn'd adventurers in rhyme,
 To teach mankind, and let them see
 How zeal and verse may well agree,
 And that such *pious folks* as they
 Can rhyme sometimes, as well as pray.
 Instead of Aganippe's flood,
 From British streams each drank as good;
 And boasted hills as high as that
 Where Phœbus and his Muses' sat,
 With this small difference alone,
 That had two heads, and ours but one!
 Though no soft Tyber rolls along
 To aid their verse, and raise their song:

Great Humber's stream, and Solway's tide,
As full of inspiration glide;
With fancies fraught their waters flow,
And roll with raptures as they go!
Instead of Virgil's sacred page,
That us'd his wonder to engage,
He now attends the rigid fights
Of doughty heroes, hardy knights,
One leg lopp'd off, that urg'd her foe
As fierce as when they fought on two!
For Turnus, great Argyll commands,
And Douglas for Æneas stands;
Though Kincardin appear too long
To rhyme in verse and British song,
What hero in the Latian Muse
E'er founded half so big as Bruce!
Entail'd more glory on his race
Than his bold sword in Chevy-chace!
Where doughty chiefs, renown'd for fight,
Obscur'd the Roman valour quite;
Whose filly arms upon record
Were only vulgar pike and sword,
While these with gun and pistol found
A nearer way their foes to wound.

Behold the bard whose daring pen
The squabbles drew 'twixt Gods and men,
Alone upon a dusty shelf
Describe their combats by himself;
For ages past no mortal fight
Had once beheld the furious fight;

None

None knowing if the champions stout
 Engag'd in armour or without :
 Whether the foe attack'd the wall
 With battering ram, or iron ball,
 How the fam'd Troy at length was won
 With horse of timber or of bone.
 The weeping Queen of Beauty found
 No reader to lament her wound ;
 And not a soul for years had read
 Whose troops pursued, whose legions fled ;
 While Heaven's kind aid both sides invoke,
 How Jove himself receiv'd a stroke,
 And, no celestial medicine found,
 Took-up with balsam for his wound,
 But, binding-on his plaister, swore
 He ne'er would leave Olympus more,
 Or peep from Heaven's securer shades
 To view again such fighting blades,
 Who, warring for so fair a prize,
 Had no regard for Deities :
 How Paris, free from hostile jars
 Engag'd at home in softer wars ;
 Bade rival heroes strive for fame,
 In deathless annals write their name ;
 While blest with Helen's lovely eyes,
 They shar'd the blows, and he the prize !
 In Beauty's cause his youth employ'd,
 And, as they conquer'd, he enjoy'd.

Oh ! who can thus unmov'd descry
 The great Mæonian poorly lie ;

Entomb'd in dust, nor on his hearse
Kindly bestow one grateful verse!
Shall states contend his birthright's fame,
And we not tremble at his name,
Our great arrears of duty pay,
And gratitude, as well as they;
Without a tear his heroes view,
New labours urge, new toils pursue,
More fatal far than all they bore
On fam'd Scamander's bleeding shore?
Great Priam in a kite ascends,
And Hector's self a casement mends;
New trials for their valour find,
Instead of men, to combat wind;
The sturdy Greek, whose hardy hide
Could stroaks of oak or steel abide,
And, worn instead of hardest buff,
Was deem'd both sword and cudgel proof,
Is strangely now surpriz'd to feel
More places mortal than his heel;
But heroes well such flights may bear
When Gods themselves no better fare!
Hermes, accustom'd to the skies,
Aloft in fiery rockets flies,
Swifter than when from Jove he flew
To bear some amorous billet-doux;
And warn the unexpected dame
To dress before his highness came.
Phœbus, with all his lustre bright,
Is trim'd to deck a Christmas light

(All other lights exceeding, far
 As he himself out-shines a star)
 Till the bright God, that all things burns,
 Flaming himself, to ashes turns.
 The mighty Mars, for all he looks
 Fierce both in battles and in books,
 Stript of his armour, on the floor
 All peaceful lies, and struts no more !
 With Juno's wondrous witty speech,
 Ocella fairly wip'd her breech ;
 Her birth and godhead nought avail,
 Preferr'd to jakes from madam's tail.

Gallus *, whose numbers oft have charm'd
 The coyest nymph, and coldest warm'd
 (Doubly oblig'd to see and hear
 The verse so sweet, and he so fair),
 Is doom'd by too severe a fate
 To sing within an inch of Tate !
 While both beneath the self-same eather,
 Like fair and foul in April weather,
 Kindly concord, and rhyme together.
 Thus have I often at a play,
 Survey'd a nymph, profusely gay,
 With all the charms of nature grac'd,
 Close by some wrinkled beldam plac'd ;
 Oblig'd to hear the dowdy thing,
 Her triumphs boast, and conquest sing,
 Whose breath the want of charms supplies,
 And kills more certain than her eyes.

* John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham. N.

Oh ! quickly, beauteous Queen of Love,
Thy suffering favourite hence remove ;
With thy own hand thy darling bring
Where Addison and Congreve sing
(By whose harmonious art and care
Thy matchless beauties shine more fair) ;
To Prior join his rival bays,
Or, listening to soft Cowley's lays,
Let him, intent on Waller's lyre,
To reach his daring flights aspire ;
To Heaven the wondrous Muse pursue
With equal strength and softness too.

Hark, how thy Isis' weeping shore
Begins thy absence to deplore !
And all her pensive nymphs in vain
Recal thee to her banks again ;
No more their drooping heads they rear
Above their waves, thy song to hear,
While in their breast a double fire
Thy music and thy charms inspire ;
Then gently fall beneath the tide,
Their blushes and thy power to hide.
See how her swans their pride forego,
In murmuring sighs confess their woe !
Stretch'd on their watery beds they lie,
And all their oosy pasture fly ;
No more with silver wings divide,
And downy breasts, the parting tide,
As when with eager haste they flew
Thy distant music to pursue,

And,

And, by thy voice instructed, try
 To charm more softly, as they die !
 But, while great Beaufort's acts inspire,
 Demand his voice, and claim his lyre !
 Bright to record the patriot's name,
 In verse, as lasting as his fame ;
 Thy smiling Thames forgets his woe,
 Relinquish the Muse, and bids her go,
 Nobly to sing, in deathless lays,
 Her own, beneath the hero's praise.

Immortal Camden * there complains,
 Cursing a critick's useless pains ;
 In modern charms expos'd to view,
 He scarce his own Britannia knew ;
 Adorn'd with wonders which his eye,
 A lover's thought, could never spy.
 Here he beholds huge forests rise
 From Danish blood, and meet the skies ;
 While each complaining tree records
 The fate of their unhappy lords :
 There Elder weeps, from bleeding vein,
 Great Sueno's fall, and Canute slain ;
 While winter-flowers, each rolling year,
 Gay on their verdant stalks appear ;
 Bloom from the celebrated Thorn †,
 Mince-pies and windows to adorn,
 Which some imagin'd, though untruly,
 Not in December born, but July.

* See Dr. Gibson's edition of Camden. KING.

† See in the same book, Miracles of Glastonbury Abbey. *Ib.*
 See,

42 MISCELLANY POEMS.

See, drawn by his enchanting hand,
 Britannia seems a Fairy Land;
 Druids and Bards frequent each grove,
 And nymphs in every thicket move:
 To streams and cooling shades retire,
 Kindly to bless some gentle squire,
 Unwilling yet too far to stray,
 For fear of Satyrs in the way.
 Spenser, who sent his chiefs so far
 To purchase fame in feats of war,
 Might here, not forc'd abroad to roam,
 Have met with giants nearer home,
 His heroes trembling to defy
 Fierce Tudor or victorious Guy.
 'Twas pity * Sidney's fam'd design,
 So long, great sage, preceded thine;
 Philoclea else the crown had worn,
 And Musidorus here been born;
 Close by her vanquish'd lover's side
 The fair Parthenia too had dy'd.
 Thy every page presents our sight
 With chiefs as brave, and dames as bright,
 As in her fam'd Arcadian plain
 Romantic Greece could ever feign;
 And for the time to come shall store us
 With warriors great as Musidorus,
 And every grove oblige our sight
 With virgins as Pamela bright;
 That, furnish'd with fair rural dames,
 Protecting squires, and lovers flames,

* The Arcadia. KING.

We

We ne'er shall want a chief for fight,
While thou and great Cervantes write.

One day the Doctor, quite o'ercome
With luscious tales of Greece and Rome,
Instead of taking tea or air,
Does to the female world repair,
To please himself among the fair
(Where if no sense was to be found,
He 's sure to be oblig'd with found).

Sappho had softness, but her song
Was jargon all in such a tongue,
Requiring too much pains to seek,
And labour for her wit in Greek,
Which would have edify'd as much
Recorded in Chinese or Dutch.

Dacier, though penn'd with so much ease,
Too much a critick, seem'd to please,
But, being courtly and well-bred,
And pleas'd with that he never read;
Smiling on every page she writ,
Takes her on trust to be a wit.

Italian dames his ears surprize
With harmony of O's and I's,
So soft the tender vowels chime,
No harsher sense e'er marr'd the rhyme,
Of strength depriv'd more gently flow,
And warble musically low;

But, when his searching judgement found,
Neglecting sense, they study'd sound,
To British dames he next apply'd
For that which Greece and Rome deny'd,

And

And fought amidst our tuneful fair
 A song more grateful to his ear;
 Where harmony with strength conspir'd
 To make the verse, and nymphs admir'd.

Wh—n * the coldest breast might move,
 But that she talk'd too much of love!
 Of burning flames and hot desire,
 That every line was red with fire.

Singer †, by name and nature made
 For music and the rhyming trade,
 For her weak genius soar'd too high,
 And lost her Muse above the sky;
 A flaming sun, a radiant light,
 In every verse, distract our sight,
 Diffuse their dazzling beams from far,
 And not one line without a star!
 Through streams of light we seem to rove,
 And tread on shining orbs above.

Orinda ‡ next demands his view,
 For titles fam'd, and rhyming too;
 And had been read, but that her song,
 To be admir'd, was quite too long.

* This seems intended for Wharton; but it cannot be the lady whose poems are printed in the first volume of this collection. It may probably be the first wife of the marquis of Wharton, who, Mr. Walpole says, was a poetess, and has an article in the General Dictionary. I know nothing of her works. R.

† Afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Rowe. N.

‡ Mrs. Philipps. See vol. II. p. 50. N.

Their

Their mistrefs' want of pride to shew,
 Her numbers glide but wondrous low,
 Instead of rapture give us sleep,
 And, striving to be humble, creep.
 Philipps in verse her passion told,
 Intreats the youth to be less cold;
 Begs him, while nature charms denies,
 To mind her wit, and not her eyes;
 Instructs the novice how to wooe,
 And shews what little art will do,
 A virgin's yielding heart to move,
 And melt a breast inclin'd to love!
 Softness her want of sense supplies,
 She faints in every line, and dies;
 Again resumes her tender strain,
 And only lives to dye again.
 Unhappy maid, correct thy Muse,
 Some nearer way to wedlock chuse:
 She warbles with so ill a grace,
 Thy airs are coarser than thy face;
 And will be found (believe me) still
 To frighten ten, for one they kill.
 Dear Phyllis, then, leave off in time,
 Lovers are ne'er trepann'd by rhyme;
 Thy bobbins or thy needle take,
 Each will as deep impressions make;
 And, to enjoy the youth's embrace,
 Cashier thy Muse, and stick to lace.

A croud of other females past,
 Whose fame for verse shall ever last,

While

While artless sounds our soul disarm,
 And music, void of sense, can charm.
 Immortal Behn * at last he spy'd,
 "Hail, beauteous nymph! the lover cry'd,
 See at your feet I prostrate bow,
 Neglecting every fair, for you;
 Their worthless labours tumbling o'er
 In haste, your beauties to adore,
 With your bright features, or your quill,
 Arm'd with a double power to kill!"

But, as no mortal thing below
 Can long survive without a foe,
 Here he beholds in triumph sit
 The bane † of beauty, sense, and wit;
 Demolish'd distichs round his head,
 Half lines and shatter'd stanza's spread,
 While the insulting conqueror climbs
 O'er mighty heaps of ruin'd rhymes,
 And, proudly mounted, views from high,
 Beneath th' harmonious fragments lie;
 Boasting himself from foes secur'd,
 In stanza's lodg'd, in verse immur'd.
 Furious the lover silence broke
 And thus, red hot with vengeance, spoke:

"And could thy squeamish stomach chuse
 To feast on nothing but a Muse;
 Nought else thy courtly palate hit,
 But virgin sense and female wit;

* See vol. I. p. 85. N.

† A Moth. KING.

My favourite nymph to nib and waste,
 To pleasure thy luxurious taste;
 Seldom content to sup or dine
 Without a distich or a line;
 Making those rhymes, thy hunger fed,
 Each day thy food, each night thy bed;
 Proudly aspiring thus to lie,
 In sheets of downy poetry?
 On twenty more, design'd to be
 Fit nourishment for such as thee,
 Thou might'st have fed, or made a feat in,
 Publish'd alone but to be eaten,
 Volumes fit only for a nest,
 Where vermin such as thou should rest.
 Had'st thou chose rather to be pent in,
 The Councils Lateran or Tridentine
 (As many an honest insect feeds
 On Canons and outlandish Creeds),
 Meanly to no one dish confin'd,
 Thou might'st have, great as Cæsar, din'd:
 Cloy'd with insipid verse, have chose
 To diet on more favoury prose;
 In mighty folio's lodg'd, been able
 Greatly each day to shift thy table:
 And found materials to assuage
 Thy hunger in each fruitful page:
 Or, if Decrees and Councils shew'd
 For courtly tastes too mean a food,
 On Wars and Battles, seldom read,
 Thou might'st without offence have fed;

Thy rage the warriors should out-do,
Eating up fights and heroes too ;
In spight of all their guns and steel,
Devour a champion at each meal ;
Philippi but one feast would yield,
And scarce so much Pharsalia's field ;
Great Ammon's son must here submit,
To be demolish'd at a bit,
All others conquering, doom'd to be
Subdued at last by puny Thee !
But say, while fifty more, as good,
If not for sense, at least for food,
Crowded on every shelf appear,
Why, envious vermin, only here ?
See, from their fair apartment drove,
Here sprawls a Cupid, there a Love ;
Unarm'd, the young immortals shew,
This wants a shaft, and that a bow,
And tears in mighty streams distil,
Robb'd of their tools to wound and kill.
Fair Venus, in a pensive mood,
Sadly laments her mumbled hood ;
That nought beside a veil of lawn
Was o'er her radiant shoulders drawn,
While two meals more, without my care,
Had stripp'd the blushing Goddess bare.
Nor does fair Beauty's wounded Queen
Confess alone thy little spleen ;
The Muse, whom brighter charms adorn,
Laments herself in pieces torn.

See, scatter'd round thy dark abode,
 Here lies a Satire, there an Ode,
 Ceasing, through thy malignant spite,
 Or this to praise, or that to bite :
 And Elegy, but now too late,
 Laments her own untimely fate ;
 Those tears, design'd for lovers' moan,
 Sadly applying to her own.

A limping line there wants a foot,
 The rhyme nibb'd off, and sense to boot,
 And mangled now, without a close,
 Degenerates into rumbling prose ;
 A solitary verse alone,
 His partner quite devour'd and gone,
 There weeps, he can no longer chime
 And warble with his fellow-rhyme ;
 With the sad dismal loss perplex'd,
 He strives to gingle with the next,
 His strength the same, and softness too,
 But, wanting sound, it must not do.

Say then, before this murdering thumb
 Relentless seals thy certain doom,
 What art or cunning can repair
 The ruins of the injur'd fair ?
 Patch up her music, and restore
 The nymph harmonious as before ?”

But see, too proud to make amends
 (As silence still on guilt attends),
 Speechless the vermin turns away,
 With not one single word to say,

Confessing thus the bloody crime
Of wounding wit, and murdering rhyme.

Take then a life, propitious maid,
Sent to atone thy wandering shade;
Though vile the gift, 'tis yet the most
I now can give thy injur'd ghost.
But let one foe, thus nobly slain,
Thy reeking altar serve to stain,
Till thousands more, before thy eye,
To please thy gluttoned vengeance, die;
Thy soul thus giving, by their doom,
Through endless scenes of bliss to roam.

Diverted from the doleful song
He still seem'd eager to prolong,
Horace, in sad and mournful strains,
To listening Phœbus thus complains;

“ Patron of verse, and God of days,
Inspirer of our voice and lays;
Permit me, in some dismal cell,
With Goths or Leyden bards, to dwell,
Or to consume my wretched time,
'Twixt Dublin verse and Glasgow rhyme;
Nay, to augment my last despair,
Place Ayloffe's * self and Marvell † there
(A fam'd dull pair, that purely wrote
To raise our spleen, and die forgot):
If, suffering thus, my works may be
From criticks and translators free;

* Captain Ayloffe, author of “ Marvell's Ghost.” N.

† The satire on Marvell is wonderfully misplaced. N.

Or, in one wish, to sum up all
 The plagues that can a wretch befall;
 May it be doom'd my harder fate
 To read whatever they translate;
 And hear, for great Augustus' name,
 In dull heroicks Arthur's fame,
 His fire in modern story pass
 For what my lov'd Mæcenus was:
 Let theirs exceed my hero's praise,
 To save my Muse from Creech and Bayes!"

A Proteus * Wit almost escapes,
 That writes and fools in fifty shapes;
 To please in every art prepar'd,
 An Atheist now, and now a Bard,
 Physician strait, another time
 Projecting tools to work in rhyme;
 Or forging odd receipts to make
 Verse, duller than his Worship's, take.
 Horace, most courtly grown and kind,
 Exactly speaks the Poet's mind,
 Stands sponzor, by his worth and fame,
 To guard his infant Muse from shame:
 Whilst he in mighty secrets deals,
 And beauties long obscur'd reveals,
 Does from his own prescriptions fall,
 Gives fifty rules, and breaks them all;

* See the Mortality of the Soul, and Licentia Poetica discussed, written by Dr. Coward. KING.—To the Licentia Poetica was prefixed the first *known* poem of Mr. Gay. See the English Poets, vol. XLI. p. 207. N.

Though he that farthest from them strays
Bids fairest much to win the bays.
From verse he hastens to dispute
Himself into a nobler brute,
Greatly resolv'd his murdering quill
Should, certain as his physick, kill :
He needs would have mankind control
The universe without a foul ;
That matter, nicely wrought and spun,
Might all those mighty feats have done,
Which antient dotards were inclin'd
To attribute to Thought and Mind ;
Thus, as the threads are drawn, it hits,
The coarse are fools, the fine ones wits ;
While others, of a middle size,
Prove harmless things, not dull nor wise ;
And hence it plainly comes to pass,
That Coward's now what Sternhold was,
Because, in Nature's forming list,
His threads were of a clumsy twist ;
And Chance had so contriv'd his doom,
To draw him from a hobbling loom.
A proof within himself he feels,
That all mankind is mov'd by wheels :
That chains, and pendulums, and springs,
With twenty other curious things,
Were first by artful Nature made,
Ere clocks and watches form'd a trade.
Exchange, great sir, a word or two,
And your fam'd thesis still may do ;

“ Thou

"Thou art thyself compleat and whole,
 "Thy verses only want a soul,
 "While both a different fate shall try,
 "Thou half, and they entirely die,
 "Condemn'd by thee, not partial Fate,
 "E'er to behold a future state!"

Behold a modest * Bard refuse,
 The laurels waiting on his Muse!

Pity

* Mr. Edward Holdsworth, author of the "Muscipula," a poem which is esteemed a master-piece in its kind, written with the purity of Virgil whom the author so perfectly understood, and with the pleasantry of Lucian, was elected demy of Magdalen college, Oxford, in July 1705; took his degree of M. A. April 18, 1711; became a college-tutor, and had a considerable number of pupils. In January 1715, when, according to the order of succession at that time observed, he was the next to be chosen into a fellowship, he resigned his demiship, and left the college, being determined against taking the oaths to the new government. From that period he was employed to the time of his death in travelling with young noblemen as tutor. He died of a fever at lord Digby's at Coleshill, in Warwickshire, Dec. 30, 1747. He is the person of whom Mr. Spence speaks in Polymetis, p. 174, as one who understood Virgil in a more masterly manner than any person he ever knew. See also p. 232 and 276. He was the author of a dissertation intituled "Pharsalia & Philippi, or the two Philippi in Virgil's Georgics attempted to be explained and reconciled to history, 1741." 4to. and of a quarto volume of "Remarks and Dissertations on Virgil; with some other classical observations, published" [under

Pity first taught her how to sing,
 To try her voice, and prune her wing;
 Touch'd with a tender Christian woe,
 In Wallia's realms to meet a foe,
 That, lawless long and unrestrain'd,
 Had in her milky dainties reign'd:
 And every year triumphant won
 A dowry for a yeoman's son.

Virgil, that taught thy Muse to sing,
 A nobler verse could hardly bring,
 Or on a theme so mean and low,
 More thought and majesty bestow;
 Henceforth his smiling ghost shall move
 More joyous through her laureat grove;
 To hear thy tuneful voice above.

Take then a gift I trembling bring,
 Instructed near thy Muse to sing;
 Which prun'd her pinions in that shade,
 Whence mine her earliest flights essay'd;
 Both sipping, to inspire our themes,
 * Oxe-eyes, for clear Castalian streams.

Oh! may thy fame for ever run,
 A glorious rival to the sun;
 "Till mice in pantries cease to dwell,
 " Or brimstone at Glamorgan fell;

the inspection of Dr. Lowth] "with several notes and additional remarks by Mr. Spence, 1768." 4to. See British Topography, vol. II. p. 497, 498. N.

* Places in Oxford so called. KING.

"Till

" Till mites no more in Chedder breed,
 " Nor goats on craggy Pen-maur feed;
 " Till leeks and onions smell amiss,
 " Till scrubbing seems no more a bliss;
 " Till great Plinlimmon leaves the skies,
 " Till thy immortal labour dies *!"

While Dennis aids the Muse to sing,
 Or gives her plumes, or clips her wing,
 Directs her cautious how to fly
 Unbeaten tracts along the sky;
 With safety we sublimely stray,
 And soaring gain the realms of day,
 Till, trembling from those heights above,
 And dazzling orbs o'er which we move:
 We gently sink in humbler strains,
 To vales beneath, and rural plains.

Great Toland, with his name below,
 Bought purely to make-out the show;
 Adorns at once and fills a row
 (Though some aver it strongly still
 That emptiness could never fill).
 Hadst thou been wise or dull by rule,
 Thy silence might have screen'd the fool;
 But thus to cant, and own it too,
 No mortal sure but thee would do;
 The twilight owl and serious ass
 Would needs for modern criticks pass,
 Till both their want of sense betray'd,
 One hooting, while the other bray'd.

* Various have been the English imitations of the Muscipula; but no one happier than Chancellor Hoadly's. N.

Near Blackall * his fam'd rival lay,
 But, frowning, lean'd another way;
 His forehead into wrinkles drawn,
 To fit within the smell of lawn:
 But close, as to his elm the vine,
 Round pious Baxter seems to twine;
 Adores the saint on bended knees,
 That taught him first to cant and please;
 And to the wondering world reveal
 Good Christian methods to rebel.

While Milton's soaring fancy flies,
 And sings of feuds above the skies,
 Dreadfully fills the heavenly plain,
 With vanquish'd powers, and cherubs slain,
 Surpriz'd and trembling from afar,
 We scarce behold th' immortal war;
 Their fauchions formidably bright,
 Their swords compos'd of beaten light;
 And beamy arms with dreadful blaze
 From each contending van amaze;
 With dread we view th' apostate foe,
 Plung'd in the deep abyfs below.

See Rag † on Phillips still attends;
 In life, in death, harmonious friends;
 Pleas'd his lov'd Isis to forego,
 To meet the darling shade below.
 Who in th' Elyfian fragrant bowers
 Beguile each day the smiling hours,

* Bishop of Exeter from 1707 to 1716. N.

† The name which Edmund Smith went by. See the
 Life of him by Dr. Johnson. N.

With

With more delight than wine or love
 Ere gave the Bards in realms above;
 Each here transported to behold
 Rich branches bloom with radiant gold
 (Strangely surpriz'd to view an ore
 They ne'er on earth once touch'd before).
 No more refulgent to their eyes
 The Splendid Shilling's * charms surprize;
 Once the sole blifs of Heaven implor'd,
 For that alone, by each ador'd;
 That ale or oysters could command,
 The noblest boons of sea or land,
 And bid them, to enjoy a friend,
 From lonely garret oft descend:
 No longer to their cells restrain'd,
 Where Want and dismal Darkness reign'd;
 With harmless pun †, and clinches gay,
 They now repeat each smiling day;
 Nor dreadful reckoning trembling fear,
 As if kind Herbert too was there,
 For vile mundung and fumy ale,
 Incense and odours, now exhale,
 And, sipping nectar from each stream,
 No more of Tiff and Viner's ‡ dream;

* A very famous Burlesque Poem in imitation of Milton.
 KING.

† See the Deist's notions of a future state, taken from
 their Orthodox scripture of Virgil's Sixth Æneid. KING.

‡ A very celebrated university ale-house. KING.

Convinc'd

Convinc'd their Isis could bestow
 No cups so soft as those below.
 No longer now the modish gown
 In ropy shreds hangs quivering down,
 Tuck'd close, but gently, round the side,
 Some dismal breach beneath to hide;
 Or else protecting from the air
 Some parts, as nature form'd them, bare.

See next the * Muse that fill'd the skies
 With sleepy lolling deities,
 Careless and unconcern'd to know,
 What mortals acted here below;
 Gives us receipts of wondrous fame,
 New worlds to raise, and beings frame;
 Which Burnet † by experience knew
 In every tittle to be true:
 After a long eternal round,
 No stage to ease their labour found,
 The wearied atoms all combine,
 In different forms themselves to join:
 These sink beneath, those upwards fly,
 To deck and to adorn the sky;
 In radiant planets shine from far,
 Or lose their brightness in a star.
 Millions, for heavenly forms unfit,
 To meaner fates below submit;
 While long the little sportive train
 A thousand tricks attempt in vain,
 Before they can fit natures chuse,
 And their light empty beings lose!

* Lucretius. KING.

† Theory of the Earth. Ibid.
 The

The brisk, the nimble, and the light,
 To frame the female world unite;
 And, while the beauteous kind they fill,
 Seem to preserve their nature still:
 The giddy into order range,
 But scarcely undergo a change,
 Still act as in their antient sphere,
 Whirling in mad projectors here,
 Or else their roving powers restrain,
 Beneath some madder poet's brain:
 Those of a rough and knotty make,
 Their stations all in criticks take;
 Which makes it harder much to gain
 Their sense, than his they would explain;
 And much more skill requir'd to find
 The critick's, than the author's, mind:
 Those of a tall and slender size
 In monuments and steeples rise;
 For structures, like our elm and yew,
 At nature's birth, spontaneous grew,
 Instructed upwards how to climb
 Without the help of brick or lime:
 The dull, the empty, and the gay,
 Consent to take a different way
 These mingling form coquettes, and those
 Unite in asses, and in beaux!
 Descending from a finish'd star,
 Some leave the skies, to grace the fair;
 While those to Heaven their light confine,
 And these in Lumley's beauties shine,

60 MISCELLANY POEMS.

In Beaufort's air they all unite
 Their softest beams, their fairest light;
 In March's lovely form surprize,
 Or smile confes'd in Bishop's eyes;
 While, honest Tindal, thou and I,
 Were form'd of lumps that downwards fly,
 And daily give some wretched proof
 Of our descending weighty stuff;
 Which makes whate'er we write or say
 Thus favour of our kindred clay,
 And every fair and just design
 With such a native force decline,
 That, while we strive sublime to soar,
 We sink and founder so much lower.
 Hence 'tis, our labours come to nought,
 Each beauteous product, which we thought
 Of sprightly wit and reason full,
 Is strangely leaven'd with the dull;
 But let us learn true wisdom hence,
 Not whine like fools for want of sense;
 Rather accuse our partial fate,
 Assigning each so dull a pate:
 Purely by nature form'd in spite,
 To plague mankind in print, and write.

Bentley immortal honour gets,
 By changing * *Que's* for nobler *El's*:

* "Horatius Emendatus, invitis omnibus criticis, sic esse
 "legendum pronuncio." Modest Doctor Bentley! KING.

" 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,

" Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*."

POPE, Dunciad IV. 219.

From Cam to Isis see him roam,
 To fetch stray'd Interjections home ;
 While the glad shores with joy rebound,
 For Periods and lost Comma's found :
 Poor Adverbs, that had long deplor'd
 Their injur'd rights, by him restor'd !
 Smil'd to survey a rival's doom,
 While they possess'd the envied room ;
 And, hissing from their rescued throne
 Th' usurper's fate, applaud their own.
 The Roman nymphs, for want of notes
 More tender, strain'd their little throats,
 Till Bentley, to relieve their woes,
 Gave them a sett of *Ab's* and *Ob's* :
 More musically to complain,
 And warble forth their *gentle pain*.
 The suffering fair no more repine,
 For vowels now to *sob* and *whine* ;
 In softest air their passion try,
 And, without spoiling metre, die :
 With Interjections of his own,
 He helps them now to weep and groan ;
 That, reading him, no lover fears
 Soft vehicles for sighs and tears.
 Instructed by his learned code,
 What makes a Jig, or forms an Ode,
 We view what various beauties meet,
 To leave each fragrant line so sweet ;
 How Horace' lines our passions keep
 Awake, and Bentley's lull asleep.

No verse can moan a limping foot,
 But he applies his plaster to't :
 With pious care binds up the fore,
 And kindly bids it hop no more !
 While, with his helping comments nigh,
 Instead of crutches to apply
 To crazy verse (which envious Time
 Had weaken'd both in sense and rhyme) ;
 For a lame Muse's surgeon meet,
 Instead of legs, sets broken feet.
 Though no one single charm can fly
 The search of his sagacious eye
 (That * Horace but in vain pretends,
 To own a line which Bentley mends).
 The reverend critick hardly knows
 If David wrote in verse or prose ;
 While every string and founding wire,
 That erst compos'd the Roman lyre,
 Were to the sage as fully known,
 As if the harp had been his own !
 Could'st thou, great bard, without a qualm,
 But hear rehears'd one pious Psalm ;
 To slighted David lend an ear,
 Not swooning what he sung to hear ;
 We then might view thy learn'd abodes,
 With Hymns adorn'd, instead of Odes ;

* See " Horatius Emendatus ;" and Dr. Bentley's Dedication of Horace to the earl of Oxford, designed for the late treasurer if he had continued in his post till last Christmas. KING.
 And

And thou thyself perhaps content
 To con him o'er, at least in Lent;
 To mortify, the Jewish chuse,
 Regaling on the Latian Muse.

Close by, where wits, in purple pride
 And all their glory drest, preside;
 Beneath a dark and gloomy cell,
 A lazy Goddess chose to dwell,
 Well-pleas'd to slumber out her time,
 Twixt sleepy prose and drowsy rhyme:
 Dating from books her empire's fame,
 OBLIVION was her dreaded name;
 On verse and laudanum she feeds,
 Now takes a dose, now poems reads;
 Each of experienc'd power to close
 Her sinking eyes in soft repose:
 While Bentley, of more sovereign use
 Than rhyme itself or poppy-juice,
 The Goddess trembles to explore,
 For fear of never waking more;
 Each weeping wall bedew'd appears
 With Cloe's sighs, and Strephon's tears;
 Sad Dirges, breathing Lovers' pain,
 And soft complaints of Virgins slain:
 While Females' Sonnets, Poets' Themes,
 Beaux' Stratagems, Projectors' Dreams,
 Around the lonely structure fly,
 Slumber a while, and gently die.
 A thousand wretched things, above
 The joys of wine, the sweets of love;

That

That kindly promis'd deathless fame
And glories to their author's name,
Here in one month for rest retire,
Descend, and decently expire.
Scatter'd, delightful to her eye,
Rheams of Reviews and Medleys lie;
Wide to extend her empire's sway,
Keeping their fires above in pay;
Soft transport gliding through her breast,
Of Tutchin's works entire possess:
Who, to augment the Goddess' power,
Was seldom known to slip an hour,
That did not gratefully produce
Whole pages for his sovereign's use,
While now and then a mitred friend
Is graciously inclin'd to send,
His tributes, and a gift bestows
Among her Bunyans and De Foes.

O'ercome with rapture, to survey
Melodious nonsense round her lay
(While here each fruitful labouring press
Groan'd with seraphic emptiness;
Which every hour spontaneous came,
Kind to enrol its author's name);
While the great patriots of her reign,
That with her pens her fame sustain,
Wits, Criticks, Politicians, Beaux,
In measure nod, and sleep in rows,
Soft transport does her thoughts employ,
While thus she speaks her rising joy:

“ Hail

" Hail, mighty names ! to whom I owe
 My empire's * spreading fame below ;
 By whose kind labours I out-do
 The Vatican and Bodley too ;
 Who slighted fame above disdain,
 With me in silent night to reign.
 What rival power did e'er survey
 A nobler host adorn his sway !
 You, blest associates, best can tell
 What numbers at my altars fell,
 When you approach'd, and only stay
 Above, to own my sovereign sway.
 'Twas I inspir'd great Whiston's † theme,
 And nobly taught him to blaspheme :
 By me instructed he withdrew,
 To head a young apostate crew ;
 Who, proud of such a leader grown,
 With his stale nonsense mix their own ;
 Lispering, their trade they first begin,
 By slow degrees advance in sin,
 Till, ripen'd by improving time,
 To thy grey hoary fame they climb,

* The resemblance between OBLIVION and the GODDESS OF THE DUNCIAD is too striking to have been accidental ; and indeed there are many traits of that admirable Satire to be discerned in this " Description of a Modern Library." N.

† A whimsical Theorist, and a late Apostate to Soci-nianism. KING.—However whimsical Mr. Whiston might be in some of his opinions, yet candour must acknowledge that he was learned, pious, and indefatigable, a warm friend, and very useful member of society. N.

And claim those laurels, as their due,
 Justice before assign'd to you.
 The Grecian * sages too decree
 The fame of all they write to me ;
 Beneath my influence kindly bred,
 Proud to blaspheme before they read ;
 In the dull trade improve so well,
 First swear, and after learn to spell ;
 And oft a deathless name compleat,
 Ere perfect in their alphabet.
 Oh ! would they oft in print appear,
 What rheams of stuff each fruitful year
 Would downward sink, to swell my fame,
 Dully confessing whence they came ;
 The hateful realms of light forego,
 To hang in empty shoals below ;
 Whose labours, like a glimmering fire,
 Kindly as soon as born expire,
 Scarce th' age of one short day survive
 Stone dead, ere breathing well alive !
 'Twas I alone that hither drew
 From Tyber's bank † the warbling crew,
 That charm our wondering theatres
 With witty Lions ‡, Bulls, and Bears,
 Design'd (if fame says true) this spring
 To learn their gamut too, and sing ;

* A scandalous atheistical club, at the Grecian coffee-house. KING.

† The Italian Singers. KING.

‡ See Hydaspes, act third, a hero drubbing a lion. KING.
 And see the Spectator. N.

Whose

Whose gay harmonious nonsense, drown'd
 Beneath soft airs and helping sound,
 Passes with critics of the pit
 For sterling sense, and English wit.
 Each valet now must blow his fire
 In notes as soft as Alamire;
 Nor dare perfume his master's hair,
 Or rub his boots, without an air;
 Hear him in softest music tell,
 "His lordship's running nag is well;"
 Oblig'd a bolder note to use,
 "Informing when he lost his shoes;"
 Still rising to a nobler strain,
 "To paint him scouring o'er the plain."
 The rival waiting-maid, to find
 Her spark to music thus inclin'd,
 Tells madam, singing, "that she spoils
 "Her tea, to drink it ere it boils;"
 While notes more pensive far relate
 Her lap-dog's unexpected fate.
 The hero, burning to engage,
 "Most sweetly murmurs out his rage;"
 Defers to shew his wrath too soon,
 Or kill his foe to spoil his tune;
 Though both are warm'd with equal fire,
 They can't without one song expire;
 In doleful dirges, but too late,
 Hear how they sigh each other's fate;
 For notes through all the gamut try
 To fall more tunefully and die.

See how my crowded region fills
 With colonies entire from Will's *;
 Slumbering in rival ranks they snore,
 And meditate sharp clinch no more;
 Their merit by their dulness prove,
 Out-dreaming those they left above!

'Twas I, my empire to enlarge,
 Gave Hoadly first my royal charge,
 To preach rebellion, and in spite
 Of duty, oaths, and sense, to write.
 'Tis I that by my influence still
 Direct great Toland's † sacred quill;
 And lately by my soothing power
 Seduc'd mysterious ‡ Dodwell o'er,
 Who, to his bright immortal fame,
 Was never known six weeks the same!
 While Fate thus makes a small amends
 For what I lost in kinder friends
 (As, when it forc'd me to bewail
 Great Hobbes's death, still left me || Bayle);

* A celebrated academy in Covent-garden, obliged by its charter to furnish out a dozen of English wits every year.

KING.

† An insolent audacious Deist and Republican.

KING.

‡ See the Natural Mortality of the Soul, by Mr. Dodwell.

KING.

|| Two intimate friends, an English Atheist and a Dutch Socinian.

KING.

Filing

Filling that space that was design'd,
For Sarum's * labours still behind.

See how that wall is *sadly* hung,
With doleful verse, by ladies sung,
And penfive airs by lovers try'd,
Just as they kindly kiss'd and dy'd.
With dreams and sighs the next is blur'd,
With Dolben's eloquence a third;
While to the wicked, Baxter's Call
Quite covers and obscures them all.
Swifts lumber sinks to our abodes,
Not poorly by the quire, but loads;
While Leyden rhymes submissive come,
And croaking supplicate for room.
Scotch † creeds, and articles explain'd,
Close by in silence slumbering reign'd,
With mystic comments so perplex'd,
The notes are darker than the text.
Fam'd Theorists ‡ by dozens rot,
Just as the worlds they fram'd, forgot,
And in those very atoms fall
They vainly forg'd, to raise this ball;
Which prov'd their thesis partly true,
Fate ne'er could build, but might undo,

* i. e. Bishop Burnet. N.

† The Solemn League much preferable to the Apostles Creed, about Edinburgh. KING.

‡ See the Mosaical History, corrected and confuted by Whiston, Woodward, Burnet, Cartesius, and Ovid's Metamorphoses. KING.

And that dull books might sooner dance,
 Than planets, into form by chance;
 Would smiling Fate but once inspire
 Hibernian bards, to touch the lyre,
 Gently in Dublin airs to sing,
 And their fam'd harps *, long silent, string;
 Now, wanting room, I must implore
 Kind Heaven with ardent vows for more:
 Where shall I place my future friends
 If Collins † monthly tributes sends?
 If Clarke ‡ and Hare ‡, to choak me quite,
 Without remorse or pity write?
 Ye envious niggard powers, whoe'er
 Allot each God his empire's share,
 To all such spacious realms assign'd,
 Why am I only thus confin'd?
 From theirs how different is my doom!
 They grieve for subjects, I for room.
 Extend my realms below, great Jove,
 Or stop great Boyer's || pen above!
 Gods! in what fable liquid showers
 And inky deluges he pours,
 Each year his sickly nonsense down!
 Ten such would half my empire drown,
 And force me, to preserve my breath,
 To quit my stifling cell beneath.
 Whatever theme his Muse has got
 She still maintains her favourite trot;

* The arms of Ireland. KING. † Anthony Collins, esq. N.

‡ Party prejudice is here too prevalent. N. || Abel Boyer. N.

Still one dull pace demurely jogs,
 O'er rivers, meadows, lawns, and bogs;
 While, drest with equal charms, are seen
 A milk-maid here, and there a queen;
 And strains as mournful fill the sky
 When porters, as when monarchs, die!"

Still to proceed the Goddess try'd,
 Till Steele's immortal works espy'd;
 Trembling her dreaded foe to view,
 She sunk and silently withdrew,
 While Sarum's labours, round her spread,
 Sustain and prop her drowsy head.

Hail, mighty name! of all thy pen
 Has dropt, to charm both gods and men,
 Time nor oblivion e'er shall boast
 One line or single period lost!
 Improving youth, and hoary age,
 Are better'd by thy matchless page;
 And, what no mortal could devise,
 Women, by reading thee, grow wise;
 Divines had taught, and husbands rav'd,
 Now threat'ned, then as poorly crav'd,
 But, spite of all, the stubborn dame
 Remain'd our curse, and still the same;
 Modish and flippant as before,
 The smoothing paint and patch are wore;
 Two hours each morning spent to dress,
 And not one ounce of tea the less:
 While the provoking idiot vows
 Her lover fairer much than spouse.

Great Socrates but vainly try'd,
To sooth the passions of his bride;
Her female empire still she holds,
And as he preaches peace, she scolds:
In vain he talks, in vain he writes;
One kissing, while the other bites;
Precepts with her, and moral rules,
Are only ginns to hamper fools;
And, preach and dictate what he will,
Madam persists Xantippe still.
But wedlock by thy art is got
To be a soft and easy knot;
Which smiling spouse and kinder bride
Now seldom wish should be unty'd;
Think parting now the greatest sin,
And strive more close to draw the ginn:
Taught by those rules thy pen instills,
Nobly to conquer human ills;
The female sufferer now sustains
Each mournful loss, with lessened pains;
A week is now enough to pine,
When puking lap-dog cannot dine;
While grief as real swells her eyes
When spouse, as when her parrot, dies.
The fop no longer shall believe
Sense ty'd to every modish sleeve,
Nor, conscious of his wants, presume
To measure merit by perfume;
That courage in Pulvilio dwells,
The boldest he, who strongest snells;

To prove his sense, no longer bring
 The doughty proofs of box and ring;
 Strongly professing ne'er to know
 An ass conceal'd beneath a beau;
 Each taught by thee, shall hence confess
 Virtue has no regard for dress;
 That the bright nymph as often dwells
 In homely bays as rural cells;
 And in a ruff as fairly shin'd,
 As now to modern peak confin'd;
 Blushing, thus half expos'd to view,
 Both herself and mistress too.

The widow, pining for her dear,
 Shall curse no more the tedious year;
 In sighs consume each pensive day,
 Nor think it long from June to May.
 See how the pensive relict lies,
 Oppress'd with spouse's fate, and dies;
 That Betty with her drops in vain,
 Recalls her flying soul again;
 No colour now so fair appears,
 As is the sable vest she wears,
 To be her only garment vow'd,
 Till death exchange it for a shroud,
 And her cold ashes kindly place
 Once more within her lord's embrace.

The ladies, pleas'd with thee to dwell,
 Aspire to write correct, and spell:
 We scarce behold, though writ in haste,
 Five letters in a score misplac'd;

Marshall'd

Marshal'd in rank they all appear,
 With no front vowels in the rear,
 Nor any, out of shame or dread,
 Skulking behind, that should have led;
 In every line they now demur,
 'Tis now no longer *Wurthee Surr*;
 With half our usual sweat and pain,
 We both unravel and explain,
 Nor call-in foreign aid to find,
 In mystic terms, the fair-one's mind.
 Maintain, great sage, thy deathless name,
 Thou canst no wider stretch thy fame,
 Till, gliding from her native skies,
 Virtue once more delighted flies;
 By each adoring patriot own'd,
 And boasts herself by thee enthron'd*,

EPISTLE TO MR. GODDARD †;

WRITTEN BY DR. KING,

IN THE CHARACTER OF "THE REVIEW."

TO Windfor Canon, his well-chosen Friend,
 The just Review does kindest greeting send.
 I've found the man by nature's gift design'd
 To please my ear and captivate my mind,

By

* The character which closes this poem cannot fail of pleasing. Even the bias of party, which affected both Mr. Steele and this Poet, is readily forgotten and forgiven. N.

† Taken from an admirable banter of our author's, intitled, "Two Friendly Letters from honest Tom Boggy, to the Rev. Mr. Goddard, Canon of Windfor," very proper

By sympathy the eager passions move,
 And strike my soul with wonder and with love!
 Happy that place, where much less care is had
 To save the virtuous, than protect the bad;
 Where Pastors must their stubborn Flock obey,
 Or that be thought a scandal which they say:
 For, should a sin, by some grand soul belov'd,
 Chance with an aukward zeal to be reprov'd,
 And tender conscience meet the fatal curse,
 Of hardening by reproof, and growing worse:
 When things to such extremities are brought,
 'Tis not the Sinner's, but the Teacher's, fault.

proper to be tacked to the Canon's Sermon;" first printed in 8vo, 1710. This Sermon (full of high treason against High-church, Hereditary Right, and Sacheverell) was intitled, "The Guilt, Mischief, and Aggravation of Censure; set forth in a Sermon preached in St. George's Chapel within her Majesty's Castle of Windsor, on Sunday the 25th of June, 1710. By Thomas Goddard, A. M. Canon of Windsor. London, printed for B. Lintot, 1710." — Mr. Goddard was installed canon May 26, 1707, and was also rector of St. Bennet Finch, London. He published a 30th of January Sermon, in 4to, 1703; and "The Mercy of God to this Church and Kingdom, exemplified in the several Instances of it, from the Beginning of the Reformation down to the present Time. A Sermon preached in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, on Tuesday the 7th of November, the Day of Thanksgiving, 1710," 8vo. They were all reprinted in 1715, with three others, under the title of "Six Sermons on several Occasions," 8vo. N.

With

With Great Mens' wickedness, then, rest content,
 And give them their own leisure to repent;
 Whilst their own head-strong will alone must curb them,
 And nothing vex, or venture to disturb them,
 Lest they should lose their favour in the court,
 And no one but themselves be sorry for 't.
 Were I in panegyrick vers'd like you,
 I'd bring whole offerings to your merit due.
 You've gain'd the conquest; and I freely own,
 Dissenters may by Churchmen be out-done.
 Though once we seem'd to be at such a Distance,
 Yet both concenter in Divine resistance:
 Both teach what Kings must do when subjects fight,
 And both disclaim Hereditary Right.
 By Jove's command, two Eagles took their flight,
 One from the East, the source of infant light,
 The other from the West, that bed of night. }
 The birds of thunder both at Delphi meet,
 The centre of the world, and Wisdom's feat.
 So, by a Power not decent here to name,
 To one fixt point our various notions came.
 Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windsor flew,
 Whilst Shop and Meeting-house brought forth Review*.
 Your brains fierce Eloquence and Logick tried,
 My humbler strain choice Socks and Stockings cried;
 Yet in our common principles we meet,
 You sinking from the Head, I rising from the Feet.

* A well-known political paper by De Foe; in which Mr. Goddard's Sermon was immoderately commended. See a long account of this writer, and of Ridpath and Tutchin his associates, in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

Pardon a hasty Muse, ambitious grown,
 T' extol a merit far beyond his own.
 For, though a moderate Painter can't command
 The stroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand:
 Yet their transcendent works his fancy raise;
 And there's some skill in knowing *what* to praise.

RECEIPT TO MAKE AN OATMEAL PUDDING.

BY DR. KING.

OF oats decorticated take two pound,
 And of new milk enough the same to drown;
 Of raisins of the Sun, ston'd, ounces eight;
 Of currants, cleanly pick'd, an equal weight;
 Of suet, finely slic'd, an ounce at least;
 And six eggs, newly taken from the nest:
 Season this mixture well with salt and spice;
 'Twill make a pudding far exceeding rice;
 And you may safely feed on it like farmers,
 For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's.

RECEIPT TO MAKE A SACK-POSSET.

BY THE SAME.

FROM far Barbadoes, on the Western main,
 Fetch sugar, half a pound; fetch sack, from Spain,
 A pint; then fetch, from India's fertile coast,
 Nutmeg, the glory of the British coast,

UPON

UPON A GIANT'S ANGLING.

BY DR. KING.

HIS angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
 His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke,
 His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
 And fate upon a Rock and bobb'd for whale.

APPLE-PYE*.

PROBABLY BY THE SAME.

OF all the delicates which Britons try,
 To please the palate, or delight the eye;
 Of all the several kinds of sumptuous fare;
 There's none that can with Apple-pye compare,
 For costly flavour, or substantial paste,
 For outward beauty, or for inward taste.

When first this infant-dish in fashion came,
 Th' ingredients were but coarse, and rude the frame;
 As yet unpolish'd in the modern arts,
 Our fathers eat Brown-bread instead of Tarts;
 Pyes were but indigasted lumps of dough,
 Till time and just expence improv'd them so.
 King Cole (as ancient British annals † tell)
 Renown'd for fiddling and for eating well,

* This poem hath been claimed as Mr. Welsted's, in "The Weekly Oracle," August 16, 1735; with a remark, that "Dr. King, the Civilian, a gentleman of no mean reputation in the world of letters, let it pass some years, without contradiction, as his own." It is in King's manner. N.

† See the old Ballad of "King Cole," in the Anglo-Saxon language, in the second volume of King's Works, p. 87.

Pippins

Pippins in homely cakes with honey stew'd,
“Just as he bak'd,” the proverb says, “he brew'd!”
Their greater art succeeding princes show'd,
And model'd paste into a neater mode;
Invention now grew lively, palate nice,
And Sugar pointed out the way to Spice.

But here for ages unimprov'd we stood,
And Apple-pye was still but homely food;
When god-like Edgar, of the Saxon Line,
Polite of taste, and studious to refine,
In the Desert perfuming Quinces cast,
And perfected with Cream the rich repast.
Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
With Crinkumcranks adorn the polish'd brim;
And each fresh Pye the pleas'd spectator greets
With virgin-fancies, and with new conceits.

Dear Nelly, learn with care the pastry art,
And mind the easy precepts I impart:
Draw out your Dough elaborately thin,
And cease not to fatigue your Rolling-pin:
Of Eggs and Butter see you mix enough:
For then the Paste will swell into a Puff,
Which will, in crumpling sounds, your praise report,
And eat, as housewives speak, “exceeding short.”
Rang'd in thick order let your Quinces lie;
They give a charming relish to the Pye.
If you are wise, you'll not Brown Sugar flight,
The browner (if I form my judgement right)
A deep Vermillion tincture will dispense,
And make your Pippin redder than the Quince.

When

When this is done, there will be wanting still
 The just reserve of Cloves and Candied Peel;
 Nor can I blame you, if a drop you take
 Of Orange-water, for perfuming-fake.
 But here the nicety of art is such,
 There must not be too little, nor too much:
 If with discretion you these costs employ,
 They quicken appetite; if not, they cloy.

Next, in your mind this maxim firmly root,
 "Never o'ercharge your Pye with costly fruit:"
 Oft let your Bodkin through the lid be sent,
 To give the kind imprison'd treasure vent;
 Lest the fermenting liquor, closely prest,
 Insensibly, by constant fretting, waste,
 And o'er-inform your tenement of paste.

To chuse your Baker, think, and think again
 (You 'll scarce one honest Baker find in ten):
 Aduſt and bruis'd, I've often seen a Pye,
 In rich disguise and costly ruin lie,
 While penſive cruſt beheld its form o'erthrown,
 Exhausted Apples griev'd, their moisture flown,
 And Syrup from the ſides ran trickling down.

O be not, be not tempted, lovely Nell,
 While the hot-piping odours ſtrongly ſmell,
 While the delicious fume creates a guſt,
 To lick the o'erflowing juice, or bite the cruſt.
 You 'll rather ſtay (if my advice may rule)
 Until the hot's corrected by the cool;
 Till you've infus'd the luſcious ſtore of Cream,
 And chang'd the purple for a ſilver ſtream;

Till

Till that smooth viand its mild force produce,
And give a softness to the tarter juice.

Then shalt thou, pleas'd, the noble fabrick view,
And have a slice into the bargain too;
Honour and fame alike we will partake,
So well I'll eat what you so richly make.

THE CHARMS OF LIBERTY:

IN ALLUSION TO

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY'S TELEMACHUS.

BY W. CAVENDISH, DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE *, 1707.

CAMBRAY, whilst of Seraphic Love you write,
The noblest themes you set in clearest light;
A love by no self-interest debas'd,
But on th' Almighty's high perfection plac'd;

A love

* This nobleman, the first Duke of Devonshire, is more known for the political integrity of his character, and the spirit with which he resisted the tyrant of his country, than for the abilities which he displayed as a writer. He was born Jan. 25, 1640; and at an early age travelled with Dr. Killigrew, afterwards master of the Savoy, who gave him a just and true relish of poetry, and all the refinements of wit and sense. He joined the party which opposed the arbitrary proceedings of Charles the Second, and was very active in all the measures which were adopted against that monarch and his successor James the Second. On the death of his father, on the 23d of November, 1684, he succeeded him in

A love in which true piety consists,
 That soars to Heaven without the help of priests!
 Let partial Rome the great attempt oppose,
 Support the cheat from whence her income flows;
 Her censures may condemn, but not confute.
 If best your elevated notions suit
 With what to reason seems th' Almighty's due,
 They have at least an air of being true.
 And what can animated clay produce,
 Beyond a guess in matters so abstruse?
 But when, descending from the imperial height;
 You stoop of sublunary things to write,
 Minerva seems the moral to dispense;
 How great the subject, how sublime the sense!

the title of Earl of Devonshire, and soon after became
 a principal promoter of the Revolution, being one of
 those who secretly planned it, and took up arms to carry the
 design into execution. On the accomplishment of that im-
 portant event, he received the rewards which his services
 merited; and was, on the 30th of April, 1694, created
 Marquis of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. He con-
 tinued to enjoy the favour of his sovereign until the time of
 his death, which happened on the 18th of August, 1707, in
 the 67th year of his age. Mr. Walpole observes, that he
 was “ a patriot among the men, galant among the ladies.
 “ His friendship with Lord Russell, his free spirit, his
 “ bravery, duels, honours, amours, are well known, and
 “ his epitaph, will never be forgotten.

“ WILLIELMUS DUX DEVONIE

“ BONORUM PRINCIPUM SUBDITUS FIDELIS,

“ INIMICUS ET INVISUS TYRANNIS.” R.

Not

Not the Alconian Bard with such a flame
 E'er sung of ruling arts, your lofty theme.
 In your Telemachus, his hero's son,
 We see the great Original out-done.
 There is in Virtue, sure, a hidden charm,
 To force Esteem, and Envy to disarm;
 Else in a flattering court you ne'er had been design'd
 T' instruct the future troublers of mankind.
 Happy your native soil, at least by nature so,
 In none her treasures more profusely flow:
 The hills adorn'd with vines, with flowers the plain,
 Without the sun's too near approach, serene:
 But Heaven in vain does on the vineyards smile,
 The monarch's glory mocks the labourer's toil.
 What though elaborate brass with nature strive,
 And proud equestrian figures seem alive;
 With various terrors on their basis wrought,
 With yielding citadels, surpriz'd or bought;
 And here, the ruins of a taken town,
 There a bombarded steeple tumbling down:
 Such prodigies of art and costly pains
 Serve but to gild th' unthinking rabble's chains.
 Oh! abject state of such as tamely groan
 Under a blind dependency on one!
 How far inferior to the herds that range,
 With native freedom, o'er the woods and plains!
 With them no fallacy of schools prevail,
 Nor of a right divine the nauseous tale
 Can give to one amongst themselves a power,
 Without control, his fellows to devour.

To reasoning human-kind alone belong
The arts to hurt themselves by reasoning wrong,
Howe'er the foolish notion first began,
Of trusting absolute to lawless man;
Howe'er a tyrant may by force subsist;
For who would be a slave that can resist?
Those set the casuist safest on the throne,
Who make the people's int'rest their own;
And, chusing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
Are kings of men, not of a servile herd.
Oh Liberty! too late desir'd, when lost!
Like health, when wanted, thou art valued most.
In regions where no property is known,
Through which the Garone runs and rapid Rhone,
Where peasants toil for harvests not their own!
How gladly would they quit their native soil,
And change for liberty their wine and oil!
As wretches chain'd and labouring at the oar,
In sight of Italy's delightful shoar,
Reflect on their unhappy fate the more.
Thy laws have still their force: above the rest
Of Gothic kingdoms, happy Albion, blest!
Long since their ancient freedom they have lost,
And servilely of their subjection boast:
Thy better fate the vain attempts resists
Of faithless monarchs and designing priests;
Unshaken yet the government subsists.
While streams of blood the continent o'erflow,
Reddening the Maese, the Danube, and the Po;
Thy Thames, auspicious isle, her thunder sends,
To crush thy foes, and to relieve her friends.

Say, Muse, since no surprize, or foreign stroke,
 Can hurt her, guarded by her walls of oak;
 Since wholesome laws her liberty transfer
 To future ages, what can Albion fear?
 Can she the dear-bought treasure throw away?
 Have Universities so great a sway?
 The Muse is silent, cautious to reflect
 On mansions where the Muses keep their seat.
 Barren of thought, and niggardly of rhyme,
 My creeping numbers are forbid to climb;
 Venturing too far, my weary genius fails,
 And o'er my drooping senses sleep prevails.
 An antique pile near Thames's silver stream
 Was the first object of my airy dream;
 In ancient times a consecrated fane,
 But since apply'd to uses more prophane:
 Fill'd with a popular debating throng,
 Oft in the right, and oftener in the wrong:
 Of good and bad the variable test,
 Where the religion that is voted best
 Is still inclin'd to persecute the rest.
 On the high fabrick stood a monster fell,
 Of hideous form, second to none in Hell:
 The Fury, to be more abhorr'd and fear'd,
 Her teeth and jaws with clods of gore besmear'd,
 Her party-colour'd robe obscenely stain'd
 With pious murders, freemen rack'd and chain'd,
 With the implacable and brutish rage
 Of fierce dragoons, sparing nor sex nor age.
 With all the horrid instruments of death,
 Of torturing innocents t' improve their faith,
 Clouding the roof with their infectious breath.

Thus she began: "Are then my labours vain,
 That to the powers of France have added Spain?
 Vain my attempts to make that empire great!
 And shall a woman my designs defeat?
 Baffle th' infernal projects I've begun,
 And break the measures of my favourite son?
 Though far unlike the heroes of her race,
 That made their humours of their laws take place,
 And, slighting coronation-oaths, disdain'd
 Their high prerogative should be restrain'd:
 Though her own isle is blest with liberty,
 Has she a right to set all Europe free?
 Under this roof, with management, I may
 The progress of her arms at least delay,
 From a contagious vapour I shall blow;
 Within those walls breaches may wider grow.
 * Here let imaginary fears be shown
 Of danger to the church, when there is none.
 From trivial bills let warm debates arise,
 Foment sedition, and retard supplies.
 If once my treacherous arts, and watchful care,
 Break the Confederacy, and end the war,
 Ador'd, in Hell I may in triumph sit,
 And Europe to one potentate submit."

Waking at so detestable a sound,
 Which would all order and all peace confound,
 I cry'd, "Infernal hag! be ever dumb;
 Thee, with her arms, let Anna overcome,

* Another copy reads,

"Here let imaginary fears prevail,

"And give a colour to affected zeal." N.

Who

Who here reigns queen, by Heaven on us bestow'd,
To right the injur'd, and subdue the proud.
As Rome of old gave liberty to Greece,
Anna th' invaded sinking Empire frees.
Th' Allies her faith, her power the French proclaim,
Her piety th' oppress'd, the world her fame."

At Anna's name, dejected, pale, and scar'd,
The execrable phantom disappear'd.

TO THE RETURNING SUN.

B Y J. H*.

Welcome, thou glorious spring of light and heat,
Where hast thou made thy long retreat?
What lands thy warmer beams possess,
What happy Indian worlds thy fruitful presence blest?
Where deep in the dark bosom of the ground,
Thy wondrous operation's found!
Even there thy beams the earth refine,
And mix and stamp thy lustre through the dazzling mine.
Since thy retreat so far from our cold isle,
She never wore a lovely smile,
No joy her wither'd brow adorn'd,
In dark unlovely days and in long nights she mourn'd.
The poor dejected beasts hung down their heads,
And trembled on their naked beds;
No footsteps of green life remain,
But dying fields and woods, and a bare bleak plain.

* I cannot ascertain to whom these initials belong; perhaps to Mr. John Hughes. N.

The drooping birds were silent in the groves,
 They quite forgot their songs and loves,
 Their feeble mates fate sullen by, [die-
 We thought the feather'd world resolv'd their kind should
 But see the land revives at thy approach,
 She blooms and quickens at thy touch,
 Her kindled atoms life receive,
 The meadows, and the groves, begin to stir and live.
 Mixt with thy beams the southern breezes blow,
 And help the sprouting births below;
 The infant flowers in haste appear,
 And gratefully return perfumes to the kind air.
 The trees and fields again look fresh and gay,
 The birds begin their foster play,
 Thou hast their life, nay more, their love restor'd;
 Their late and early hymns praise thee, their welcome
 Lord.
 The spreading fire glides through the plains and woods,
 It even pierces the cold floods :
 The duller brutes feel the soft flame,
 The fishes leap for joy, and wanton in their stream.

ON THE DUTCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH*.

HA D she but liv'd in Cleopatra's age,
 When beauty did the earth's great lords engage,
 Britain, nor Egypt, had been glorious made ;
 Augustus then, like Julius, had obey'd :
 A nobler theme had been the Poet's boast,
 That all the world for Love had well been lost.

* Louise de Queroualle, mistress to Charles II ; created
 dutchess Aug. 9, 1673 ; died April 11, 1734, at Paris. N.

THE DREAM, BY MR. J. TALBOT*.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF LADY SEYMOUR†.

IF righteous souls in their blest mansions know
 Or what we do or suffer here below,
 And any leisure from their joys can find,
 To visit those whom they have left behind,
 To view our endless griefs, our groundless fears,
 Our hopeless sorrows, and our fruitless tears;
 With pity, sure, they see the kind mistake,
 Which weeping friends at their departure make:
 They wonder why at their release we grieve,
 And mourn their death, who then begin to live.

Tir'd with the care and sorrow of the day,
 In silent night the sad Mæcenas lay,
 His mind still labouring with the deadly weight
 Of his dear parent's much-lamented fate:
 Till weary Nature, with its load oppress'd,
 Compos'd the tempest of his troubled breast,
 And borrow'd from his grief some time for rest:

* Who this J. Talbot was, I cannot discover; but there was a translation of Seneca's *Troas*, by J. T. published in 1686; and in a copy thrown out of Lord Bathurst's Library, which I saw, the last initial was filled up with the name of Talbot, and I have no doubt but he is the same person. R.

† Lady Elizabeth Seymour, daughter to William lord Alington, of Hortheath, in the county of Cambridge; she was the second lady of Charles lord Seymour of Trowbridge, and mother to Francis and Charles successively dukes of Somerset. This noble lady was afterwards married to Sir John Erule, knt. chancellor of the exchequer. N.

When

When sleep * (death's image) to his fancy brought
 The hourly object of his waking thought;
 And lo! his mother's awful shade appears,
 Not pale and ghastly, as the fullen fears
 Of brain-sick minds their dismal phantoms paint,
 But bright and joyful as a new-made saint.
 A crown of glories shone around her head;
 She smil'd, and thus the happy spirit said :

“ Hail, noble son, whom powerful Fates design
 To fill the glories of thy mighty line,
 In whom the good is mingled with the great,
 As generous light unites with active heat!
 For thee I thought life pleasant, and for thee
 I after death endur'd this world to see,
 And leave a while the dwellings of the blest,
 Where heavenly minds enjoy eternal rest;
 Where having reach'd the universal shore,
 I fear the winds and billows now no more;
 No more in anguish draw a painful breath,
 Nor wrestle with that mighty tyrant Death,
 Who cannot boast he gave the fatal blow;
 I conquer'd sin, from whence his power did flow:
 The proud insulter threaten'd me in vain,
 For Heaven increas'd my patience with my pain,
 Till my unfetter'd soul at last took wing,
 The grave its conquest lost, and death its sting.

No longer then these pious sorrows shed,
 Nor vainly think thy happy parent dead;

* This idea occurs in “ Sable Night,” a favourite song in
 “ The Duenna.” N.

Whose:

Whose deathless mind, from its weak prison free,
 Enjoys in Heaven its native liberty:
 I soon distinguish'd in that blissful place
 Thy god-like ancestors, a numerous race;
 There, plac'd among the stars, in them I see
 A glorious destiny reserv'd for thee.

Then weep no more: ev'n here I still survive;
 In thee and in thy virtuous fair I live;
 I saw her happy mother* shine on high,
 A brighter spirit ne'er adorn'd the sky;
 With joy she met me at the crystal gate,
 And much inquir'd her beauteous daughter's state,
 She wish'd her there: but Heaven ordains it late,
 And long defers her joys, that she may be
 A mighty blessing to this world and thee.
 Long shall she live, and ages yet to come
 Shall bless the happy burden of her womb:
 Still shall her off-spring with her years increase;
 With both, her virtues and thy happiness.
 In all thy race the wondering world shall find
 The noble image of each parent's mind.
 Thus bless'd in her and hers, thou shalt receive
 The richest bounties Heaven and Earth can give.
 Nor shall my care be wanting to your aid,
 My faithful spirit shall hover o'er thy head,
 And round thy lovely fair a large protection spread:
 Till, crown'd with years and honours here below,
 And every gift kind Nature can bestow,

* Lady Elizabeth Audry, wife to Josceline Percy the 11th
 earl of Northumberland, and after his death married to Ralph
 lord Montagu, afterwards created duke. N.

You

You both retire to everlasting rest,
And late increase the joys and number of the blest."

She spake ; her fellow-angels all around
With joyful smiles the happy omen own'd ;
All blest'd the noble pair, and took their flight
To the bright regions of unfading light.

ELEGY: BY MR. TALBOT.

OCCASIONED BY READING AND TRANSCRIBING
MR. WALLER'S " POEM OF DIVINE LOVE"
AFTER HIS DEATH.

SUCH were the last, the sweetest, notes that hung
Upon our dying swan's melodious tongue ;
Notes, whose strong charms the dullest ear might move,
And melt the hardest heart in flames of love ;
Notes, whose seraphic raptures speak a mind
From human thoughts and earthly dross refin'd ;
So just their harmony, so high their flight,
With joy I read them, and with wonder write.

Sure, happy Saint, this noble song was given
To fit thee for th' approaching joys of Heaven :
Love, wondrous love, whose conquest was thy theme,
Has taught thy soul the airy way to climb :
Love snatch'd thee, like Elijah, to the sky,
In flames that not consume, but purify :
There, with thy fellow-angels mix'd, and free
From the dull load of dim mortality,
Thou feel'st new joys, and feed'st thy ravish'd sight,
With unexhausted beams of love and light :
And sure, blest'd spirit, to compleat thy bliss,
In Heaven thou sing'st this song, or one like this.

AGAINST SLOTH:

WHEN THE KING WAS AT OXFORD.

“ Hoc agite, ô Juvenes; circumspicit, & stimulat vos,
 “ Materiámque sibi Ducis indulgentia quærit.”

HENCE, vain attempter of the good and great;
 Be gone from our secure retreat,
 With all thy dull unwieldy train
 That clog and curb the active brain,
 Which else would, like a mettled steed, run o'er,
 Vast Nature's yet unnumber'd store;
 O'er flowery meads and painted fields,
 And all the pleasant scenes that beauteous Learning yields.
 We're doubly arm'd against thy cheats and thee
 (Thy cheats which only find a place
 Among the ignorant and base)
 By Knowledge, and by Majesty.
 Thou constant guest of every popish cell,
 Which do'st with Monks and Hermits dwell,
 Must leave, with them, this sacred ground;
 Banish'd from King and court, at least for ten miles round.
 She's gone; and now, methinks, an active fire
 Does all my willing veins inspire:
 My drowsy senses all anew
 Are waken'd by his powerful view.
 The glorious ruler of the morning, so,
 But looks on flowers, and straight they grow;
 And, when his beams their light unfold,
 Ripens the dullest earth, and warms it into gold.

O D E

ODE SUNG BEFORE KING CHARLES II.

ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

BY MR. JACOB ALLESTRY*.

ARISE, great Monarch; see the joyful day,
 Drest in the glories of the East,
 Presumes to interrupt your sacred rest.

Never did night more willingly give way,
 Or morn more chearfully appear,
 Big with the mighty tidings of a New-born Year.

Blest be that Sun, who in time's fruitful womb
 Was to this noble embassy design'd,
 To head the golden troops of days to come,
 Nor lagg'd ingloriously behind,

* Son of James Allestry, a bookseller of London, who was ruined by the great fire of 1666. Jacob was educated at Westminster school, entered thence at Christ Church in Aet Term 1671 at the age of 18, and was elected student in 1672. He took the degrees in Arts; was Music Reader in 1679, and Terræ Filius in 1681, "both which offices, Wood
 " says, he performed with very great applause, being then
 " accounted a good philologist and poet. But, being exceed-
 " ingly given to the vices of poets, his body was so much
 " macerated and spent by juvenile extravagances, that he
 " retired to an obscure house in the suburb of Oxon;" where
 continuing incognito about 7 weeks, he died in a miserable
 condition, Oct. 15, 1686, and was buried very meanly in
 St. Thomas's church-yard, at the east end of the chancel. N.
 Ignobl;

Ignobly in the last year's throng to rise and set.

In this 'tis happier far than May,
Since to add years is greater than to give a day.

CHORUS.

Oh may the happy days increase,
With spoils of war, and wealth of peace,
Till Time and Age shall swallow'd be,
Lost in vast Eternity!

May Charles ne'er quit his sacred throne,
Himself succeed himself alone!

And, to lengthen out his time,
Take, God, from us, and give to him;
That so each world a Charles may know,
Father above, and son below.

Hark, the jocund spheres renew
Their chearful and melodious song,
While the glad Gods are pleas'd to view
The rich and painted throng
Of happy days in their fair order march along.

Move on, ye prosperous hours, move on;
Finish your course so well begun;
Let no ill omen dare prophane
Your beauteous and harmonious train,
Or jealousies or foolish fears disturb you as you run.

See, mighty Charles, how all the minutes press,
Each longing which shall first appear;
Since, in this renowned year,
Not one but feels a secret happiness,
As big with new events and some unheard success:

See how our troubles vanish, see
 How the tumultuous tribes agree.
 Propitious winds bear all our griefs away,
 And peace clears up the troubled day.
 Not a wrinkle, not a scar
 Of faction or dishonest war,
 But pomps and triumphs deck the noble kalendar.

WHAT ART THOU, LOVE?

BY MR. ALLESTRY.

WHat art thou, Love! whence are those charms!
 That thus thou bear'st an universal rule!
 For thee the soldier quits his arms,
 The king turns slave, the wise man fool.
 In vain we chace thee from the field,
 And with cool thoughts resist thy yoke:
 Next tide of blood, alas! we yield,
 And all those high resolves are broke.
 Can we e'er hope thou should'st be true,
 Whom we have found so often base?
 Cozen'd and cheated, still we view,
 And fawn upon the treacherous face.
 In vain our nature we accuse;
 And doat because she says we must:
 This for a brute were an excuse,
 Whose very soul and life is lust.
 To get our likeness! what is that?
 Our likeness is but misery;
 Why should I toil to propagate
 Another thing as vile as I?

From

From hands divine our spirit came,
And Gods, that made us, did inspire
Something more noble in our Frame,
Above the dregs of earthly fire.

VERSES AND PASTORALS*,

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
BY LORD SAVILE† AND MR. CHOLMONDELEY.

LORD SAVILE TO THE DUKE OF YORK.

GREAT SIR,

When last your Royal brother blest this place,
And all about did his kind beams dispense,
A joy divine was seen in every face,
Till Faction drove our tutelar angel hence.

Heaven knew how far our mortal frame could bear;
Mingling our rapture with some fit allay;
And, that for future blifs we might repair,
Wisely reserv'd the blessing of this day.

* Mr. Allestry had the chief hand (as Wood was informed) in making the Verses and Pastorals which were spoken in the Theatre of Oxford, May 21, 1681, by William Savile second son of George earl (afterwards marquis) of Halifax, and George Cholmondeley third son of Robert viscount Cholmondeley of Kellis (both of Christ Church), before James duke of York, his dutchess, and the lady Anne. N.

† By the death of his eldest brother, this young nobleman succeeded to his father's title of marquis of Halifax; which, on his own decease in 1699, became extinct. N.

98 MISCELLANY POEMS.

MR. CHOLMONDELEY TO THE DUKE.

We miss'd a Royal brother by his side;

LORD SAVILE TO THE DUTCHESS.

We long'd to see those charms which him o'ercame.

MR. CHOLMONDELEY TO THE LADY ANNE.

You, Madam, was our only joy and pride,

Who represented half the Stuart's name.

LORD SAVILE TO THE DUKE.

Would you then know how much you 're welcome here?

Think what a joy in Royal breasts did flow,

When fatal Glo'ster all our hopes did bear,

Which the Gods lost to shew their care of you.

When fears and jealousies ran high and loud,

And Zeal mistaken blinded wilful eyes,

Heaven shook the rod to the rebellious crowd,

Threatening to snatch the gem they could not prize.

MR. CHOLMONDELEY TO THE DUTCHESS.

Oxford, we hope, will not displease your view,

Where York first learn'd the rudiments of war;

Those early virtues here in blossom grew,

Which now in growth and full perfection are.

* This young gentleman was made cornet of horse in 1685. On king William's accession he was appointed one of the grooms of his bedchamber, and served in all the wars during that reign. He was constituted major general of queen Anne's forces July 1, 1702, and governor of the forts of Tilbury and Gravesend. He was continued in his employments, and promoted by George I. who created him baron of Newborough in Ireland March 15, 1714-15; and baron Newburgh in England July 2, 1716. He succeeded his brother as earl of Cholmondeley, March 20, 1724-5; and died May 17, 1733. N.

Though

Though here new towers and buildings daily rise,
And, arms thrown off, we wear the peaceful gown;
Our breasts admit no change, know no disguise,
Prepar'd with pens and swords t' assert the Crown.

LORD SAVILE.

This is the place to which the sacred names
Of Kings and Heroes annually resound;
The triumphs, wars, and peace of Charles and James,
From age to age are with fresh laurels crown'd.

MR. CHOLMONDELEY.

As when a prince's long expected birth,
Glad every heart, and each Muse tunes her voice;

TO THE LADY ANNE.

Or when the captive monarchs of the earth
Beg to be slaves, and in your chains rejoice—

LORD SAVILE

But why in lazy numbers do we bind
Our thoughts; which should in active raptures fly,
As the cœlestial circles unconfined,
And tun'd to their eternal harmony?

Musick's the dialect of happy souls,
When sever'd from the earth's unwieldy load;
The universal language, by both poles
Of the vast distant nations understood.

Let instruments and voices both combine,
To celebrate the glories of this day:
Let art and ecstasy their forces join,
And in melodious paths of error stray.

*Here they sat down, and music played ; which being ended, they stood up again, and spoke by way of Pastoral *.*

D A M O N.

Thyrsis, whom the Gods inspire,
 Glory of our tuneful quire,
 What auspicious powers dispense
 This day's happy influence?
 See'st thou how the nymphs and swains
 Trip it o'er the flowery plains,
 Deck'd in liveries far more gay
 Than could e'er be given by May?
 Craggy hills their tops advance,
 Fauns and Satyrs on them dance ;
 To the whistling of the wind,
 With the birds sweet music join'd ;
 Trees, with their unwonted pleasure,
 Wave their shady tops in measure.

T H Y R S I S.

Damon, think it nothing strange
 You discern so great a change,
 Since our humble dwelling 's blest
 With so strange, so great a guest.
 Life and mirth the Gods bestow,
 And beauty, wherefoe'er they go ;
 And, if Jove vouchsafe to come
 To Philemon's country home,
 His presence gives it grace divine,
 And turns the cottage to a shrine.

* The character of Damon was supported by Lord Savile ; that of Thyrsis by Mr. Cholmondeley. N.

D A M O N.

DAMON.

Such fine stories poets sing,
How their Gods, and Jove their king,
Envy shepherds' happy days,
Pleas'd to hear their well-tun'd lays;
Quit the blisful seats above,
Chusing here on earth to love.
Pretty fables, proper themes
For poetic airy dreams;
But these are joys which men awake
Never must expect to take.

THYRSIS.

Cease thy doubts, thou faithless swain.
View but yonder glorious train,
Tell me if the skies can show
Such a constellation?

DAMON.

No.

THYRSIS.

Should the Deities combine,
And in one their glories join;

DAMON.

Heaven's whole pride too mean would be
To compare with what we see.
But pr'ythee, shepherd, canst declare
What these glorious strangers are?

THYRSIS.

Damon, that's a work too high
For such swains as you and I.
'Tis enough our softer lays
Alcon or Lycoris praise:

But the princely Daphnis' name
Fills the loudest trump of fame.

D A M O N.

Oft was Daphnis the sublime
Argument of Ægon's * rhyme :

T H Y R S I S.

Daphnis, and the Nymph that shares
All his pleasures, all his cares.

D A M O N.

While he sung his victories,

T H Y R S I S.

And her no less conqu'ring eyes,

D A M O N.

Glad rocks echoed to his voice,

T H Y R S I S.

Vales return'd the tuneful noise.

D A M O N.

Savage inmates of the wood
All compos'd and listening stood :

T H Y R S I S.

Distant hills their tops did bend,
Leaning as they did attend.
But, since Ægon left the plain,
All the under crew in vain
Strive to sing what may appear
Worthy princely Daphnis' ear.

D A M O N.

Fear not, Thyrsis, there does rest
In great Daphnis' noble breast

* The poetical name by which the earl of Rochester was distinguished. See vol. II. p. 125. N.

Too much goodness, to refuse
Tribute from an humble Muse :
Did the Gods accept alone
Worthy victims, they 'd have none.

THYRSIS.

Then, though we cannot entertain
Daphnis in a lofty strain,
Nor his great exploits set forth,
Or his peerless lady's worth;
Such a homely Muse as ours
Can bid them welcome to these bowers.
Damon begin: to Phyllis I,
Thou to Daphnis shalt apply.

DAMON.

Content.

THYRSIS.

But stay.

DAMON.

Why stay?

THYRSIS.

Mine ear

Heavenly music seems to hear ;
Phœbus will his quire prevent,
And pay the duty which we meant,

DAMON.

Let's attend while Phœbus sings,
And tune our oat-pipes to his strings.

Musick again; which ended,

Ah, Thyrsis! how shall humble swains,
As thou and I, perform such strains?

Can we a fitting present make,
For us to give, or these to take?

THYRSIS.

The garland Chloris made, I'll bring,
When I flung Strephon from the ring.
Though Cæsar's birth-day it should crown,
Fresh roses will for that be blown.

DAMON.

I have a lamb as white as snow :
Though half engag'd to Pan by vow,
I'll sacrifice it here ; for he
Pan or some greater God must be.

THYRSIS.

Why dost thou talk of sacrifice ?
These seem not angry Deities.
Would cruel Sylvia were here !
She'd learn to think herself less fair,
And in a noble mixture find
Humility with beauty join'd.

DAMON.

Then may it please the royal Three ;
T' accept an hearty wish from me ;
By all true swains be Daphnis fear'd,
And no Whig wolves come near his herd !

THYRSIS.

May each bright nymph look gay and young ;
Doubling the stock from whence they sprung !

BOTH.

Then yearly hecatombs we'll pay,
If every Spring brings such a May.

TO

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR *
ON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM.

BY MR. MATTHEW CLIFFORD †.

WITH envy, criticks, you'll this poem read,
Whose author's wit does more than man exceed;
Where all 's so good alike, no man can say
This may be added, or that par'd away:
Where all 's so new, no search can ever trace
The persons mention'd, in their time, or place.
Great soul of nature! which dost books defy,
And their weak aid in this thy history:
Thou art no slave to rule, or precedent;
Where others imitate, thou dost invent.
It is, we grant, all thy invention;
The language too, intirely is thy own;
Thou leav'st as trash, below thy great pretence,
Grammar to pedants; and to plain men, sense:
But, as in this thy matchless poetry
Thou follow'st none, so none can follow thee.

* The honourable Edward Howard, by his poem called "The British Princes," engaged the attention of by far the most eminent of his contemporaries; who played upon his vanity, as the wits of half a century before had done on that of Thomas Coriat, by writing extravagant compliments on his work. See Butler's verses, in the English Poets, vol. VII. p. 197; Waller's, vol. VIII. p. 179; Denham's, vol. IX. p. 143; Sprat's, in the same volume, p. 162; and the Duke of Dorset's, vol. XI. p. 187. N.

† The ingenious writer, to whom Dr. Spratt addressed his Life of Cowley. He was master of the Charter-house. N.

O N

ON THE SAME, BY THE LORD VAUGHAN*.

Wonder not, sir, that praises yet ne'er due
 To any other are yet heap'd on you :
 'Twas envy robb'd you of your praise before ;
 Men see their faults, and envy now no more.
 'Tis but your merit ; nor can justly such,
 Which gave too little once, now give too much..
 Your " Princes " do all Poetry surpass
 As much as Pen-main-maur exceeds Parnass..
 It is so great a prodigy of Wit,
 That Art and Nature both fall short of it :
 For, leaving Art, and left of Nature too,
 Your Poem has no other Muse than you.

ON THE SAME.

AS when a bully draws his sword,
 Though no man gives him a cross word,
 And all persuasions are in vain,
 To make him put it up again :
 Each man draws too, and falls upon him :
 Ev'n so, dear Ned, thy desperate pen
 No less disturbs all witty men,

* John lord Vaughan, grandson to Richard the first earl of Carbery. He was made a knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II. and was for some time governor of Jamaica. The latter part of his days were passed in retirement, enjoying a fine fortune, greatly improved by his own excellent conduct. In this interval he built a handsome mansion-house at Chelsea; where he died, Jan. 16, 1712-13. Anne his only daughter and heir was married in 1713 to Charles marquis of Winchester, heir apparent to the duke of Bolton; who never cohabited with her. She died Sept. 20, 1751. N.

And

And makes them wonder what a devil;
Provokes thee to be so uncivil.
When thou and all thy friends must know 'em,
Thou yet wilt dare to print thy poem.

That poor cur's fate, and thine, are one
Who has his tail pegg'd in a bone;
About he runs, nobody'll own him,
Men, boys, and dogs, are all upon him:
And first the greater wits were at thee,
Now every little fool will pat thee;
Fellows that ne'er were heard or read of,
If thou writ'st on, will write thy head off.

Thus mastiffs only have a knack
To cast the bear upon his back;
But, when th' unwieldy beast is thrown,
Mungrils will serve to keep him down.

P R O L O G U E,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE DUKE'S NEW
PLAY-HOUSE IN DORSET-GARDEN.

'T IS not in this as in the former age,
When Wit alone suffic'd t' adorn the stage;
When things well-said an audience could invite,
Without the hope of such a gaudy fight:
What with your fathers took would take with you,
If Wit had still the charm of being new:
Had not enjoyment dull'd your appetite,
She in her homely dress would yet delight;
Such stately theatres we need not raise,
Our Old House would put off our dullest plays.

You,

You, Gallants, know a fresh wench of sixteen,
 May drive the trade in honest bombazine;
 And never want good custom, should she lie
 In a back room, two or three stories high:
 But such a beauty as has long been known,
 Though not decay'd, but to perfection grown,
 Must, if she think to thrive in this lewd town,
 Wear points, lac'd petticoats, and a rich gown:
 Her lodgings too must with her dress agree,
 Be hung with damask, or with tapestry;
 Have china, cabinets, and a great glass,
 To strike respect into an amorous ass.
 Without the help of stratagems and arts,
 An old acquaintance cannot touch your hearts.
 Methinks 'tis hard our authors should submit
 So tamely to their predecessors' wit;
 Since, I am sure, among you there are few
 Would grant your grand-fathers had more than you.
 But hold! I in this business may proceed too far,
 And raise a storm against our theatre;
 And then what would the wise adventurers say,
 Who are in a much greater fright to-day
 Than ever poet was about his play?
 Our apprehensions none can justly blame,
 Money is dearer much to us than fame:
 This thought on, let our poets justify
 The reputation of their poetry;
 We are resolv'd we will not have to do
 With what's between those gentlemen and you.
 Be kind, and let our house have but your praise,
 You're welcome every day to damn their plays.

SONG.

S O N G.

AS he lay in the plain, his arm under his head,
 And his flocks feeding by, the fond Celadon said,
 If Love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?
 If a bitter (said he), whence are Lovers content?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain?
 Or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart:
 To myself I sigh often without knowing why;
 And, when absent from Phyllis, methinks I could die.
 But oh! what a pleasure still follows my pain;
 When kind Fortune does help me to see her again!
 In her eyes, the bright stars that foretell what's to come,
 By soft stealth now and then I examine my doom.
 I press her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known.
 But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

THE PRISONER IN THE TOWER.

TO THE LADY M. C.

WHILST Europe is alarm'd with wars,
 And Rome foment the Christian jars;
 Whilst guilty Britain fears her fate,
 And would repent her crime too late;

Here,

Here, safe in my confin'd retreat,
 I see the waves about me beat,
 And envy none that dare be great.

A quiet conscience, and a friend,
 Help me my happy hours to spend;
 Let Celia to my cell resort,
 She turns my prison to a court;
 Instead of guards by day and night,
 Let Celia still be in my sight,
 And then they need not fear my flight.

Could sense of servile fear prevail,
 Or could my native honour fail,
 Her sight would all my doubts control,
 And give her back my peaceful soul:
 Such charming truths her words contain;
 Or, if her angel voice refrain,
 Her eyes can never plead in vain.

L O V E B U T O N E.

SEE these two little brooks that slowly creep,
 In snaky writhings through the plains,
 I knew them once one river swift and deep,
 Blessing and blest by poets strains.

Then touch'd with awe, we thought some God did pour
 Those floods out of his sacred jarr;
 Transforming every weed into a flower,
 And every flower into a star.

But since it broke itself, and double glides,
 The naked banks no dress have worn;
 And yon dry barren mountain now derides
 These vallies, which lost glories mourn.

Such,

Such, Chloris, is thy love : which, while it ran
 Confin'd within a single stream,
 Fir'd every tuneful son of mighty Pan:
 And thou wert mine, and all men's theme.

But, when imparted to one Lover more,
 It in two streams did faintly creep;
 The shepherd's common Muse grew low and poor,
 And mine as lean as these my sheep.

Alas ! that honour, Chloris, thou hast lost,
 Which we to thy full flood did pay !
 While now that swain, that swears he loves thee most,
 Slakes but his thirst, and goes away !

SONG ON A LADY INDISPOSED.

BY MR. BEVIL HIGGONS*.

FLAVIA'S eyes, like fires suppress'd,
 More fiercely flame again ;
 Nor can her beauty be decreas'd,
 Nor alter'd by her pain.

Those

* An account of this poet has been already printed in
 vol. I. p. 128 ; to which the following anecdote may be added.
 “ King Charles II. sold Dunkirk to Louis XIV. and gave
 him English oak enough to build the very fleet that after-
 wards attacked and defeated one of ours in Bantry Bay on
 the coast of Ireland. This puts me in mind of the foresight
 of a gentleman, who had been some time envoy from the king

Those various charms which round her play,
 And do her face adorn,
 Still as they ripen, fall away,
 Fresh beauties still are born.
 So doth it with the lovers fare,
 Who do the dame adore,
 One fit of love kill'd by despair,
 Another rages more.

to the princes and states of Italy, and who, in his return home, made the coast of France his road; in order to be as useful to his country as possible, and to his sovereign too, as he thought. In his audience of the king, he told his majesty, that the French were hard at work, building men of war in several of their ports, and that such a hasty increase of the naval power of France could not but threaten England's sovereignty of the seas, and consequently portend destruction to her trade. The gentleman was in the right, for our trade and the sovereignty of the seas are dependent on each other; they must live or die together. But what a recompense do you think he met with for his fidelity? really such a one as I would hardly have believed, had I been told it by any person but his own son, the late Mr. Bevil Higgons, whose works, both in prose and verse, have made him known to all the men of letters in Britain, and whose attachment to the family of Stuart, even to his dying day, puts his veracity in this point out of dispute. The recompence was a severe reprimand from the king, as the fore-runner to the laying him aside, for talking of things which his majesty told him it was not his business to meddle with." I forget from which of the political writers between 1730 and 1740 this anecdote was transcribed; most probably The Craftsman. N.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,
DRAWING LADY HYDE'S PICTURE.

BY MR. HIGGONS.

THE Cyprian Queen, drawn by Apelles' hand,
Of perfect beauty did the pattern stand.
But then bright nymphs from every part of Greece
Did all contribute to adorn the piece ;
From each a several charm the painter took
(For no one mortal so divine could look).
But, happier Kneller, Fate presents to you
In one that finish'd beauty which he drew.
But oh, take heed, for vast is the design,
And madness 'twere for any hand but thine.
For mocking thunder bold Salmonesus dies ;
And 'tis as rash to imitate her eyes.

TO A LADY, WHO, RAFFLING FOR THE KING OF
FRANCE'S PICTURE, FLUNG THE HIGHEST
CHANCES ON THE DICE. BY THE SAME.

FORTUNE exerts her utmost power for you,
Nor could she more for her own Louis do ;
She thought some mighty kingdom was the stake,
And did his throw for the great monarch make.
But as all princes at far distance wooe,
First send their image where their heart is due ;
So now, thrice happy nymph, would you resort,
Where Fate invites you, to the Gallic court,
That lucky genius which the picture gave
Would make the great original your slave :
He, like the piece, can only be your prize,
Who never yields but to the brightest eyes.

ON LADY SANDWICH'S* BEING STAYED IN TOWN

BY THE IMMODERATE RAIN, BY MR. HIGGONS.

THE charming Sandwich would from cities fly,
 While at her feet adoring princes lie;
 And all her nobler conquests would forego,
 Less glorious slaves and peasants to subdue.
 Thus conquering monarchs, who have kingdoms won,
 And all their neighbouring states with arms o'er-run,
 For want of work their armies to employ,
 Remote and savage provinces destroy:
 But Heaven in pity weeps, while we complain,
 Or else our tears exhal'd drop down in rain;
 The darken'd sun does scarce through clouds appear,
 And tempests rage to keep our wishes here;
 The floods free passage to her scorn deny,
 And Nature disobey's her cruelty.
 But, could the waves rise equal to our flame,
 We'd drown the world, to stop the flying dame.

TO MR. POPE. BY THE SAME.

THY wit in vain the feeble critick gnaws;
 While the hard metal breaks the serpent's jaws.
 Grieve not, my friend, that spite and brutal rage
 At once thy person and thy Muse engage:
 Our virtues only from ourselves can flow,
 Health, strength, and beauty, to blind chance we owe.
 But Heaven, indulgent to thy nobler part,
 In thy fair mind express'd the nicest art:
 Nature, too busy to regard the whole,
 Forgets the body, to adorn the soul.

* Elizabeth, countess of Edward the third earl. N.

OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE MUSES.

BY HENRY CROMWELL*, ESQ.

INSCRIBED TO MR. DRYDEN.

TH Y well-known malice, fretful Envy, cease,
 Nor tax the Muse and me —
 With a weak genius, and inglorious ease;
 What! — I should then, whilst youth does vigour yield,
 Pursue the dusty glories of the field;
 Our fathers' praise! or bend my utmost care
 To the dull noise of the litigious bar.
 No! these must die; — but the most noble prize,
 That which alone can man immortalize,
 Must from the Muses' harmony arise: }
 Homer shall live, whilst Tenedos shall stand,
 Or Ida's top survey the neighbouring strand,
 Whilst Simois' streams along the valleys glide,
 And in the sea discharge their rapid tide: —
 Hesiod shall live, till corn is not in use,
 Till the plump grape denies its wealthy juice: —
 The world Callimachus shall ever prize;
 For what his fancy wants, his art supplies: —
 The tragedies of mighty Sophocles
 Shall in no age their just applauses miss: —

* Better known as the friend and correspondent of Mr. Pope, than by any writings of his own. It was from a mistress of this gentleman (Mrs. Thomas, or, as she was commonly called, Corinna) that Curll obtained the first Letters of Mr. Pope that were exhibited to public view. N.

So well Aratus of the planets wrote,
 That sun and moon must fail when he's forgot : —
 When crafty Davus a hard father cheats
 To serve the son ; when easy cully treats
 The jilting whore and bawd ; the figures shew,
 The Comick from Menander's model drew ; —
 Ennius, whose Muse by Nature was design'd
 Compleat, had Art with bounteous Nature join'd ; —
 And tragic Accius, of style sublime
 And weighty words, shall stand the shock of Time : —
 Whilst Jason's golden fleece shall have a name,
 Who shall a stranger be to Varro's fame ! —
 Lucretius Nature's causes did rehearse
 In such a lofty and commanding verse,
 As shall remain till that one fatal day,
 Which must the world itself in ruins lay : —
 Virgil, thy Works Divine shall patterns stand
 For each succeeding age's copying hand, [mand : — }
 Whilst Rome shall all its conquer'd world com- }
 Whilst Cupid shall be arm'd with bow and dart,
 And flaming shafts shall pierce the lover's heart ;
 Shall we, O sweet Tibullus, love each line
 That comes from that soft moving pen of thine : —
 Both East and West resound with Gallus' fame,
 Gallus and his Lycoris are their theme : —
 Statues and tombs with age consume and die ;
 'Tis verse alone has immortality :
 To verse must yield the greatest acts of kings ;
 Riches and empire are but empty things,
 Without the lasting fame a poet brings. }

Let

Let vulgar spirits trivial blessings choofe ;
 May thy Castalian fpring inspire my Mufe,
 O God of wit, and myrtles wreath my hair!
 Then the too fearful lover may repair
 To what I write, to free his breast from care.
 As living worth detraction still attends,
 Which after death a jufter fame defends ;
 So I fhall my laft funeral flame furvive,
 And in my better part for ever live.

ODE TO SYLVIA.

IN IMITATION OF PRIOR.

IN flowery fields, in cool retreats,
 With wounded heart and weeping eyes,
 I've fought the happy Muses' feats,
 Since first your beauty did surprize.

But, oh ! too late my doom's declar'd :

These charming fcenes create defire ;
 For every fight inflames the bard,
 And every breath foments the fire.

I, who Love's golden darts defy'd,
 His pointed shafts, his piercing bow,
 An all-commanding force have try'd ;
 Yet fink beneath the mighty woe.

Cease, dear disturber of my rest,
 Let fome choice remedy be found ;
 Oh ! may the fpear that struck my breast
 Affuage the grief, and heal the wound !

Your charms inthrall, your wit confines,
 Each sprightly swain that views the field:
 Where your prevailing lustre shines,
 The fairest nymphs are forc'd to yield.
 So, when the splendid lamp of day
 Shoots forth his wide-extending fires;
 Each star contracts his sickly ray,
 And with a fading pomp retires.

THE APPARITION,

BY ABEL EVANS*, D. D.

OCCASIONED BY THE PUBLICATION OF TINDAL'S
 RIGHTS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

"Dii, quibus imperium est animarum; Umbræque silentes;
 "Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,
 "Sit mihi fas audita loqui."

VIRG. Æn. VI. 264.

BEGIN, my Muse; the dire adventure tell,
 How the supreme gloomy Power of Hell
 Convers'd familiar with a mortal Man;
 Where, when, and how, the conference began;
 Bring

* Dr. Abel Evans, the author of this and the following poems, though a man of genius, the friend of the first poets of the times, and applauded by them, is now hardly known. He is generally styled Dr. Evans the Epigrammist, and was one of the Oxford wits enumerated in the following distich (wretchedly imitated in the "Additions to Pope," vol. I. p. 163.):

"Alma

Bring each particular in open fight,
And do the Devil and the Doctor right.

As round the world that restless spirit flew,
This spacious Earth and all her sons to view;
To see how Treason, Lust, and Murder strove
To fill his realms, and empty those above;
While Truth was trampled on by Lies and Spite,
And Wrong victorious triumph'd over Right;
Vice domineer'd, and haughty swore aloud,
Surrounded with a numerous flattering crowd;
Virtue, with blushes cover'd o'er, retir'd,
By all forsaken, though by all admir'd;
Silent she griev'd, with pity, at the sight,
Then wing'd tow'rs Heaven her solitary flight.

Not so the Fiend, with other passions fraught,
Exulting, on his mighty conquests thought:
Wide to his view the lovely prospect lay,
But still with joy malign he ey'd the prey:

“ Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas;

“ Bub, Stubb, Cobb, Crabb, Trapp, Young, Carey, Tickell,
“ Evans.”

He is likewise mentioned in the Dunciad, B. II. ver. 116. in company with Dr. Young and Dean Swift, as one of the authors whose works had been claimed by James More Smith. Dr. Evans was of St. John the Baptist's College, Oxford; and took the degree of M. A. March 23, 1699; that of B. D. April 26, 1705; and D. D. May 16, 1711. He was burfar to his college; vicar of St. Gyles's, Oxford; and appears to have been intimate with Mr. Pope, to whom there are two letters by him in print, in one of which the initial letter W. (intended for his Christian name) is by mistake put instead of thā. by which he used to sign himself. R.

For some escaping made his madness rise,
 Lourcing he scowl'd, and darken'd all the skies :
 Unmindful of the many, Satan stood,
 Revenge against those flying few he vow'd :
 Then toss'd the vipers round his horrid head,
 And thus indignant to himself he said :

“ These kingdoms of the Earth of old were given,
 If I mistake not, in exchange for Heaven :
 Their power, their wealth, and glory, all are mine;
 I hold them from above by grant divine.
 Uxorious Adam, by my cunning craft,
 Forfeit to treason, all their tenures lost :
 Then, if I hold by titles such as these,
 Who shall my tenures dare dispute or seize ?
 Yet—for all this—spite of my sovereign will,
 Some nations do decline their homage still.
 The three great quarters of the world are mine ;
 See how their altars smoak, and temples shine !—

In Europe too, nor am I less rever'd
 Where grateful Rome her images has rear'd :
 Or where Fanatic Sectaries abound,
 I scower with pleasure my devouring round :
 But Albion, cursed isle ! by Priests misled,
 False to my hopes, is in rebellion bred.

Not that my emissaries there I want :
 Atheists to curse, and Hypocrites to cant.
 Burgefs * aloft harangues the gaping crowd,
 While witty Garth † below blasphemes aloud ;
 And to each other, though so opposite,
 Yet in my cause both lovingly unite :

* The celebrated Dissenter.

† The great physician. N.

The Toleration to my wish proceeds,
 Neglected gardens must be choak'd with weeds.
 Oh, could I sink the Sacramental Test!
 Down falls at once the Altar and the Priest:
 For still th' Establish'd Church is all my bane;
 And, while that stands, I ne'er must hope to reign.
 But then that Oxford, damn'd pedantic town!
 Thus to be fool'd by a square-cap and gown!
 How old and silly, Satan, art thou grown!

— But 'tis resolv'd, new measures I will try,
 Quick to All-Souls, to Tindal I will fly:
 'Tindal, alike with me by GOD accurs'd;
 In vice and error from his cradle nurs'd:
 He studies hard, and takes extreme delight,
 In whores or heresies to spend the night:
 My vassal sworn! he loves Confusion's cause,
 And hates, like me, all government and laws:
 All ties of duty, gratitude, are vain;
 No bonds his furious malice can restrain:
 All interests, civil, sacred, still unite
 With idle toil, to check his ardent spite."

Thus having said, quick down to earth he fell;
 Full in the middle of the Quadrangle:
 With sudden glance he travers'd all the rooms,
 And then forthwith a human shape assumes.
 Like an old College-bedmaker he bent;
 His cloven-foot he wriggled as he went;
 A frowzy high-crown'd hat his face did hide,
 A hooked staff his tottering steps did guide,
 A bunch of various keys hung jangling by his side.

Quick

Quick to the Doctor's chamber he repair'd,
 Three solemn raps upon the door were heard;
 The Doctor, listening, trembled, swore, and star'd.
 And in an instant tow'rs the door he goes,
 The door, self-opening, took him thwart the nose.
 Astonish'd, back he started with a bound;
 And thought, at least, he trod enchanted ground.
 But, as the spectre nearer to him drew,
 Resolv'd at last, he cries, "Zounds! what are you?"

The Spright, observing straight his great confusion,
 Thus calmly silence broke (as he who knows one):
 "Dear Doctor! pr'ythee do not tremble so:
 Pray be compos'd! what?—not Crippelia know!
 The Devil is not come to fetch you now.
 Once I was young, nor wanted female charms,
 When I lay panting in your curling arms:
 Lock'd in the folds of Love, we both defy'd
 The Statutes, and the Laws of GOD beside.
 Then, my Civilian! as intranc'd you lay,
 How did you sigh and kiss the hours away!
 Not Alexander, with Statira blest,
 His passion with more tenderness express'd.
 What though with age and weakness now I bend,
 With wrinkles shrivel'd—for one tumbler fend:
 If not a mistress, use me like a friend.
 For favours past, some small regards are due;
 I would not at these years have flouted you!
 Turn then, Barbarian, turn thy lovely eyes;
 Survey me well:—and mark my thin disguise.—

No

No musty college-matron here thou see'st;

Them and their masters I alike detest,

Abhor, as thou dost any Christian priest.

Before thee stands Hell's mighty sovereign king:

My subjects thanks for thy last works I bring.

All my grim sons, with emulation fir'd,

Restless, thy Rights, thy Christian Rights requir'd,

Thy Christian Church's Rights: immortal page,

Worthy thy malice, impudence, and rage!

Envious they ask, in sullen surly mood,

What Incubus did o'er thy fancy brood?

All Hell resounds thy name with loud applause,

And love the leader, as they like the cause:

But above all, the hot-brain'd Athiest crew,

That ever Greece, or Rome, or Britain, knew,

Wave all their laurels, and their palms to you.

Spinoza smiles, and cries—The work is done;

Tindal shall finish (Satan's darling son!)

Tindal shall finish what Spinoza first begun.

Hobbes, Milton, Blount, Vanini, with him join;

All equally admire the vast design.

Then—to the trumpet's and the clarion's found;

The giddy goblets whirl in eddies round,

To Tindal's health:—on earth may Tindal dwell!

Late may we have his presence here in Hell!

Till he the glorious work has done, they cry,

Till Christian churches all in ruins lie!

(Sonorous shoutings rend the livid sky.)

No single fiend, through all the numerous host,

Declines the glass, when Tindal is the toast.

Old Epicurus to Lucretius bow'd,
 Young, witty, learn'd, vain, impudent, and proud :
 Diagoras next Apollonius fate ;
 The solemn sages on thy works debate :
 The traitor Judas, listening, grinning, stood ;
 Sometimes he mus'd, and then he laugh'd aloud :
 'Twixt rage, and hate, and scorn, at last he cries,
 Curse on thee, for thy silly random kifs,
 To take the Founder, and the Church to miss !
 Apostate Julian rose, and loudly swore,
 The Galilean's empire was no more ;
 His royal priesthood should for ever cease,
 And Satan shall regain the realms of blifs."

By this time Tindal quite recover'd stood ;
 His visage redden'd with returning blood ;
 And thus he answer'd (when he thrice had bow'd) :

Dr. " Great are the honours, which the Prince of Hell
 Bestows upon a mortal Infidel :
 Nor with less pleasure I the praises hear
 Your subjects to my trifling labours spare ;
 Neither to you nor them, I must confess,
 My duty, as I ought, I can express :
 Fain would I merit more ! would they but praise me
 less.

But give me leave (as I'm in duty bound)
 To pay thee, Satan ! reverence most profound
 (Here with his head nine times he touch'd the
 ground).

Civility surprizing, I acknowledge ;
 To visit a poor Fellow of a College !

For

For Hell's dread emperor to condescend,
Himself, to see a vile terrestrial friend!
Tell me, ye Gods of Erebus and Night!
How have ye heard of such a worthless wight!
What thanks are then, Supreme Apostate! due
From me (the meanest of God's foes) to you?"

S. "Egregious youth! thou last best hopes of Hell!
All Satan's sons have hitherto done well;
But thou all Satan's sons do'st far excel.
—However, let us not, my worthy friend,
Our time in ceremonies only spend:
Nine times three minutes I can only stay,
And cannot bear the least approach of day:
Then to the business quickly let us come;
'Tis what you study here, and I at home.
The Church of England is the cursed thing,
That you and I must to destruction bring."

D. "Thanks, great Destroyer! if so mean a man
As I but work such mighty mischief can;
No time nor cost I'll spare; no strength or pains
(The Church of England's losses are my gains).
Some Deanry then to my lay-fee shall fall;
The Bishopricks—my betters must have—All."

S. "I tell thee, Tindal, and observe it well:
Merit like thine does all reward excel.
For gold, or fame, let little souls contend;
Disinterested mischief be thy end:
Only with patience in thy work persist;
To Hell's infernal Cæsar leave the rest."

D. "Oh, Emperor! what merit can I claim,
The youngest hero in thy lists of fame?"

Had I of old (as Scripture-annals sing)
 Wag'd war with thee 'gainst Heaven's perpetual King;
 Had I (but only on the conquer'd side)
 Display'd with thee my vanity and pride;
 Some laurel then I could with pleasure wear,
 And without blushing now my praises hear."

S. "Extremes on all sides we with justice blame;
 A little then thy headstrong rage reclaim;
 And try thy lust of anarchy to tame.
 Mischief enough remains on earth undone;
 Then check thy flight tow'rs Heaven, my towering son.
 The greatest worth still bounds and limits knows;
 Be satisfy'd—and gall thy present foes.
 The Christian Church is still in safety found;
 Let that be first quite level'd to the ground.
 When thou hast finish'd this (no small design),
 Thou may'st with reason for fresh mischief pine:
 And, before all the Christian Churches, still
 Let Albion's Church employ thy utmost skill;
 Quick against that thy second battery raise,
 And equal to thy mischief be thy praise.
 Her Clergy first with foulest lyes defame;
 Her Clergy, of whatever age or name:
 Rome's Pontiff and the ruling Elders spare;
 To blacken Albion's Bishops, be thy care:
 Tell how that realm is by the Bishops curs'd;
 All discord, error, by their canons nurs'd:
 New schemes of government unheard-of raise;
 And all (but that which you live under) praise:
 For mad Republics still thy strains pursue;
 For mad Republics, whether old or new,

All cursed Monarchies alike decry,
 Mix'd, absolute, their various rights deny :
 Monarchs as Tyrants in thy books display ;
 Bishops as feller Tyrants far than they :
 False are our hopes, and profitless our pains,
 While Bishops mitres wear, and Anna reigns."

D. " It shall be done : great Enemy of light !
 I bear them all with thee an equal spite :
 An equal spite, though not a power, I bring
 With thee, 'gainst Heaven's all-ruling tyrant King.
 I hate his Son, as much as you, or more."

S. " Why wilt thou thus aloft unbounded soar ?
 Stoop, stoop thy wings ; on earth again descend."

D. " At thy monition, downwards thus I bend ;
 And only wish—His Church on earth may end !
 Oh, were my will but once Britannia's Law !
 Rome should again the servile nation awe ;
 The Druids else regain their lost abodes,
 And Thor and Woden be Britannia's Gods :
 Idols in every temple should be found,
 The poor in chains of Superstition bound ;
 The rich in Luxury and Atheism drown'd :
 All Decency and Order should be damn'd ;
 And wild Enthusiasm run bellowing through the land.
 All, in their turns, be Prophets, Priests, and Kings ;
 Distinctions are but meer fantastic things :
 All Government does from the people flow ;
 Whom they make Priests or Kings, are truly so."

These are the doctrines in the Rights I teach,
 No matter what the Prophets or Apostles preach."

S. "Moses indeed (a wonder-working Jew)
 Tells you, how Empire first in Eden grew;
 That Adam was the first undoubted King,
 And from his loins all future Monarchs spring:
 All regal power on earth with him began,
 And through his veins to his first-born it ran:
 God made the Monarch when he made the Man.
 The Patriarchs hence their right imperial claim'd;
 And the first son the successor was nam'd:
 The People never gave Dominion birth;
 As well might crowns like mushrooms spring from earth:
 Notions, I own, that have been reckon'd good,
 But wondrous old—I think—before the flood.
 Dry; hard to swallow: some of narrower throats
 Doubt, or deny, and think this Rabbi doats;
 So comment all the text away with notes.

Next, He of Nazareth, the Prophet, came
 (To me and thee * an ever hateful name):
 The scheme Mosaic he in pieces broke;
 But gall'd the nations with an equal yoke:
 Of Monarchs and their crowns he little said;
 (Only, To Cæsar, Cæsar's things be paid).
 The laws of earthly realms he let alone;
 But, in exchange, beneath his priests ye groan:
 And if from Heaven (as they pretend) he came;
 Their Priesthood then from Heaven they justly claim:
 But that a little shocks my faith." D. "Much mine:"

S. "The Christian Priesthood then is not divine."

* Tindal, bad as he was, is surely delineated here in terms of exaggeration. N.

If Jesus then was not the Son of God,
Then an impostor;" *D.* "Which I think:" *S.* Allow'd!" }

D. "And justly on the cross th' impostor bow'd.
Ye coming ages, for th' impostor's sake,
Of all his tribe the like examples make;
With equal pain and shame his followers vex,
With endless plagues that progeny perplex;
Let them from earth with utmost fury fly,
To seek their weights of glory in the sky *!"

S. "He first, then they, those slavish doctrines taught,
That no revenge must on your foes be wrought;
That crowns celestial were to cowards given;
And only slaves on earth were lords in heaven:
Doctrines, too low for thy erected race!
Reject them then, sublimer far embrace;
Submission does thy manly tribe disgrace. }
Do thou thy native fierceness bravely show;
Rather than pardon, give the foremost blow:
Forgiveness is the coward's want of skill,
Or strength to execute his angry will;
Or else revenge delayed, till time mature
Succeed the vengeance, make resentment sure.
Thou on thy foes with speed and vigour fly;
And every bold offender, let him die:
Stay not till he thy pardon may implore;
Or, if he does, let that incense thee more;

* See, "The Axe laid to the Root," where you may plainly find such malice, and such blasphemy, to be the sentiments and language of these execrable apostates. EVANS.

It shews a coward ; and a coward's blow
 Deserves the utmost that thy rage can do :
 Thy humour be thy law, thy lust thy guide ;
 Nor subject be to any thing beside,
 But obstinacy, vanity, and pride.
 In truths like these the hardy Britons train ;
 Thus subjects wise their liberties maintain ;
 And thus Rebellion will securely reign.
 Subjects like these their trembling rulers awe ;
 Thus Kings receive, the People give, the law.
 If any faucy Monarch dare oppose,
 Or pedant Bishop, let them feel their foes ;
 To death or exile quick the traitors drive ;
 No Rebels to the People ought to live.
 Thus Laud * and Stuart * both with justice died ;
 Fierce Cromwell, with the many on his side,
 Thus check'd the Prelate's and the Monarch's pride." }

D. " And thus it is, True Oracle of Lyes !
 That, in the Rights, the Britons I advise :
 But they remain reluctant to my will ;
 Their beer and beef confirm them blockheads still.
 Would they but publicly my doctrines own,
 The Monarchy had long ere this been down :
 Episcopacy of that name bereft ;
 And that is almost all it now has left.
 If common fortune does my toils attend,
 My Second Rights that order quite shall end.

Instruct me, mighty Leader ! to oppose
 Priests, Bishops, Kings, Britannia's only foes.

* The great archbishop, and his royal master. N.

S.

S. "Tindal!—Your Rights I like in general well;
 Yet, in some parts, you've broke the laws of Hell.
 You speak too plain, and lay your cloak aside:
 Forbear; be cover'd—I chastise such pride.
 Wise fowlers do not thus themselves proclaim,
 But wind with caution round the watchful game:
 Had I, like you, the Hypocrite disown'd,
 Adam had ne'er beneath my sceptre groan'd.
 Bravoës in other countries never cry
 The men in public they intend shall die.
 Would'st thou? Civilian! depths Satanic know;
 Then to these rules with deep attention bow.
 Let Moderation all your counsels guide;
 Nothing does Vice so well as Virtue hide:
 True sterling and infernal Treason's—this;
 Formal begin, 'All hail!'—and then the kiss:
 With caution most deliberate proceed;
 The swiftest is not still the surest speed:
 To brutal rashness few great deeds we owe;
 Heroes in mischief civil are, and slow:
 A gentle answer all objection solves;
 Sheeps cloathing is the proper garb for wolves.
 In vain against Religion war you wage,
 Without the Serpent's cunning, with his rage."

D. "Accept my thanks, Hades, all-sapient Sire!
 Who can enough thy politicks admire?
 Prostrate I kneel, and for thy pardon sue;
 For Moderation all my vows renew:
 Then bow thine ear, and listen to my cries;
 And make me, like thyself, both brave and wise!"

S. “ Thus your Stage-poets too are all to blame,
 Those puppies ever over-run theie game ;
 Over all bounds, all precipices leap ;
 Nor mind the lashings of the Hunter’s whip :
 Bawdy, Prophaneness, Blasphemy, they join ;
 Think only Wit with Wickedness divine ;
 Turn every thing that ’s sacred to a jest ;
 In Christian countries, never spare a Priest.

For faults like these, fierce Jerry Collier * rose ;
 Briskly he charg’d and routed all his foes :
 E’en the train-band reformers could engage
 Such fots, with glory equal to their rage.

For faults like these, from France the dancers come,
 And eunuch singing-choiristers from Rome :
 At vast expence those epicures are fed ;
 The Poets, Players, justly want their bread.

’Tis for these reasons Theatres decay,
 Prophaneness sinks, and Blasphemy gives way :
 Bawdy no more with pleasure can be heard ;
 The modest civil finners all are scar’d.

For this, one house a timber-yard is turn’d ;
 Oh ! had you heard—how wanton D——t † mourn’d !
 The pillars too of all the others bend ;
 I see their pageant Deities descend ;
 And all in real flames their painted glories end. }
 The mightiest Emperors, most gracious Queens,
 Dwindle to pimps and whores behind the scenes.
 With prudence then divert th’ impending blow,
 Some moderation in your madness show :

* The well-known declaimer against theatrical representations. N. † Possibly Docket, a good comedian. N.

For lewdness, for discreeter lewdness, call;
 For modest vice;—or else the stage will fall.
 Your nasty nakedness to rage provokes;
 On quickly with your vizards—all, and cloaks.

Plays are like poisons; if they're temper'd right,
 They ne'er offend the taste, the smell, or sight:
 Bawdy bare-fac'd must never be allow'd;
 Ev'n whores are mask'd, and modest in a croud.
 No Blasphemies be bellow'd from the stage,
 Nor any public wars with Virtue wage:
 In private be as wicked as ye will;
 Do not abroad my mysteries reveal!—
 Rakes I abhor: all sots so loudly lewd;
 Hell blushes at the giddy senseless brood:
 Whate'er you think (and pray such coxcombs tell),
 We have some modesty at least—in Hell:
 Not such as is in silly virgins seen;
 Grave, solid, sober, serious Vice, I mean.

Be then these rules observ'd alike by all;
 And Vice again shall rise, and Virtue fall:
 The realms of Darkness every day increase;
 Lewdness grow great, as Modesty grows less:
 Atheists, with Poets, Players, (wretches vile
 By the Saints call'd) shall govern Albion's isle;
 And Satan on you all propitious smile.”

D. “If Satan smiles, what mortal shall withstand
 Th' unerring thunder of my vengeful hand?
 Listen, ye Britons, then, to Tindal's lore;
 I'll soon relieve you from tyrannic power:

Nor Priests nor Monarchs shall in fetters bind
 Much longer any free-born Briton's mind :
 I'll teach you, every bullet-headed wight,
 To drink all day, and fornicate all night."

S. " Well started, Casuist !—'tis a Briton's right.
 Whoring's a very little venial sin,
 If Phyllis be but wholesome, cheap, and clean ;
 And drunkenness is physically good,
 To cure the spleen, and circulate the blood.

Pray, when you take a new Satanic text,
 Instruct your honest blockhead Britons next
 How by the Gospel they're all plagued and vexed :
 Show them, that 'tis beneath a Briton's care,
 To spend his time in sacraments and prayer."

D. " It shall be done, most Anti-christian Spright !
 And the Three Creeds, my Liege, can ne'er be right :
 Three Creeds ? but One my faith does puzzle quite.

Suppose that NOT were by the Commons freed
 Out of the Decalogue, and plac'd i' th' Creed :
 That little trifling particle—that NOT !
 (Or if expung'd—'twould be no mighty blot.)"

S. " Compendious thought ! well worthy to succeed."

D. " Thus Faith and Practice both at once would bleed :"

S. " That would be Liberty and Property indeed !"

D. " Oh, would but time that happy scene disclose,
 In which no Senator should dare oppose
 That vote ; but all unanimously join,
 Me and themselves to free from laws divine !

Then

Then uncontrol'd I'd humour every lust,
And only be to wine and women just."

S. "Nothing should bind a British Parliament,
Without each individual's consent.
The Horeb contract never yet was laid
Before the Houses; nor has once been read,
Or pass'd in either.—Wherefore then obey'd?"

D. "Was Horeb's rigid contract made for me?
Did I the thunders hear, or lightnings see?"

S. "Then, not consenting, you are plainly free.
All contracts, where one party's over-aw'd,
The Civil Law, I think, deems null and void.
No freedom with those Ten Commandments lasts,
That Horeb contract all your freedom blasts:
Dissolve that contract, try your utmost strength,
You may, perhaps, find friends enough at length:
Do thou, my Canonist! prepare a bill;
The house can any Covenants repeal:
And who shall dare oppose a Senate's will?
But, I'm afraid, their boggling at the Test
Gives us but slender ground to hope the best.
Had they that Bill but generously pass'd,
With better grace you might have urg'd this last."

D. "Your Majesty makes merry with your slave."

S. "Dost thou then reckon thine own projects grave,
Thy projects in the Rights? thou partial knave!
Well, to be serious—nay, nay, why that look?—
There's very wretched reasoning in thy book:
But, if you please the nation with such stuff;
And make the Clergy odious—'tis enough."

Thy knowledge of the Scripture too is small,
 But that, and logic in a Lawyer, shall
 Not be by me insisted on at all.
 Could you no better than you reason rail;
 Tindal, 'twixt friends, the Parsons would prevail."

D. "I 've done my best: what mortal can do more?
 I 'm sure there 's malice in my book, good store."

S. "Yes, pretty well—Doctor of Civil Law!
 At last—I heed not logic of a straw:
 Though less than in thy Rights, I own, I never saw.
 —No matter—Malice, Slander, does as well:
 These are our constant arguments in Hell.
 Be sure, then, in your Second Rights, take care,
 That curs'd Establish'd Clergy not to spare:
 Load them with Malice, Slander, every where.
 Stab them, my Russian! stab them through with lyes:
 Till at thy feet that order, gasping, dies.
 Then I myself will lead thee down to Hell,
 There, in supremest pomp, with me to dwell.
 The Furies patient shall thy coming wait,
 In magic circles, to attend thy State:
 Ten thousand Infidels before thee fly,
 To clear thy passage through the crouded sky.
 At thy approach, Rebellion stern will rise,
 All smear'd with blood and gash'd: ('To arms! she cries,
 Hurling a spear tow'rs Heaven) since Tindal 's ours,
 Let 's re-attack, ye Fiends, th' ætherial towers."

Democracy, (a noisy patriot fool,
 The rabble's idol, and the statesman's tool,)
 After her saucy and familiar way,
 "Doctor, I 'm yours; yours heartily! she 'll say.

How fares on earth the Jus Divinum? dead!
 Do the Patricii the Plebes dread?
 Almost—then fling this Mitre at that Monarch's head;
 Sedition loud, to Tumult mad, shall bawl;
 And welcome thee to Satan's gloomy hall:
 Slander with all her snakes shall hiss thy praise;
 Treason leave all her plots, on thee to gaze:
 Lewdness with Deism shall record thy name,
 And Envy shall not envy thee thy fame.
 That wither'd, crooked witch, old Heresy,
 Will wanton, frantic grow, at sight of thee;
 Catch thee with lust exstastic in her arms,
 Smiling with youth renew'd, and virgin charms;
 Then eager preys her burning lips to thine,
 And round thy neck, like a fond mistress, twine.
 Vain-glory (mighty Builder!) last shall raise,
 At my expence, this fabrick to thy praise:
 Three hundred cubits from the solid ground,
 (And all emboss'd with swelling sculpture round)
 The column rises just; with strength and beauty crown'd.
 High on its flaming top shall Tindal stand;
 The Christian Rights wide open in thy hand:
 There thou shalt teach the damn'd to curse, revile
 God's Priesthood and his Sons: the damn'd, the while,
 Forgetting all their pains, shall listening smile.
 Sullen Enthusiasm, tearing of his hair,
 Distorted, foaming, trembling, in despair,
 Low at the pillar's base half-rais'd shall lie,
 Then, staring upwards, with a shriek shall cry,
 'Are Atheists lifted up in Heil so high!'

On

On thy right-hand proud Blasphemy shall sit,
 And on thy left, Prophaneness : scurrile Wit,
 Impudence, Sophistry, (Hell's rabble rout)
 With Error, Folly, Vanity, and Doubt,
 'Huzza--the Rights--the Christian Rights !' shall shout.
 The Scriptures, all to shivers torn, shall fly
 Like driving snows along a stormy sky ;
 The spoils of Christian Churches shall bestrow
 With sweet confusion all the plain below.
 Rage unreclaim'd shall round the ruins ride,
 With stupid Irreligion by his side :
 (On earth by Flattery both for Patriots prais'd,
 In Hell by me to seats infernal rais'd :)
 These shall the sceptre, robes, and diadem, bring,
 While I anoint thee—Mischief's Monkey King.
 Such are the honours I prepare for those,
 Who are, like thee, to Priests immortal foes.

Was ever land by silly Priests misled ?
 Did ever ancient heroes Parsons dread ?
 Ye drowzy Senators, from sleep arise !
 Ye public Patriots, when will ye be wise ?
 Would ye a true dependent Priesthood have,
 Resume the Tithes your dull Forefathers gave.
 Let them at altars for subscriptions wait,
 Or arbitrary pensions of the State :
 Then, if they dare but what you'd have them teach,
 Let them, like Paul, at their own charges preach :
 While they their Bishopricks and Deanries keep,
 These Wolves will never tremble at you Sheep."

D. " That little text, my Liege ! these notions nicks ;
 'Jesurun, till he fattens, never kicks'."

S. "The Convocation, do whate'er I can,
Still thwarts the measures of my dark Divan."

D. "Might Slaves with Emperors in counsel share,
That Senate in ten thousand pieces tear.
In that Britannia's Church collected stands
A giant with two heads, three hundred hands.
Bodies united terrible appear;
Which separate no single man would fear:
Each coward singly I myself could beat;
But dare not all of them together meet.
So wary hawks do fearful pigeons fly,
As they in squadrons wing the liquid sky:
When join'd in troops, the foe they wisely shun;
And yet they'll kill a thousand, one by one."

S. "Now I commend thee, Matthew! wisely said;
And wisely with such enemies proceed:
Do thou instruct the Commons, and the Law,
With præmunires still those Priests to awe;
Then they'll submit: thus Henry gain'd his cause:
All shepherds tremble at a lion's paws:
For though to others they of suffering talk,
In their own case they still that doctrine baulk.
And, after all, if those Two Houses meet—"

—D. "The Devil"—S. "And the Doctor"—D. "Both
are bit:

But for their gracious Empress—there's the task—"

S. "Which will my utmost care and caution ask.
I own, she's arm'd with piety and prayers;
Such goodness frequently eludes my snares.
Firm and unshaken, hitherto she's stood:
Nor heeds the noise and workings of the flood.

But

But Hope, you mortals say, with life does last ;
 Though beaten still, still I can rise as fast.
 You cannot but remember gentle Eve ;
 To me—the wheedling of the ladies leave.

Old Clarendon does well my friends disgrace :
 What then? my friends at court have met with place.
 Patient I'll wait—observe the rolling sky ;
 Then—catch the lucky minutes as they fly.

Once, with success, I hunted mighty game ;
 That day shall stand consign'd to deathless fame,
 Earth trembled as my Beagles roaring onward came.
 Remorseless round the Royal Hart they stood,
 And plung'd their dewlaps in his sacred blood.
 The powers infernal, jealous, wonder'd why,
 'Twas given to mortal men to sin so high.

Thus fell old pious Charles, in sufferings brave ;
 The Rebels rul'd, their Monarch was their slave :
 His clemency did first his state enthral ;

And by his goodness 'twas I wrought his fall.
 I fill'd his Senates with my saucy brood,
 Erect with sin and impudence they stood ;
 The Subject hector'd, and the Monarch bow'd.

For that, perhaps, above he is renown'd ;
 But, since on earth a traitor's death he found,
 I'm satisfy'd." D. " So may all kings be crown'd !"

S. " Oh, Anna ! when will thy devotion cease ?
 When will thy streams of charity decrease,
 That better hopes may to our prospect rise ?
 But thou 'rt confirm'd the Darling of the Skies.
 Why art thou thus too generously great,
 To sink thy own, to raise the Clergy's state ?

What

What blessings still attend thy glorious reign !
 Oh, Anna ! most perversely pious Queen !
 Heaven smiles to see thee rule thy realms below ;
 And sovereign power with sovereign goodness show :
 The royal Grandfire's worth, with better fate,
 Shall make thee through all ages truly great."

D. " All mighty ills by Fates adverse are cross'd ;
 Thus we not works, but wishes only boast :
 Brave Ravillac * should else but second stand
 To me, in Hell's assassinating band
 Were it not otherwise decreed above ;
 The Guardian Angels still the strongest prove.

But, Sir,—those foolish Universities !
 Are they too guarded by Supreme Decrees ?
 Oh, would some other Henry but arise !
 Dissolve their colleges, their buildings burn,
 And all their books to flames and ashes turn ;
 Sell all their lands, to make the nobles drunk,
 That every commoner, as *olim nunc*,
 Might at the Church's charges keep—a punk.

Then thou, Bridgewater † I should'st in Europe claim
 Oxford's immortal venerable name :
 Cambridge to Taunton † all her towers resign ;"

S. " And both in mighty Tindal's praises join."

D. " Thus Piety and Learning should decay,
 And Ignorance and Atheism bear the sway."

S. " Exquisite fiend ! Satan's undoubted seed !
 How does thy likeness justify thy breed !

* The assassinator of Henry IV. of France. N.

† Two noted Presbyterian Seminaries in the West of England. EVANS.

What pity 'tis, it ever should be said,
 That thou didst eat a paltry prelate's bread !
 For shame ! for shame ! thy Fellowship resign !
 Nor longer with those Christian coxcombs dine ;
 Forsake thy pedant cell, to courts repair,
 Triumphant Atheism thou wilt meet with there :
 Thy most degenerate friends the courtiers tell,
 We have not such ingratitude in Hell :
 To let a youth like thee regardless pass,
 Nor mind the glories of thy glittering face.
 Merit like thine to meet with no reward !
 Ye guardian powers of Vice, 'tis wondrous hard !
 King David's admonition here is just ;
 " Not princes, nor in any courtiers trust !"

But hold—my time is almost quite expir'd ;
 Besides, below my presence is requir'd.
 —Rot these Republicans ! I am betray'd ;
 That Tutchin has an insurrection made
 With his deposing doctrines ; but, ere day,
 I'll teach that dog Hell's Monarch to obey.
 Do thou, then, quickly these few orders take,
 And I thy room, at present, will forsake :

" To all thy real and admiring friends,
 " Satan, by thee, his hearty love commends.
 " To Toland, Collins, Stephens, Apgill, tell,
 " Sir Robert Howard greets them kindly well ;
 " And hopes to see them shortly all—in Hell.
 " From me the Phoenix Editors salute ;
 " And I've a letter here for Squire Shute *.

* I believe afterwards the great Lord Barrington, justly
 celebrated for his singular integrity of life, and for the piety
 of his writings. R.

" John

“ John Dunton, with his brethren of the bays,
 “ His love to Garth, blaspheming Garth, conveys :
 “ And thanks him for his Pagan funeral praise.
 “ Hopes Wycherley, whose Christian name is Will,
 “ Continues very witty, wicked still :
 “ The like of Congreve, Vanbrook *, and the rest,
 “ Who swear, that all Religion is a Jest.
 “ Tell Doctor Burnet †, Theory I mean,
 “ His Eve and Serpent have our Tatler been :
 “ Lucian the master for that dialogue thanks ;
 “ The Snake and Lady, faith, play—pretty pranks.
 “ Hugh Peters something said, a canting sot,
 “ About one Ben ‡ — his sur-name I forgot || :
 “ His ‘ Measures of Submission’ were obey’d
 “ Exactly by Wat Tyler and Jack Cade.
 “ George Fox to Lacy had some warnings groan’d,
 “ But his stiff scribe was no where to be found :
 “ The fool himself can neither write nor read ;
 “ The motions of his chops I did not heed.
 “ Old Arius cry’d, O Lucifer ! I charge ye,
 “ Thank Whiston for his *Moneo* to the clergy.
 “ Oliver’s porter stopp’d me at Hell’s door,
 “ And in my ears this prophecy did roar :
 “ A certain circumflex enthusiast Knight,
 “ Of Britain-Great, a very little wight,

* Sir John Vanbrugh ; he was often called Vanbrook in the early part of his life.—He will appear as a poet in the fourth volume of this collection. N.

† Dr. Thomas Burnet, master of the Charter-house ; author of “ The Theory of the Earth.” N. ‡ Hoadly. R.

|| Swift has given this thought an admirable turn, when he wanted to express contempt — “ The fellow who was pilloried—his name I have forgot.” N.

“ Sir

“ Sir Richard Bulkeley * call’d; bid him but wait,
 “ When Emes † does rise, his worship will be streight.

“ Have ye not here on earth, pray, Hell-whelps too?”

D. “ Your Highness means, if I conjecture true,
 Our Blockhead Observator and Review.” [hang’d;

S. “ The same—They’re lazy curs, I’ll have them
 Or else, ’till all their bones are broken, bang’d.

In half this time Pryn ruin’d Church and State.”

D. “ All Scoundrels cannot grow, by scribbling, great.”

S. “ If they can nothing more to purpose say,
 I’ll burn their papers, and withdraw their pay.

Pr’ythee reach hither, Matt! the Bibliotheque
 Choisy, where th’ author of your works does speak:

Because Socinus has a wager laid,
 There’s something greatly to your honour said:

And that our scribbling Swifs, Le Clerc, will say
 As much—of any Devil in Hell—for pay.

In winter, when at Constantine’s you meet,
 Pray tell that club, I kiss their cloven feet.

And at the Calve’s-head-feast when next you dine,
 Accept these flasks of Acherontic wine:

The toast be—honest Noll’s good health and mine.
 I’ll have a brace of Dukes within this se’nnight,

Spite of the doctrine of that Doctor Kennet.
 From me, as from a friend, his Reverence tell,

We’ve Men of Sense and Quality in Hell.
 ’Tis well remember’d—Take one parting kiss;

Thine elder brother Judas sent thee this.”
 Thus having said, he in a mist withdrew,

And in a moment up the chimney flew.

* See Bp. Hoadly’s Works, vol. I. p. 107. R.

† They pretended they could raise Dr. Emes from the
 dead. R.

VERTUMNUS, AN EPISTLE;

TO MR. JACOB BOBART*, 1713.

BY DR. EVANS.

THANK heaven! at last our wars are o'er;

We're very wise, and very poor:

All our campaigns at once are done:

We've ended where we just begun,

In perfect peace: long may it last,

And pay for all the taxes past!

Refill th' Exchequer, chase our fears,

And dry up all the ladies' tears,

* Botany Professor to the University of Oxford, and Keeper of the Physic Garden; both which offices appear to have been enjoyed by his father, who was the first Keeper of the Physic Garden, wrote a volume of the "*Plantarum Historia universalis Oxoniensis, seu Herbarum Distributio nova*," and was to have added a third volume on trees, but died in 1679. The first volume of that work was compiled by Dr. Robert Morison, a native of Aberdeen, who, quitting Scotland in the troubles, studied at Paris, took a degree in physic at Angers, directed the royal gardens at Blois till the death of the duke of Orleans; at the Restoration he was appointed overseer of the king's gardens, fellow of the College of Physicians, and in 1669 professor of Botany in the University of Oxford, where he read lectures till he set about publishing the "*Universal Knowledge of Simples*." Wood's *Fasti*, II. 178. Edmund Gayton, the Poetaster, wrote a poem on Mr. Jacob Bobart's "*Yeomen of the Guards to the Physic Garden, to the tune of the Counter Scuffle*; Oxford, 1662." See "*British Topography*," I. 137. II. 137, 138. The younger Bobart (who was an old man in 1713) collected a *Hortus Siccus* in twenty volumes. See this Epistle, p. 158. N.

For husbands, sons, and lovers lost;
In duels some, in battles most.

Rise, rise, ye Britons, thankful rise!
Extol your Empress to the skies;
Crown her with laurels ever green,
With olives fair inwove between:
Her courage drew the conquering sword;
Her wisdom banish'd peace restor'd.

Long, wondrous Anna! may'st thou live,
T' enjoy those blessings which you give:
To guard thy friends, confound thy foes,
And fix the Church and State's repose:
And late, for peace to Britain given,
Be crown'd with endless peace in Heaven!

Farewell, ye camps and sieges dire,
With all your cannons, smoke, and fire!
Ye victories and trophies vain,
A certain loss, uncertain gain!
Ye squadrons and battalions brave,
Who first your foes, then friends enslave!
Ye gallant leaders, who delight,
For glory less, than gold, to fight!
Ye public patriots, plac'd on high,
To sell those votes, which first ye buy!
And bards, whose mercenary lays
Such heroes and such statesmen praise!

An honest Muse alike disclaims
Such authors, and their impious themes;
And, with a more becoming grace,
Her song impartial does address,

Bobart,

Bobart, to thee, the Muses' friend :
Bobart, the promis'd song attend.
And where no difference appears
Betwixt the subject, and the verse ;
But he who praises, and is prais'd,
On equal eminence are rais'd :
No flatteries thence are to be fear'd,
Nor hopes encourag'd of reward.
Such is our case : — I honour thee
For something, thou for something me ;
Sincerely both : our thoughts the same,
Of courtiers, fortune, and of fame ;
Alike (in pity to mankind)
To peace, to heavenly peace, inclin'd.

To peace, my friend ! that thou and I,
No colours fluttering in the sky ;
With frightful faces, glittering arms
(Bellona's military charms) ;
May undisturb'd and studious rove,
O'er every lawn, through every grove.

See various Nature, in each field,
Her flowers and fruits luxuriant yield ;
While the bright God of day presides
Aloft, and all the seasons guides ;
Jocund to run his annual course,
With never-tiring speed and force.

With golden hair the God of day
Wings from the East his fervid way ;
The stars, applauding as he flies,
To see him stretch along the skies ;

To see him roll his fiery race
Athwart the vast æthereal space ;
Unbind the frosts, dissolve the snows,
As round the radiant Belt he goes.

Mild Zephyrus the Graces leads,
To revel o'er the fragrant meads ;
The mountains shout, the forests ring,
While Flora decks the purple Spring :
The Hours (attendant all the while)
On Zephyrus and Flora smile :
The valleys laugh, the rivers play,
In honour of the God of day.

The birds, that fan the liquid air,
To tune their little throats prepare ;
The joyous birds of every shade,
For loitering, love, and music made,
Their voices raise on every spray,
To welcome-in the God of day.

The vegetable Earth beneath
Bids all her plants his praises breathe :
Clouds of fresh fragrance upwards rise,
To cheer his progress through the skies ;
And Heaven, and Earth, and Air unite,
To celebrate his heat and light :
That light and heat which on our world
From his gay chariot-wheels is hurl'd ;
And every morn does rosy rise,
To glad our dampy, darksome skies :
Which once deserted by his light
Would languish in eternal night.

But Gardening were of all a toil,
That on our hopes the least would smile;
Should the kind God of day forbear
T' exhale the rains, foment the air:
Or, in an angry mood, decline
With his prolific beams to shine.

Ev'n thou! (though that's thy meanest praise)
Nor fruits nor flowers could'st hope to raise;
(Howe'er thou may'st in order place,
Of both, the latter, earlier race;
In glasses or in sheds confin'd,
To shield them from the wintry wind;
Or, in the Spring, with skilful care,
Place them his influence best to share);
Did not the sun, their genial fire,
The vegetative soul inspire:
Instruct the senseless awkward root,
And teach the fibres how to shoot:
Command the taper stalk to rear
His flowering head, to grace the year;
To shed ambrosial odours round,
And paint, with choicest dyes, the ground.

Thou, next to him, art truly great;
On earth his mighty delegate:
The Vegetable world to guide,
And o'er all Botany preside:
To see that every dewy morn
Successive plants the earth adorn:
That flowers through every month be found,
Constant to keep their gaudy round:

That flowers, in spite of frost and snow,
Throughout our year, perpetual blow :
That trees, in spite of winds, are seen
Array'd in everlasting green.

Nor with a care beneath thy skill
Dost thou that vast employment fill.

Hail, Horticulture's sapient King !
Receive the homage that we bring :
While at thy feet, with reverence low,
All Botanists and Florists bow ;
Their knowledge, practice, all resign,
Short, infinitely short, of thine.

For thou 'rt not satisfied to know
The plants that in three nations blow
(Their names, their seasons, native place ;
Their culture, qualities, and race) ;
Or Europe's more extended plains ;
Sylvanus, Flora's wide domains :
Whate'er in Africk, Asia, shoots
From seeds, from layers, grafts, or roots ;
At both the Indies, both the Poles,
Whate'er the sea or ocean rolls ;
Of the botanic, herbal kind,
Lies open to thy searching mind.

Noblest ambition of thy soul !
Which limits but in vain control.
Let others, meanly satisfy'd
With partial knowledge, sooth their pride :
While thou, with thy prodigious store,
But shew'st thy modesty the more.

Thou

Thou venerable Patriarch wife,
 Instruct us in thy mysteries:
 From thee the Gods no knowledge hide,
 No knowledge have to thee deny'd:
 The rural Gods of hills or plains,
 Where Faunus, or Favonia reigns.

Then tell us, as thou best dost know,
 Where perfect happiness does grow.
 What herbs or bodies will sustain
 Secure from sickness, and from pain:
 What plants protect us from the rage
 Of blighting Time, or blasting Age;
 Which shrubs, of all the flowery field,
 Most aromatic odours yield.

Shew us the trees by Nature spread,
 To form the coolest noon-tide shade;
 When our first ancestors were seen,
 Out-stretch'd upon the grassy green:
 Nor any food or covering sought,
 But what from trees and woods they got:
 Who, after various ages spent
 In ease, abundance, and content,
 Knew not what wars, or sickness meant;
 But, chearful, when the Fates requir'd,
 Quick to th' Elysian fields retir'd.

Recount the precepts they observ'd;
 How from their rules they never swerv'd:
 Such as Alcinous of old
 To his beloved Phæaceans told;
 Or those Apollo first did teach
 His son, the Epidaurian * leech.
 Æsculapius, so called from his temple at Epidaurus. N.

Long ere the Romans us'd to dine
 Beneath their planes manur'd with wine;
 On Tyrian couches, thoughtless lay,
 And drank, and laugh'd, and kiss'd away
 Each fultry, circling, Summer's day:
 On polish'd ivory beds reclin'd,
 Flung care and sorrow to the wind:
 And, scorning Nature's temperate rules,
 Like madmen liv'd, and dy'd like fools:

Teach us, thou learn'd judicious sage,
 The manners of a wiser age!

To thee was given by Jove to keep
 Those grottoes where the Muses sleep:
 To plant their forests where they sing,
 Fast by the cool Castalian spring:
 With myrtles their pavilions raise;
 Soft, intermix'd with Delian bays:
 And when, they wake at earliest day,
 To strew with sweetest flowers their way.
 Transcendent honour! here below,
 The Muses and their haunts to know!

Anna! look down on Isis' towers;
 Be gracious to the Muses' bowers:
 And, now thy toils of war are done;
 Anna! protect Apollo's throne:
 'Twas he the dart unerring threw;
 Python the snaky monster flew.

The Muses' bowers, by all admir'd,
 But those Fanatic rage has fir'd,
 Or Atheist fools, who freedom boast,
 Themselves to slavery fetter'd most.

Stern Mars may thunder, Momus rail;

But Wisdom's goodness will prevail.

On Isis' banks, retirement sweet!

Tritonian Pallas holds her seat.

Minerva's gardens are thy care;

Bobart! the Virgin-power revere:

Thy hoary head with vervain bound,

The mystic grove thrice compass round;

The waters of lustration pour,

And thrice the winding walks explore:

Lest some presumptuous wretch intrude,

With impious steel to wound the wood;

Or, with rash arm, prophanely dare

To shake the trees, the leaves to bare,

And violate their sacred hair;

Or, by worse sacrilege betray'd,

The blossoms, fruits, or flowers, invade.

Ye strangers! guard your heedless feet,

Lest from the herbs their dew ye beat;

Cosmetic dew (by virgins fair,

Exhal'd in May, with early care)

Will to their eyes fresh lustre give,

And make their charms for ever live.

Minerva's gardens are thy care;

Jacob, the Goddess-maid revere.

All plants which Europe's fields contain,

For health, for pleasure, or for pain

(From the tall cedar that does rise

With conic pride, and mates the skies;

Down to the humblest shrub that crawls

On earth, or just ascends our walls),

Her squares of Horticulture yield :
 By Danby* planted, Bobart till'd.
 Delightful scientific shade,
 For knowledge, as for pleasure, made!

'Twas generous Danby first inclos'd
 The waste, and in parterres dispos'd ;
 Transform'd the fashion of the ground,
 And fenc'd it with a rocky mound ;
 The figure disproportion'd chang'd,
 Trees, shrubs, and plants, in order rang'd ;
 Stock'd it with such excessive store,
 Only the spacious earth had more :

* The Physic Garden, which lies at the East end of Oxford, on the river Cherwell, was the donation of Henry Danvers earl of Danby ; who purchased the ground (containing five acres) of Magdalen College, surrounded it with a wall, and erected several beautiful gates at its entrance ; on the principal of which (of the Composite order) is the following inscription : “ *Gloriæ Dei optimi Maximi, Honori Caroli I. Regis, in usum Academicæ & Reipublicæ, Henricus Comes Danby, anno 1632.* ” The Earl also settled an annual revenue for the maintenance of the Garden, and for supplying it with plants and herbs, with which it is well stocked. Dr. Sherrard, who was Consul at Smyrna, brought from thence a fine collection of exotics, built a library here, furnished it with botanical books, and augmented the professorship. The noble founder of the garden was created by king James I. baron Danvers of Dantsey ; and by king Charles I. earl of Danby, and made a knight of the Bath. Dying unmarried, Jan. 20, 1643, the title became extinct ; but was revived, in 1674, in the family of the duke of Leeds. N.

At his command the plat was chose,
 And Eden from the chaos rose :
 Confusion in a moment fled,
 And roses blush'd where thistles bred:

The Portico, next, high he rear'd,
 By builders now so much rever'd;
 (Which like some rustic beauty shews,
 Who all her charms to Nature owes ;
 Yet fires the heart, and warms the head,
 No less than those in cities bred ;
 Our wonder equally does raise
 With them, as well deserves our praise).

The work of Jones's master-hand :
 Jones, the Vitruvius of our land ;
 He drew the plan, the fabrick fix'd,
 With equal strength and beauty mix'd :
 With perfect symmetry design'd ;
 Consummate, like the donor's mind:

Illustrious Danby ! splendid peer !
 Look downward from thy radiant sphere,
 The Muses' thanks propitious hear.

When, Albion will thy Nobles now,
 Such bounty to Minerva shew ?
 With true Patrician renown,
 In honour of the Church and Crown
 Grace with such gifts the Muses' town ?

There, where old Cherwell gently leads
 His humid train along the meads ;
 And courts fair Isis, but in vain,
 Who laughs at all his amorous pain ;

Away

Away the scornful Naid turns,
For younger Tamus Isis burns.

Close to those towers, so much renown'd
For slavery lost and freedom found :
Where thy brave sons, in hapless days,
Wainfleet *, to thy immortal praise,
Their rights municipal maintain'd
Submits, nor their allegiance stain'd † :
To loyalty and conscience true ;
Gave Cæsar and Themselves their due ;
Close to those towers, by Jove's command,
The gardens of Minerva stand.

There 'tis we see thee, Bobart, tend
Thy favourite greens ; from harms defend
Exotic plants, which, finely bred
In softer soils, thy succour need ;

* Magdalen College was founded by William Patten of Wainfleet in Lincolnshire, usually called Wainfleet from the place of his birth. He was educated at Winchester school ; from whence he was sent to New College, Oxford. When he had taken the degree of B. D. he was appointed chief master of Winchester school, where he continued twelve years, and was then made provost of Eaton by Henry VI. who preferred him to the see of Winchester in 1447, and made him chancellor in 1449. He obtained leave of the king in 1456 to convert St. John's hospital into "a perpetual
" College for poor and indigent clerks in the University of
" Oxford, studying arts and sciences ; the number of fellows
" to be forty ; with thirty demies, or semi-commoners, four
" chaplain-priests, eight clerks, and sixteen choiristers ;" and died in 1486. N. † See "British Topography," II. 156. N.

Whose

Whose birth far-distant countries claim,
Sent here in honour to thy name.
To thee the strangers trembling fly,
For shelter from our barbarous sky,
And murdering winds, that frequent blow,
With cruel drifts of rain or snow;
And dreadful ills, both Fall and Spring,
On alien vegetables bring.

Nor art thou less inclin'd to save,
Than they thy generous aid to crave:
But, with like pleasure and respect,
Thy darling tribe thou dost protect:
Lessen their fears, their hopes dilate,
And save their fragrant souls from fate:
While they, secure in health and peace,
Their covert and their guardian blefs.

This makes thee rouse at prime of day,
Thy doubtful nursery to survey:
At noon to count thy flock with care,
And in their joys and sorrows share
(By each extreme unhappy made,
Of too much sun, or too much shade);
Be ready to attend their cry,
And all their little wants supply;
By day severest sentry keep,
By night sit by them as they sleep;
With endless pain, and endless pleasure,
As misers guard their hoarded treasure.
Till soft Favonius fans the flowers,
Breathes balmy dews, drops fruitful showers;

Favo-

Favonius soft, that sweetly blows,
 The Tulip paints, perfumes the Rose;
 And, with the gentle Twins at play,
 Brings in th' Elysian month of May.
 Then boldly from their lodge you bring
 Your guests, to deck our gloomy Spring.

Thrice happy Foreigners! to find
 From Islanders such treatment kind:
 Not only undisturb'd to live,
 But, by thy goodness, Bobart, thrive:
 Grow strong, increase, their verdure hold,
 As dwelling in their native mold.

The rest, who will no culture know,
 But ceaseless curse our rains and snow:
 A sickly, sullen, fretful race;
 The gardener's and his art's disgrace:
 Whom Bobart's self in vain does strive,
 With all his skill to keep alive:
 Which from beneath th' Æquator come,
 In India's sultry forests bloom.
 Of these, at least, since nature more
 Denies t' increase thy living store,
 Their barks, or roots, their flowers, or leaves,
 Thy Hortus Siccus * still receives:
 In tomes twice ten, that work immense!
 By thee compil'd at vast expence;
 With utmost diligence amass'd,
 And shall as many ages last.

* A Hortus Siccus is a collection of plants, pasted upon paper, and kept dry in a book. EVANS.

And now, methinks, my Genius sees
My friend, amidst his plants and trees;
Full in the center, there he stands,
Encircled with his verdant bands;
Who all around obsequious wait,
To know his pleasure, and their fate:
His royal orders to receive,
To grow, decay, to die, or live:
That not the proudest kings can boast
A greater, or more duteous, host.

Thou all that power dost truly know,
Which they but dream-of here below:
Thy absolute despotic reign
Inviolably dost maintain,
Nor with ill-govern'd wrath affright
Thy people, or insult their right:
(But, as thy might in greatness grows,
Thy mercy in proportion flows):
Nor they undutiful deny
What's due to lawful majesty;
Safe in thy court from all the cares,
Domestic treasons, foreign wars,
Which monarchs and their crowns perplex,
Whom factions still, or favourites vex.

But thou, on thy botanic throne,
Sit'st fearless, uncontrol'd, alone:
Thy realms in tumults ne'er involv'd,
Or, rising, are as soon dissolv'd:
Free from the mischiefs and the strife
Of a false friend, or fury wife:

And

And if a rebel slave, or son,
 Audacious by indulgence grown,
 Presumes above his mates to rise,
 And their dull loyalty despise ;
 Thou, awful Sultan ! with a look,
 Canst all his arrogance rebuke ;
 And, darting one imperial frown,
 Hurl the bold traitor headlong down :
 His brethren, trembling at his fate,
 Thy dread commands with reverence wait :
 Thy wondrous power and justice own,
 And learn t' assert a tottering throne.

Thus Kings, that were in empire wise,
 Rebellions early should chastise ;
 And give their clemency no time,
 Betwixt th' offender and the crime,
 With fatal eloquence to plead,
 Which does more rebels only breed.
 Bobart, to Kings thy rules commend,
 For thou to Monarchs art a friend.

Thus, Sovereign Planter ! I have paid
 The debt, the promis'd present made :
 Do thou, what's written for thy sake
 With freedom, with like freedom take :
 Take the just praise thy friend does give,
 And in my verse for ever live !

“ —Tibi candida Naïs

“ Pallentes violas & summa papavera carpens,

“ Narcissum & florem jungit bene olentis anethi.”

Virg. Ecl. ii. 46.

ON BLENHEIM HOUSE*.

BY DR. EVANST†.

"Atria longè patent; sed nec cœnantibus usquam,

"Nec somno locus est: quàm bene non habites!" MART.

SEE, Sir, here's the grand approach,

This way is for his Grace's coach;

There lies the bridge, and here's the clock:

Observe the lion and the cock,

The spacious court, the colonade,

And mark how wide the hall is made!

The chimneys are so well design'd,

They never smoke in any wind.

This gallery's contriv'd for walking,

The windows to retire and talk in;

The council-chamber for debate,

And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, Sir, cry'd I, 'tis very fine,

But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?

I find, by all you have been telling,

That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

ON SIR J. VANBRUGH;

AN EPIGRAMMATICAL EPITAPH, BY THE SAME.

UNDER this stone, Reader, survey

Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay.

Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he

Laid many heavy loads on thee!

* The duke of Marlborough's palace at Woodstock. N.

† Erroneously ascribed to Mr. Pope by the Editor of the
"Additions to Pope's Works." N.

ON A LEARNED DEVICE ON BLENHEIM GREAT GATE:

'A HUGE LION TEARING A COCK IN PIECES.'

BY DR. EVANS.

OTHERS their wit on paper oft have shown:
 Vanbrugh hews jests and humour out of stone;
 In emblems deeply skill'd, to Britain shows
 How Gallia bled, and Churchill beat his foes:
 See! the fell lion does with vengeance glow,
 To fix his talons in the prostrate foe,
 Arm'd with dire wrath, the coward cock to maul;
 Where is the builder's joke? go, ask the Gaul.
 Thy genius, Van, was form'd no taste to hit,
 Thy castle full as lumpish as thy wit.

ON THE SAME.

HAD Marlborough's troops in Gaul no better fought,
 Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,
 No more in arms, than he in emblems, skill'd,
 The Cock had drove the Lion from the field.

ON DR. TADLOW*. BY THE SAME.

TEN thousand taylor's, with their length of line,
 Strove, though in vain, his compass to confine;
 At length, bewailing their exhausted store,
 Their packthread ceas'd, and parchment was no more.

* Of this gentleman little is known, but that he was remarkably fat. The following shorter epigram on his bulk is probably by Dr. Evans:

"When Tadlow walks the streets, the pavours cry,
 "God blefs you, Sir! and lay their rammers by."

DR.

DR. CONYERS * TO DR. EVANS BURSAR,

ON CUTTING DOWN SOME FINE COLLEGE TREES.

Indulgent Nature to each kind bestows

A secret instinct to discern its foes.

The timorous goose avoids the ravenous fox,

Lambs fly from wolves, and pilots shun the rocks;

The rogue a gibbet, as his fate, foresees,

And bears the like antipathy to trees.

ON THE MONUMENT AT LONDON.

BY CAPTAIN RADCLIFFE †.

MY masters and friends, and good people draw near,

For here's a new sight which you must not es-

A stately young fabric that cost very dear, [cape,

Renown'd for straight body and Barbary shape;

A Pyramid much higher

Than steeple or spire,

By which you may guess there has been a fire.

Ah, London, thou'adst better have built new burdellos,

T'encourage she-traders and lusty young fellows.

No

* This epigram, with the following variations, is ascribed to Dr. Tadow in the "Additions to Pope," vol. I. p. 132.

"Indulgent Nature to each kind bestows

A secret instinct to discern its foes.

The goose, a silly bird, yet knows the fox;

Hares fly from dogs, and sailors steer from rocks;

This rogue the gallows for his fate foresees,

And bears a like antipathy to trees."

† This writer has already appeared in vol. I. p. 145. I did not then know that he had published a collection of his

No sooner the City had lost their old houses,
 But they set-up this Monument wonderful tall;
 Though when Christians were burnt, as Fox plainly
 shews us,

There was nothing set-up but his book in the hall.

And yet these men can't
 In their conscience but grant,
 That a House is unworthy compar'd to a Saint.
 Ah, London, &c.

The children of men, in erecting old Babel,
 To be saved from Water did only desire:
 So the City presumes that this young one is able,
 When occasion shall serve, to secure them from Fire.

Blowing-up when all's done
 Preserves best the Town,
 But this Hieroglyphick will soon be blown-down.
 Ah, London, &c.

Some poems, under the title of "The Ramble, an Anti-heroick Poem, together with some Terrestrial Hymns and Carnal Ejaculations, by Alexander Radcliffe, of Grays Inn, Esq. 1682," 8vo; inscribed to James Lord Annesley. He had published in 1680 "Ovid Travestie, a Burlesque upon Ovid's Epistles;" with a satirical introduction occasioned by the "Preface to a late Book, called The Wits paraphrased." Mr. Tonson printed a third edition of this Travestie in 1696. The Dedication "To Robert Fairbeard, of Grays Inn, Esq." is no bad specimen of the author's humour. "Having committed these Epistles to the Press, I was horribly put to it for a Patron. I thought of some great Lord, or some angelic Lady; but then again considered I should never be able to adorn

Some say, it resembles a glass fit for mum,
 And think themselves witty by giving nick-names :
 An extinguisher too it is fancied by some,
 As set up on purpose to put out the flames.
 But, whatever they shall
 This workmanship call,
 Had it never been thought on, 't had been a Save-all.
 Ah, London, &c.

adorn my Dedication with benign beams, corruscant rays, and the Devil and all of influence. At last I heard my good friend Mr. Fairbeard was come to town—nay then—all's well enough. To you therefore I offer this English Ovid, to whom you may not be unaptly compared in several parcels of your life and conversation, only with this exception, that you have nothing of his Tristibus. 'Tis you who burlesque all the foppery and conceited gravity of the age. I remember you once told a grave and affected Advocate, 'that he burlesqued God's image, for God had made him after his own likeness, but he made himself look like an ass.' Upon the whole matter I am very well satisfied in my choice of you for a judge; if you speak well of the book, 'tis all I desire, and the bookseller will have reason to rejoice: though by your approbation you may draw upon yourself a grand inconvenience; for perhaps you may too often have songs, sonnets, madrigals, and an innumerable army of stanzas obtruded upon you by, Sir,

Your humble servant, ALEX. RADCLIFFE."

Amongst his other poems, is a facetious one "On the Memory of Mr. John Sprat, late Steward of Grays Inn;" another, "On the Death of Edward Story, Esq. Master of the Pond, and Principal of Bernard's Inn;" and, "The Sword's Farewell upon the Approach of Michaelmas-term." N.

DRYDEN'S DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT
BURLESQUED*.

BY CAPT. RADCLIFFE.

ALL things were hush as when the drawers tread.
Softly to steal the key from master's head:
The dying snuffs do twinkle in their urns,
As if the socket, not the candle, burns :
The little foot-boy snoars upon the stair,
And greasy cook-maid sweats in elbow-chair.
No coach nor link was heard, &c.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FAIR YOUNG LADY,

BY DR. YALDEN†, 1697.

WHEN black with shades this mourning vault
appears,

And the relenting marble flows with tears ;
Think then what griefs a parent's bosom wound,
Whose fatal loss enrich'd this hallow'd ground.

Strow

- * “ All things were hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
“ The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head ;
“ The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
“ And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat.
“ Even Lust and Envy slept,” &c.

Conquest of Mexico, Act III. Sc. 2.

† Of this writer's life, Dr. Johnson's elegant little composition supercedes what otherwise might have been said. Yalden's “ Hymn to Darkneſs” is “ his best performance,” being “ for the moſt part imagined with great vigour, and
“ expreſſed

Strow lilies here, and myrtle wreaths prepare,
To crown the fading triumphs of the fair :
Here blooming youth and charming beauties lie,
Till Earth resigns them to their native sky ;
Like china laid for ages to refine,
And make her body, like the soul, divine.

Unmingled may the fragrant dust remain,
No common earth the sacred sweets profane ;
But let her urn preserve its virgin store,
Chaste and unfully'd as she liv'd before !

“ expressed with great propriety. Of his other poems it is
“ sufficient to say that they deserve perusal, though they are
“ not always exactly polished.” I the rather cite this testi-
mony of the great Biographer, as the publishers of the English
Poets have been censured for admitting Yalden into their col-
lection ; a censure which, if deserved, I must take upon my-
self. However it happened that this writer's poems had never
been before collected, I am persuaded that there are few who
have actually read them but must have found much to admire.
In the “ English Poets” I inserted as many of them as could
then be met with. Farther researches have discovered what
are here printed : but there are still four poems (which are
known to be Dr. Yalden's, two of which are particularly no-
ticed in Dr. Johnson's life of him) which have eluded my in-
quiries ; “ The Conquest of Namur, 1695,” folio ; “ The
“ Temple of Fame, to the Memory of the Duke of Gloucester
“ 1700,” folio ; “ Æsop at Court ;” and a poem “ on the
“ late Queen's accession,” I suppose Queen Anne ; which, by
the title of it, seems not to have been published till after her
death. N.

TO MYRA; WRITTEN IN HER CLEOPATRA.

BY DR. YALDEN.

HERE, lovely Myra, you behold
The wonders Beauty wrought of old :
In every mournful page appears
The nymph's disdain, and lover's tears.
Whilst these feign'd tragic tales you view,
Fondly you weep, and think them true ;
Lament the hero's flighted flame,
Yet praise the fair ungrateful dame.

For youths unknown no longer grieve,
But rather heal the wounds you give ;
The slaves your eyes have ruin'd mourn,
And pity flames with which your lovers burn.

Oh, hadst thou liv'd in former days,
Thus Fame had sung lov'd Myra's praise :
The triumphs of thy haughty reign,
Thy matchless form and cold disdain :
Thy beauties had remain'd as long
The theme of every poet's song :
Then Myra's conquests had been wrote,
And Cleopatra died forgot.

ADVICE TO A LOVER.

BY THE SAME.

FOR many unsuccessful years,
At Cynthia's feet I lay ;
Battering them often with my tears ;
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of some loved Saint above,
Ere thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down
With coy insulting pride ;
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or turn'd her head aside.

Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
“ Use more prevailing charms ;
You modest whining fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart ;
The lips he briskly must invade,
That would possess the heart.”

With that I shook off all the slave,
My better fortunes tried ;
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What she for years denied.

T O T H E E A R L O F R O S C O M M O N,
O N H I S E S S A Y O N T R A N S L A T E D V E R S E,
B Y D R. C H E T W O O D *,

AS when by labouring stars new kingdoms rise
The mighty mass in rude confusion lies,
A court unform'd, disorder at the bar,
And ev'n in peace the rugged mien of war,

Till

* Of whom see vol. I. p. 29, where “ about the same time
“ was made chaplain,” &c. should have been placed earlier
in

Till some wise statesman into method draws
 The parts, and animates the frame with laws ;
 Such was the case when Chaucer's early toil
 Founded the Muses' empire in our soil.
 Spenser improved it with his painful hand,
 But lost a noble Muse in Fairy-land.
 Shakspeare said all that Nature could impart,
 And Jonson added Industry and Art.
 Cowley and Denham gain'd immortal praise ;
 And some, who merit as they wear the bays,
 Search'd all the treasuries of Greece and Rome,
 And brought the precious spoils in triumph home.
 But still our language had some ancient rust ;
 Our flights were often high, but seldom just.
 There wanted one, who license could restrain,
 Make civil laws o'er barbarous usage reign :
 One worthy in Apollo's chair to sit,
 To hold the scales, and give the stamp of wit ;
 In whom ripe judgement and young fancy meet,
 And force poetic rage to be discreet ;
 Who grows not nauseous while he strives to please,
 But marks the shelves in the poetic seas.
 Who knows ; and teaches what our clime can bear
 And makes the barren ground obey the labourer's care.

in order of time ; as it is properly done in the same volume,
 p. 70.—Dr. Chetwood, who was an early member of the Society
 of Antiquaries, had collected materials for a life of Lord
 Roscommon. He published a “ Speech in the Lower House
 “ of Convocation, May 20, 1715, against the late Riots.”
 His son (who pursued fruitlessly the claim for an English barony)
 died, at an advanced age, Feb. 17, 1752. N.

Few could conceive, none the great work could do,
 'Tis a fresh province, and reserv'd for you.
 Those talents all are yours, of which but one
 Were a fair fortune for a Muse's son.
 Wit, reading, judgement, conversation, art,
 A head well-balanc'd, and a generous heart.
 While infect rhymes cloud the polluted sky,
 Created to molest the world, and die.
 Your file does polish what your fancy cast;
 Works are long forming which must always last.
 Rough iron sense, and stubborn to the mold,
 Touch'd by your chemic hand, is turn'd to gold,
 A secret grace fashions the flowing lines,
 And inspiration through the labour shines,
 Writers, in spite of all their paint and art,
 Betray the darling passion of their heart.
 No fame you wound, give no chaste ears offence,
 Still true to friendship, modesty, and sense.
 So Saints, from Heaven for our example sent,
 Live to their rules, have nothing to repent.
 Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,
 Would give no laws, but only yours translate.
 Hoist sail, bold writers, search, discover far,
 You have a compass for a Polar-star.
 Tune Orpheus' harp, and with enchanting rhymes
 Soften the savage humour of the times.
 Tell all those untouch'd wonders which appear'd
 When Fate itself for our great Monarch fear'd:
 Securely through the dangerous forest led
 By guards of Angels when his own were fled,

Heaven kindly exercis'd his youth with cares
 To crown with unmix'd joys his riper years.
 Make warlike James's peaceful virtues known,
 The second hope and genius of the throne.
 Heaven in compassion brought him on our stage,
 To tame the fury of a monstrous age.
 But what blest voice shall your Maria* sing?
 Or a fit offering to her altars bring?
 In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
 Great always, without aiming to be great.
 True Roman majesty adorns her face;
 And every gesture's form'd by every Grace.
 Her beauties are too heavenly and refin'd
 For the gross senses of a vulgar mind.
 It is your part (you Poets can divine)
 To prophesy how she by Heaven's design
 Shall give an heir to the great British line,
 Who over all the Western isles shall reign,
 Both awe the continent, and rule the main.
 It is your place to wait upon her name
 Through the vast regions of eternal fame.
 True Poets souls to Princes are ally'd,
 And the world's Empire with its Kings divide.
 Heaven trusts the present time to Monarch's care,
 Eternity is the good Writer's share †.

* See the following poem, on her marriage. N.

† These verses of Dr. Chetwood were prefixed to Lord Roscommon's Essay in 1684; with others by Mr. Dryden (see English Poets, vol. XIV. p. 127.) and Mr. Amherst, and Latin verses by Dr. Chetwood (see Gent. Mag. for October 1779) and Mr. C. Dryden. N.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE LADY MARY
WITH THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

BY DR. CHETWOOD.

LET fond geographers now seek no more
Their happy isles near the scorch'd Libyan shore ;
Nor in th' Atlantic fix those blissful plains,
Where too much sun, and Spanish avarice reigns :
These are the climates favoured by Fate,
The happy soils, the Islands Fortunate ;
Their sea from Europe's tumults them divides,
And joins them to't in every thing besides.
Peace with her train hath here her palace chose,
Riches and pleasure, learning and repose :
Here Charles, like Jove on his Olympus, stands,
Balancing empires in his mighty hands ;
And over kings by peaceful arts does find
The best command, the empire of the mind.
Here gallant Orange, tir'd with warlike sweat,
Lays down his helmet, and seeks soft retreat ;
Rides o'er the peaceful plains, views rural toil,
Sees no slain ploughman here manure the soil :
For noisy camps he hears soft music's charms,
His doubtful sleep not broke by short alarms :
The hero thus secure, love does surprize,
Lying in ambush in the Princess' eyes.
Love ! the frail part in souls the most divine,
Whom cautious nature, when she does design
Impregnable on every part beside,
Like engineers, leaves this unfortify'd :

On

On his free soul it does so fast advance,
 That it's more dreadful than the power of France :
 Yet to his enemy he scorns to yield,
 Like Diomedé would meet him in the field.
 But fight not, Prince, against the Powers divine,
 Nor at the golden happy shafts repine,
 For ten days siege, a maiden Helen's thine. }
 For Charles the good, and the illustrious James,
 Observe their souls burning with mutual flames ;
 Souls which a real sympathy do prove,
 Souls unison ! answering each other's love :
 Then to him thus they spake—

“ Brave Prince ! whose virtues leave thy years behind,
 And merits fortune, greater yet design'd
 By Heaven ! whose youth such high exploits did grace,
 As prov'd thee of triumphant Nassau's race,
 Nor sham'st our royal blood that's in thy veins ;
 Reap here the harvest of your glorious pains :
 As your reward, we to you do resign
 Our eldest comfort, to be henceforth thine ;
 And know, that great Elizabeth, when she
 From Spanish yoke did set your country free,
 Gave you not half so much—”

Now, painful Hollanders, you who extend
 Your voyages unto the Ocean's end,
 Whose inexhausted treasuries do hold
 The Eastern spices, and the Western gold :
 Speak, if you ever such a cargo brought,
 Ever receiv'd a fleet so richly fraught,
 As this, which brings your Princess to your shore ?
 Confess your Bank, compar'd with this, is poor.

Ev'n we (so rich) should so much beauty fear
 T' export, but that she leaves her sister here.
 Make a continual day with joyous flames,
 Join with your fleets your Texel to our Thames;
 With more pomp to receive this gift of Fate,
 The fair Palladium of your tottering state.
 And you, great Princess, fear not the rough main;
 He knows his duty to his Sovereign,
 His Nereids will all be of your train.
 So Venus, when she does to Paphos ride
 In her smooth shell, and cuts the gentle tide,
 Her nymphs make a long row of goodly pride.
 Now Flanders, more belov'd by Mars than Thrace,
 Shall at your sight resume her ancient face:
 The restor'd shepherds shall pipe forth your praise,
 Call you their Pales in their rural lays;
 The fearless ploughmen shall you loudly sing,
 And, as to Ceres, their fruit-offerings bring.
 The peaceful seas shall break their digues * no more,
 With humble reverence, but salute the shore:
 When you (as Halcyons) breed, all storms shall cease,
 Europe enjoy an universal peace.

ON THE FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

WElcome, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
 Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power
 T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
 Thou that dost Æsculapius deride,
 And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride;

* The French word for *dikes*. N.

Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,
 And under-prop the head that bears the crown ;
 Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
 And guard from drowzy sleep the eyes of state ;
 Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
 And warn'st the judges how they tread awry ;
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
 Emphatically urge the pains below ;
 Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
 And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace ;
 Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies knee,
 To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea ;
 Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free ;
 Whence comes this unfought honour unto me ?
 Whence does this mighty condescension flow ?
 To visit my poor tabernacle, O— !

As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
 At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed ;
 Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
 Jove bid him ask, and granted his request ;
 So do thou grant (for thou 'rt of race divine,
 Begot on Venus, by the God of Wine)
 My humble suit !—And either give me store
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more *.

* This humorous poem is probably Dr. Chetwood's. See
 the following Epistle of Dr. Waldren. N.

TO DR. CHETWOOD,
WHEN HE HAD THE GOUT.

BY DR. WALDREN *.

TIS no hard matter to divine
How I, who love a wench and wine,
And all the studied luxuries
That Lamb † or Locket ‡ can devise,
Should have the gout, and penance do
With foot on chair in velvet shoe.
But how a man predicamental-
-ly sober, and near transcendental;
That ne'er was known to be a glutton,
Beyond a penny chop of mutton,

* Descended from an antient family, and born at Exeter, where he received the early part of his education. He was admitted a scholar of Exeter College, Oxford, and afterwards removed to All Souls; where he applied to the study of physic, which he afterwards practised with good reputation at Exeter. On the death of Dr. Leopold-William Finch warden of All Souls College, he was invited in 1702 to succeed to that headship; but contracted such an indisposition by the journey as occasioned his death in a few days. He was buried in the outward chapel belonging to that society. Jacob says, " he
" was a well-bred, genteel man, most agreeable in conver-
" sation, very polite in his compositions, and peculiarly happy
" in the expression of his thoughts. The West-country
" gentlemen mention him with very great esteem, and his
" name and character are very much respected in the Uni-
" versity." N.

† Author of a famous Book of Cookery.

‡ The master of a celebrated eating-house or tavern.
See King's " Art of Cookery," ver. 484. N.

And can't tell what sixth sense, or whore is,
And Goody is his only Chloris :
How such a one should have intestine
Saline, and acid so infesting,
Is strange to me, and as obscure
A riddle almost as the cure.

The learned Sydenham does not doubt
But profound thought will bring the gout,
And that with bum on couch we lie,
Because our reason 's soar'd too high ;
As cannons, when they mount vast pitches,
Are tumbled back upon their breaches.

Indeed I 'm apt to think in you
Th' hypothesis is very true :
For your investigating skull
So $\sigma\tau$. and $\delta\iota\acute{o}\tau\epsilon$ full,
That, hunting things through common-places,
Y' are lost in *entelechian* mazes :
And as when to an house we come
To know if any one 's at home,
We knock ; so one must kick your shin,
Ere he can find your soul 's within.
Your brains (if any) sure would work well
Upon the quadrature o' th' circle :
But, if you 'll have your foot no more in
Flannel, you must leave off your poring.
Be blithe and merry still as a grig,
Mirth is the best Antipodágrig ;
The gout 's enrag'd by care and sadness,
The best cure for 't is the oil of gladness.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE FROM DR. WALDREN
TO DR. CHETWOOD,

ON HIS REFUSING TO TAKE THE OATHS.

MOST PROFOUND,

SINCE at a tavern I can't meet you,
In paper embassy I greet you;
T'advise you not to be so wary,
Touching King William and Queen Mary;
That, spight of fellowship and pupils,
You'll weigh your conscience out in scruples.

If (as ye Queen's-men must believe)
Two *negs* make one affirmative;
Why i' th name o' th' predicaments,
And all your analytic sense,
Will you deny two affirmations
In their turn too to make negations?
This *postulatum* any pate
Will grant that's unprejudicate;
Nay th' argument, I will assure you,
To some appears *à fortiori*.

Hoc dato et concessò, thus I
In *baralypton* blunderbuss ye:
He that to two kings takes an oath
Is by the last absolv'd from both;
For, each oath being an affirmation,
Both (as was own'd) make a negation.
Thus, scientifically, you see,
The more you're bound, the more you're free;
As jugglers, when they knit one more,
Undo the knot they ty'd before.

I admire that your Smiglecian under-
 -standing should make so strange a blunder,
 As roundly to aver subjection
 Were n't couzen-german to protection :
 Nay more, they 're relatives (unless ye
 Mistake Tom Hobbes) *secundum esse*—
 But I'm in hope you 've sily taken
 The oath elsewhere, to save your bacon :
 As spark, by country-clap half undone,
 Takes coach, and steals a cure at London.

T O C E L I A.

B Y D R. W A L D R E N.

F I E, Celia, 'tis silly to sigh thus in vain,
 'Tis silly to pity a lover you 've slain :
 If still you continue your slaves to deride,
 The pity you feign will be taken for pride.
 And sorrow for sin can never be true,
 In one who loves daily to act it anew :
 For if, whilst you 're fair, you resolve to be coy,
 You may hourly repent, and hourly destroy.
 Yet none will believe you, protest what you will,
 That you grieve for the dead, if the living you kill.
 Where then are our hopes, when we zealously woo,
 If you vow to abhor what you constantly do ?
 Then, Celia, be kinder, and tell me my fate,
 For the worst I can suffer 's to die by your hate :
 If this you design, ne'er fancy in vain
 By your sighs and your tears to recall me again ;
 Nor weep at my grave, for I swear, if you do,
 As you now laugh at me, I'll then laugh at you.

AN ESSAY UPON DEATH,

BY DR. WALDREN.

TELL me, some kind spirit, tell
 How came Death so terrible !
 Thou who 'rt already fled in triumph; say,
 Why the embody'd soul is so in love with clay ?
 By what strange magnetism woo'd,
 She so adheres to flesh and blood,
 That Fate must force her from her dark abode;
 Or she would groveling lie
 Th' eternal tenant of mortality.
 The wretch, whom a malignant fever fires,
 Who at each pore in liquid flames expires,
 Cold Death's refreshing hands to shun,
 Does to th' unkinder Doctor run,
 For juleps, blisters, and phlebotomy ;
 The fever 's vanquish'd, and the man is free :
 Yet all this torment only gains
 The privilege of being rack'd again with these,
 Or the feverer pains
 Of some more mercilefs disease.
 Had not the patient better fought a silent tomb,
 Th' assistance which distempers give, but where
 they never come ?
 Old age, which one would guess
 Should with a kind of lust
 Lie down and sleep in dust,
 Does yet the grand fatigue of life carefs ;
 And gapes for its last dregs with inextinguishable
 thirst :

When the gay fire of the dull eye is lost
 Like cooling metals fix'd by winter's frost,
 When the bald head, depopulate and bare,
 Looks smooth as a white globe of ice,
 Depriv'd of its once-flourishing spring the hair;
 All that remains will not suffice

The mighty sum to count,
 To which the numerous years that have gone o'er
 Yet ev'n this feeble piece [amount.
 (Now but the monument of what he was)
 Does with his cordials and elixirs treat,
 To make his weary pulses beat

With momentary heat:
 Still he abhors the dismal thought of Death,
 Still on his guard he stands,
 Would fain defend his faltering breath,
 Against the conqueror's stroke, with crutches in his
 hands.

Strange riddle of a mystical desire !
 That man should with his vital fire
 Might vestal prove, and ne'er expire ;
 That he should hope that his eclipsed beams,
 Like Arethusa, under ground, might stray,
 And never disembody their shining streams
 Into the glorious ocean of inexhausted day !
 Is this the cause we so much boast
 Our reason as a sure unerring guide
 (No less our safety than our pride) ?
 And would it have us in a tempest ride,
 In which we are for ever lost ?

When

When one kind shipwreck would convey us safe
Back to our native coast ;
A coast where we may pleasures taste,
High with the gust of perils past ;
Where a perpetual spring of bliss,
Blooming in all the rich luxuriances
Of never-fading extasies,
Satiates, but does not cloy,
The ravish'd mind ;
Where no tears fall but those of joy,
Which, Nilus-like, when they o'er-flow, are kind.
But though with all this pomp of words we prate,
And paint our happy future state ;
Yet sure we think them pageantries of a distemper'd
Which Fancy's pencil did delineate ; [head,
The broken visions of the living, when they dream
they're dead.
That we're so loth to die,
Proceeds from Infidelity :
For whatsoe'er the sturdy men of sense,
Those sculls of Axiom and Philosophy,
By Reason's telescope pretend t' evince ;
Beyond this world there can no other be
Worse than this life, when it appears
In all its hurricanes of hopes and fears.
So some baulk'd gamester, that has only one poor stake,
And knows not when he shall get more to keep in play,
Does his last chance with trembling take,
And would the fatal throw delay ;
The box once cast, to him for ever's cast away.

Or, if we're truly satisfy'd,
The soul is to Divinity ally'd;
That its impenetrable hypostasis
Is of a lasting and substantial make,
Which Death's arrest can never shake;
But sprinkled ashes shall arise,
Kindled with an exalted energy :
If this our firm persuasion be,
Doubtless 'tis guilt which makes us groan,
When Fate sends forth the black decree
Of dissolution :

As a debauch'd gallant,
Who's just embarking for a foreign land,
Amidst a rout of creditors does trembling stand,
Who for quick payment with wild fury rant;
'Th' unhappy wretch can't find a bail,
And thus his journey's finish'd in a gaol;
So Conscience rallies-up
Of crimes, the worst of debts, ten thousand bills,
Embitters with new poison Death's ungrateful cup,
And the departing soul with horror fills.

Thus wretched mortals lie
Under a bad necessity
Of strong desire to live, and stronger fear to die.
Which way so'er they turn,
A forcible dilemma's horn
Wounds them in each hypothesis :
The Atheist would for ever live in this,
If there's no other world; the Theist, if there is.

SONG,

SONG, MADE FOR A WEDDING.

BY DR. WALDREN.

LET Hymen on this happy day,
 The brightest which e'er grac'd the year,
 Transport in every face display,
 Since Heaven and Marriage come so near.

A matchless pair before him bows,
 To ask his seals which ever bind;
 He cannot but approve the vows
 Of two so beauteous, two so kind.

The Godhead smiles: then, then we know
 What the effects of marriage prove;
 That joys in endless rounds shall flow,
 And life be one long scene of love.

EPIGRAM ON A PIGMY'S DEATH.

BY DR. SPRAT;

NOT IN HIS WORKS.

BESTRIDE an ant a pigmy great and tall
 Was thrown, alas! and got a deadly fall;
 Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
 All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
 "Behold, base, envious world, now, now laugh on:
 For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaeton."

M A R-

MARVEL'S GHOST.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN AYLOFFE*.

FROM the dark Stygian lake I come,
 To acquaint poor England with her doom ;
 Which, by the Infernal Sisters late,
 I copied from the book of Fate :
 And though the sense may seem disguis'd,
 'Tis in these following lines compriz'd :
 " When England shall forsake the Broom,
 And take the Thistle in the room ;
 A wanton fiddler shall be led
 By fate to shame his master's bed ;
 From whence a spurious race shall grow,
 Design'd for Britain's overthrow.
 These, whilst they do possess her throne,
 Shall serve all interests but their own ;
 And shall be, both in peace and war,
 Scourges unto themselves and her.

* This gentleman, who was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, was a man of wit and humour, which carried his inclinations to poetry. He published, Jacob says, several valuable small pieces ; among which, " Marvel's Ghost " is very much admired. In the third volume of " Dryden's Miscellanies " is a poem " On the Death of K. Charles II. " and the Accession of K. James II. to the Throne," by Mr William Ayloffe, which is tolerably harmonious, but too fulsomely flattering to deserve preservation. N.

A brace

A brace of exil'd youths, whose fates
Shall pull down vengeance on those states
That harbour'd them abroad, must come
Well skill'd in foreign vices home,
And shall, their dark designs to hide,
With two contesting Churches side,
Till, with cross persecuting zeal,
They have destroy'd the Commonweal:
Then incest, murder, perjury,
Shall fashionable virtues be;
And villainies infest this isle,
Shall make the son of Claudius smile:
No oaths or sacraments hold good,
But what are seal'd with lust and blood:
Lust, which cold exile could not tame,
Nor plague nor fire at home reclaim:
For this she shall in ashes mourn,
From Europe's envy turn her scorn,
And curse the day that e'er gave birth
To Cecil, or to Monk, on earth."

But, as I onwards strove to look,
The angry Sister shut the book,
And said, "No more; that fickle State
Shall know no further of her fate;
Her future fortunes must be hid
Till her known ills be remedied;
And she to those resentments come,
That drove the Tarquins out of Rome;
Or such as did in fury turn
Th' Assyrian's palace to his urn."

O N

ON THE CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT,

BY CAPTAIN AYLOFFE.

HE that first said it, knew the worth of wit,
 Lov'd well his glass, and as he drank he writ;
 Vast was his soul, and sparkling was the wine,
 Which strangely did inspire each mighty line.
 The watery springs of Helicon are themes
 Fit for dull freshmen, and dull doctors' dreams;
 Not flood of Cam, or well of Aristotle,
 Yield half the pleasure of the charming bottle;
 Poor scribblers then, that bread and water use,
 The slender diet of a Bridewell Muse,
 As easily may Water Poets make,
 As Coffee Politicians does create
 The two grand Whigs of Poetry and State. }
 When booths on Thames were built, and oxen roasted,
 Poets the strength of Waters might have boasted;
 And might have made their frozen verse to pass,
 As well as he that put-out Ice for Glass:
 Though our good Proctor otherwise does think,
 Our Mother Cambridge kindly bids us drink;
 She holds the candle and the sacred cup,
 And, as one wasteth, cries, "Drink t' other up."
 'Twas drinking got our ancestors renown,
 And claret first that dyed the scarlet gown.
 As well may Dutchmen without brandy fight,
 As English Poets without Claret write.
 Not moderate learning, nor immoderate fees,
 Are of themselves sufficient for degrees:
 Wine and the supper must the act compleat;
 And he does best dispute, who best does treat:

'Tis

'Tis Carnival, and we'll the time enjoy,
This day and next, while wine and wit run high.

—And, in the forty days,
Preachers in vain may bid the Court repent,
But Poets sure did never write in Lent.
Now, in the name of dulness and small-beer,
Ye Northern Wits of fam'd St. John's appear,
That scarce taste wine or wit throughout the year. }
Had she, who by the powerful charms of wine
Transform'd Ulysses men to grunting swine;
Had she, and you th' experiment tried again,
By contrary effects ye had Poets been.
Next, the pert fops by title dignified,
Wise to themselves, and fools to all beside,
Whom company nor drinking can refine,
Blockish and dull beyond the power of wine;
Who, after the first bottle still the same, }
Can never higher rise than Anagram,
Or at most quibble on their Dowdy's name.
When Whig religious, Trimmer loyal turns,
When Cambridge wives and Barnwell whores turn nuns,
When curate's rich, and the fat doctor's poor;
When scholars tick, and townsmen cheat no more;
When amorous fops leave hunting handsome faces,
When craving beadle begs no more for places;
Hopkins and Sternhold, with their paltry rhymes,
Shall please us now, and take with future times:
And water-drinkers then shall famous grow;
Settle, the Poet to my Lord-mayor's show, }
Shall Dryden, Cowley, and our Duke, outgo.

W R I T T E N

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S WALLER.

THE lovely owner of this book
Does here on her own image look :
Each happy page, each finish'd line,
Does with her matchless graces shine ;
And is, with common verse compar'd,
What she is among Beauty's herd.
The Poet boasts a lofty thought,
In softest numbers smoothly wrought ;
Has all that pleases the severe,
And all that charms a listening ear.
And such the nymph is—blest with all
That we can sweet or noble call :
For never sure was any mind,
Of all that from Heaven's treasury came,
Of better make and more refin'd,
Or lodg'd within a fairer frame.
Such angels seem, when pleas'd to wear
Some lovely dress of colour'd air !
Oh, had she liv'd before the old
Bard had so many winters told :
Then when his youthful veins ran high,
Enflam'd with Love and Poetry :
He only to this shining maid
The tribute of his verse had paid :
No meaner face, no lesser name,
Had fix'd his eyes, or fed his flame ;
Her beauties had employ'd his tongue,
And Sacharissa died unsung.

SONG.

S O N G.

YOU say, you love ! repeat again,
 Repeat th' amazing sound ;
 Repeat the ease of all my pain,
 The cure of every wound.

What you to thousands have deny'd,
 To me you freely give ;
 Whilst I in humble silence dy'd,
 Your mercy bid me live.

So on cold Latmos' top each night
 Endymion sighing lay,
 Gaz'd on the Moon's transcendent light,
 Despair'd, and durst not pray.

But divine Cynthia saw his grief,
 Th' effect of conquering charms ;
 Unask'd, the Goddess brings relief,
 And falls into his arms.

ANACREON IMITATED.

OF T the reverend dotards cry,
 “ Why so loving, Daphnis, why ?
 Love's a thing for age alone :
 Love's a God, and you're too young.
 Let the harvest crown your brow,
 And adorn your head with snow ;
 Love may boldly enter then :
 Years will countenance your flame.

Fruits,

Fruits, unripe, disgust the taste;
 Falling ripe they please us best.
 Colts are skittish; but the dam
 (Once a colt) is still and tame."

Reverend dotards, why so wise?

Why these reverend fooleries!

Who neglects to back the horse,

Till his years compute him worse?

Generous brutes, that latest die,

Early to enjoyment fly:

Vigorous nature scorns a tye.

Gather'd fruits are best of all;

We despise them when they fall.

Thus your follies shew to me,

What my reverend age shall be.

Bring the glass then, bring the fair,

Fill it, 'tis a health to her.

For experimental I

Will a great example be,

To convince such reverend fools

Of their own mistaken rules.

ANACREON IMITATED.

O H, how pleasant is't! how sweet!

While with beauties exquisite

Nature paints the fragrant grove,

Thus to walk and talk of love!

Here no envious Eastern gale

Sells us pleasure by retail.

Western

Western breezes here dispense
 Joys so full, they cloy the sense.
 Gods ! oh Gods ! how sweet a shade
 Has that honey-suckle made !
 Clasp'ing round that spreading tree,
 Clasp'ing fast, and ape'ing me,
 Me who, there with Celia laid,
 First inform'd the lovely maid
 So to clasp and so to twine.
 Oh ! how sweet a life is mine !

ANACREON IMITATED.

COME fill 't up, and fill it high,
 The barren earth is always dry ;
 But, well steep'd in kindly showers,
 It laughs in dew, and smiles in flowers.
 The jovial Gods did, sure, design,
 By the immortal gift of wine,
 To drown our sighs, and ease our care,
 And make 's content to revel here ;
 To revel, and to reign in love,
 And be throughout like those above.

PALLAS.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan line,
 Raz'd their proud walls, though built with hands
 divine ;
 But Love's bright Goddess, with propitious grace,
 Preserv'd a hero to restore the race :
 So the fam'd empire, where the Iber flows,
 Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose.

PART OF VIRGIL'S FIRST GEORGICK,
TRANSLATED BY HENRY SACHEVERELL *.

DEDICATED TO MR. DRYDEN.

FIRST let thy altars smoke with sacred fire,
Thy early labours the just Gods require.
Let Ceres' blessings usher-in the year,
To give an omen to thy future care.

With

* The history of this man affords a very striking example of the folly and madness of party, which could exalt an obscure individual, possessed of but moderate talents, to an height of popularity that the present times behold with wonder and astonishment. He was the son of Joshua Sacheverell of Marlborough clerk (who died minister of St. Peter's Church in Marlborough, leaving a numerous family in very low circumstances). Henry was put to school at Marlborough, at the charge of Mr. Edward Hearst, an apothecary, who, being his godfather, adopted him as his son. Hearst's widow put him afterwards to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he became demy in 1687, at the age of 15. Young Sacheverell soon distinguished himself by a regular observation of the duties of the house, by his compositions, good-manners, and genteel behaviour; qualifications which recommended him to that society, of which he was fellow, and, as public tutor, had the care of the education of most of the young gentlemen of quality and fortune that were admitted of the college. In this station he bred a great many persons eminent for their learning and abilities; and amongst others

With sacrifice adorn her grassy thrine,
 With milk, with honey, and with flowing wine.

Then

others was tutor to Mr. Holdsworth, whose "Muscipula" and "Dissertations on Virgil" have been so deservedly esteemed. He was contemporary and chamber-fellow with Mr. Addison, and one of his chief intimates till the time of his famous trial. Mr. Addison's "Account of the greatest English Poets," dated April 3, 1694, in a Farewell-poem to the Muses on his intending to enter into holy orders, was inscribed "to Mr. Henry Sacheverell," his *then* dearest friend and colleague. Much has been said by Sacheverell's enemies of his ingratitude to his relations, and of his turbulent behaviour at Oxford; but these appear to have been groundless calumnies, circulated only by the spirit of party. In his younger years he wrote some excellent Latin poems: besides several in the second and third volumes of the "Musæ Anglicanæ," ascribed to his pupils, there is a good one of some length in the second volume, under his own name (transcribed from the Oxford Collection, on Q. Mary's death, 1695). He took the degree of M. A. May 16, 1696; B. D, Feb. 4, 1707; D. D. July 1, 1708. His first preferment was Cannock, in the county of Stafford. He was appointed preacher of St. Saviour's, Southwark, in 1705; and while in this station preached his famous sermons (at Derby, Aug. 15, 1709; and at St. Paul's, Nov. 5, in the same year); and in one of them was supposed to point at lord Godolphin, under the name of *Volpone*. It has been suggested, that to this circumstance, as much as to the doctrines contained in his sermons, he was indebted for his prosecution, and eventually for his preferment. Being impeached by the house of commons, his trial

Then go, the mighty Goddeſs to adore,
When Spring buds forth, and Winter is no more.

Then

began Feb. 27, 1709-10; and continued until the 23d of March: when he was ſentenced to a ſuſpenſion from preaching for three years, and his two ſermons ordered to be burnt. This ridiculous proſecution overthrew the miniſtry, and laid the foundation of his fortune. To Sir Simon Harcourt, who was counſel for him, he preſented a ſilver baſon gilt, with an elegant inſcription. He very ſoon after was collated to a living near Shrewſbury; and, in the ſame month that his ſuſpenſion ended, had the valuable rectory of St. Andrew Holborn given him by the Queen. At that time his reputation was ſo high, that he was enabled to ſell the firſt ſermon, preached after his ſentence expired, for the ſum of 100 l.; and upwards of 40,000 copies, it is ſaid, were ſoon ſold. We find by Swift's Journal to Stella, Jan. 22, 1711-12, that he had alſo intereſt enough with the miniſtry to provide very amply for one of his brothers; yet, as the Dean had ſaid before, Aug. 24, 1711, "they hated, and affected to deſpiſe him." In 1716, he prefixed a dedication to "Fifteen Diſcourſes, occaſionally delivered before the Univerſity of Oxford, by W. Adams, M. A. late ſtudent of Chriſt Church, and rector of Staunton upon Wye, in Oxfordſhire." After this publication, we hear little of him, except by quarrels with his pariſhioners, although he was much ſuſpected to be concerned in Atterbury's plot. A conſiderable eſtate at Callow in Derbyſhire was left to him by his kinsman Geo. Sacheverell, eſq. He died June 5, 1724; and, by his will, bequeathed to Biſhop Atterbury, then in exile, who was ſuppoſed to have penned his defence for him, the ſum of 500 l. By a letter to him from his
uncle,

Then well-fed lambs thy plenteous tables load,
 And mellow wines give appetite to food.
 Whilst the cool shade by small refreshing streams
 Invite soft sleep, and gentle pleasing dreams,
 The rustic youth the Goddess should implore
 To bless their fruits, and to increase their store.
 Thrice let the sacrifice in triumph led
 Crown the new offspring of her fruitful bed.
 A joyful choir shall sing her praises round,
 And with unequal motions beat the ground.
 Whilst oaken branches on their temples twine,
 To shew the better use of corn and wine.
 The Goddess, thus appeas'd, will bend her ear,
 And with a plenteous harvest will reward your care.
 The certain seasons of the year to know
 Great Jove has taught us, and from whence they flow,
 Droughts, rains, and winds, their certain signs forego. }
 Those messengers of Fate provide the way,
 To give the signal of a gloomy day.

uncle, 1711, it appears, that he had a brother named Thomas, and a sister Susannah. — The dutchess of Marlborough describes him as “ an ignorant impudent incendiary ; a man “ who was the scorn even of those who made use of him as “ a tool.” Account, &c. p. 247. — And Bp. Burnet says, “ He was a bold insolent man, with a very small measure of “ religion, virtue, learning, or good sense ; but he resolved to “ force himself into popularity and preferment, by the most “ petulant railings at Dissenters and Low-church men, in “ several sermons and libels, wrote without either chaste- “ ness of style, or liveliness of expression.” History, vol. III. p. 277. N.

The moon her tokens constantly fulfils,
 And with her beams points out th' approaching ills.
 Her waning orb puts on a various form,
 To give the sign of an impending storm.
 When South-winds rise, the herdsmen justly fear,
 And seek a shelter when the tempest's near.
 First from a gentle blast the winds arise,
 Whose infant voice in whispering murmurs flies,
 Then with loud clamours fills the troubled skies.
 By small degrees advanc'd, it stronger grows,
 Till every point each other does oppose.
 Then through the jarring zones it frets and roars,
 And lifts the swelling billows to the shores.
 Vast watery mountains roll upon the sand,
 And angry surges beat the trembling land.
 A harsh, shrill noise the echoing caverns fills,
 And strikes the ear from the resounding hills;
 Whose reverend tops, with aged pine-trees crown'd,
 Rock with the wind, and tremble with the sound.
 The threatening surges hardly can forbear
 The tatter'd vessel, while the seamen fear
 Each rolling billow should their last appear.
 The frighten'd native of the troubled waves
 His long-accustom'd habitation leaves.
 Now born aloft a winged army soar,
 To seek for safety on a calmer shore.
 The moor-hen, conscious of the tempest near,
 Plays on the sand, and so prevents her fear.
 The hern forsakes his ancient marshy bed,
 And towers to heaven, while clouds bedew his head;

Some-

Sometimes he's met by a descending star,
Which warns the tempest rushing from afar.
The headlong planet glides in fiery streams,
And shoots through darkness with its radiant beams :
It cuts the shadows with a train of light,
And makes a medley of the day and night.
A sportive whirlwind lifts the moving sand,
In mystic circles dancing on the land.
Now wanton feathers whiten all the flood ;
And sapless leaves fly o'er the shaken wood,
At distance blackening in a dusky cloud. }
But when a new-fledg'd storm comes blustering forth,
And quits the thundering regions of the North :
When East and West in distant poles conspire,
Uniting rage, to swell the deluge higher,
With rapid streams the full-charg'd channels flow,
Collecting forces as they farther go.
Th' unruly tide no sturdy banks control,
O'er unknown plains the furious torrents roll.
The reapers mourn, to see the deluge bear
The long-expected labours of the year.

SONG. BY SIR JOHN EATON.

TELL me not I my time mis-spend,

'Tis time lost to reprove me ;

Pursue thou thine, I have my end,

So Chloris only love me.

Tell me not other flocks are full,

Mine poor ; let them despise me

Who more abound with milk and wool,

So Chloris only prize me.

Tire other easier ears with these
 Unappurtaing stories;
 He never felt the world's disease,
 Who car'd not for its glories.
 For pity, thou that wiser art,
 Whose thoughts lie wide of mine;
 Let me alone with my own heart,
 And I'll ne'er envy thine.
 Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit,
 That seeks no higher prize,
 Than in unenvy'd shades to fit,
 And sing of Chloris' eyes.

SIR JOHN EATON IMITATED,

BY JOHN EARL OF ROCHESTER *.

TOO late, alas ! I must confess
 You need not arts to move me :
 Such charms by nature you possess,
 'Twere madness not to love ye.
 Then spare a heart you may surprize,
 And give my tongue the glory
 To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
 Betray a kinder story.

* The poems of this witty but profligate nobleman were very judiciously pruned by Dr. Johnson before their admission into the tenth volume of the English Poets. The Song here preserved, however, is sufficiently exempt from the censure too many of this writer's poems have deserved. In the "Supplement to Swift," I have had occasion to observe, from Mr. Granger, that Rochester had natural modesty. The fact

THE PASSING-BELL.

COME, honest sexton, take thy spade,
And let my grave be quickly made :

Thou still art ready for the dead,
Like a kind host, to make my bed.

I now am come to be thy guest,
Let me in some dark lodging rest,

For I am weary, full of pain,

And of my pilgrimage complain.

On Heaven's decree I waiting lie,

And all my wishes are to die.

Hark, I hear my passing-bell,

Farewell, my loving friends, farewell !

Make my cold bed, good sexton, deep,

That my poor bones may safely sleep ;

Until that sad and joyful day,

When from above a voice shall say,

“ Wake, all ye Dead, lift up your eyes,

“ The great Creator bids you rise.”

Then do I hope, among the just,

To shake off this polluted dust ;

And, with new robes of glory drest,

To have access among the blest.

Hark, I hear my passing-bell,

Farewell, my loving friends, farewell !

fact is, he wrote but little of the ribaldry which passes under his name ; but, having obtained the character of a lewd writer, every thing in that strain was fathered upon him.

“ In all his works,” Dr. Johnson says, “ there is spright-
“ liness and vigour, and every where may be found tokens of
“ a mind which study might have carried to excellence.” N.

BALLAD ON A NEW OPERA*. 1658.

NOW Heaven preserve our realm,
And him that sits at th' helm.

I will tell you of a new story
Of Sir William and his apes,
With full many merry japes,
Much after the rate of John Dorie.

This sight is to be seen
Near the street that's call'd the Queen,
And the people have call'd it the Opera.
But the devil take my wife,
If all the days in my life
I did ever see such a foppery.

Where first one begins
With a trip and a cringe,
And a face set in starch to accost 'em,
I †, and with a speech to boot,
That had neither head nor foot,
Might have serv'd for a Charterhouse *rostrum*.

* "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru; expressed by
"instrumental and vocal Musick, and by art of Perspective
"in Scenes, &c. Represented daily at The Cockpit in
"Drury Lane at three afternoon punctually, 1658." This
Opera may safely be ascribed to Sir William Davenant. It
was first acted at the time and place and in the manner be-
fore described, and afterwards introduced by the author into
"The Playhouse to be let." See a list of his dramatic wri-
tings in the new edition of Doddsley's Old Plays, vol. VIII. N.

† Used by Shakspeare and other ancient writers for *Aye*. N.
Oh,

Oh, he look'd so like a Jew,
Would have made a man spew,
When he told them here was this, here was that;
Just like him that shews the tombs,
For when the sum total comes,
'Tis two hours of I know not what.

Neither must I here forget
The music, how it was set,
*Disse two ayers and a half and a Jove**:
All the rest was such a gig,
Like the squeaking of a pig,
Or cats when they're making their love.

The next thing was the scene,
And that as it was lain,
But no man knows where in Peru,
With a story for the nonce
Of raw head and bloody bones,
But the devil a word that was true.

There might you have seen an ape
With his fellow for to gape,
Now dancing and turning o'er and o'er.
What cannot poets do?
They can find out in Peru
Things no man ever saw before.

Then presently the Spaniard
Struts with his winyard,
Now heaven of thy mercy how grim!
Who'd have thought that Christian men
Would have eat up children,
Had he not seen them do it limb by limb?

* To explain this, the music should be seen and heard. N.

Oh greater cruelty yet,
Like a pig upon a spit,
Here lies one, there another boil'd to a jelly;
Just so the people stare
At an ox in the fair,
Roasted whole, with a pudding in 's belly.

I durst have laid my head
That the king there had been dead,
When I saw how they basted and carv'd him;
Had he not come up again
Upon the stage, there to complain
How scurvily the rogues had serv'd him.

A little further in
Hung a third by the chin,
And a fourth cut out all in quarters;
Oh, that Fox had now been living,
They had been sure of Heaven,
Or at the least been some of his Martyrs.

But, which was strange again,
The Indians that they had slain
Came dancing all in a troop;
But, oh, give me the last,
For, as often as he pass'd,
He still tumbled like a dog in a hoop.

And now, my Signior Strugge*,
In good faith you may go jogge,
For Sir William will have something to brag on;
Oh, the English boys are come
With their fife and their drum,
And still the Knight must conquer the Dragon.

* Perhaps the baboon introduced in this opera. R.

And so now my story is done,
And I'll end as I begun,
With a word, and I care not who know it;
Heaven keep us, great and small,
And blefs us some and all,
From every fuch pitiful Poet !

THE HYPOCRITE, BY MR. CARYLL*.
ON THE LORD SHAFTESBURY. 1678.

THOU'rt more inconstant than the wind or sea,
Or that still veering sex out-done by thee :
Reeling from vice to vice, thou hast run through
Legions of sins more than the casuists know :
Of whom thy friends were wont to say, " Poor devil !
At least he was not constant to his evil !"
Dealing so long in sins of pomp and glory,
Who would have thought (to make up Guzman's story)
Hypocrisy at last should enter in,
And fix this floating mercury of sin ?
All his old sins, like misses out of date,
Turn pensioners to this new miss of state :
His actions, look, and garb, take a new frame,
And wear the livery of this fullen dame :
Plain band, and hair, and cloaths, disguise the man,
All, but his dealing and his heart, is plain.
Not Ovid's stories, nor the wife of Lot,
Can boast a change beyond our state-bigot :

* Of whom see vol. II. p. 1. N.

All on the sudden, in one fatal morn,
 Our courtier did to a stark Quaker turn.
 Some think
 He does, as criminals who would defeat
 The course of Justice, madness counterfeit:
 No, Godliness, that once much-pitied thing,
 | Of his new fiddle is the only string:

For the poor Church is all his tender care,
 And Popery's growth he sounds in every ear;
 At which the dirty rout run grunting in,
 As when the old wife's kettle rings the swine.

So the court-dame, who in her youthful pride
 No pleasure to her craving sense deny'd,
 But, unreserv'd, with every fresh delight,
 Did prodigally feast her appetite,
 Age drawing on, when through her youth's decay,
 Her servants with her beauty drop away;
 For winter quarters, she Religion takes,
 And of necessity a virtue makes.

And when the wrinkles of her face no cure
 Will longer from the help of art endure,
 Covering the worn-out sinner with the saint,
 As once her face, she now her soul does paint.
 Since churches are not, must religion be
 Of guilty persons still the sanctuary?

When great men fall, or popular men would rise,
 Both from religion borrow their disguise.

Then, like Achilles in his fate-proof arms,
 They boldly march, guided with holy charms,
 And brow-beat Cæsar, and defy his laws;
 Who dare resist the champion of God's cause?

But, when the place or pension is your own,
 When the opposing party is run down,
 Religion and God's cause aside are cast,
 Like actor's habit, when the play is past.

This dame Hypocrisy, with four face,
 Does fit supply old mother Moseley's place:
 She for his body did provision find,
 This caters for the lechery of his mind,
 And for his vast ambition, and his pride,
 And his insatiate avarice, does provide;
 His body thus and soul together vie
 In Vice's empire for the sovereignty.
 In ulcers that, this does abound in sin,
 Lazar without, and Lucifer within;
 The silver-pipe* is no sufficient drain
 For the corruption of this little man;
 Who, though he ulcers have in every part,
 Is no where so corrupt as in his heart.

ON SEEING A BANK OF PRIMROSES,
 IN JANUARY, COVERED WITH SNOW.

BY MR. THOMAS FOXTON †.

THESE forward roses spread an infant bloom,
 Lavish at once of beauty and perfume;
 Their yellow leaves with fragrant pride display,
 And smile all lovely on the rising day;

* An allusion to a surgical instrument. N.

† Author of "The Metamorphosis of Mr. Pope into a
 "Stinging-nettle," at the end of "The Female Dunciad,"
 1728; and translator of Burnet's "Archæologia Philoso-
 "phica," and his tract "De futurâ Judæorum Restaura-
 "tione." N.

Ambitious seem to deck some virgin's breast,
 And there for ever lay their fading sweets to rest.
 But, cruel chance ! keen Eastern gales arise,
 And drive the Winter through the hazy skies ;
 These pretty flowers can now no longer glow,
 Pierc'd with the frost, and buried under snow ;
 If still relentless storms persist to beat,
 And chilling vapours damp the genial heat ;
 There 's no relief, these gaudy sweets must die,
 And all their pregnant charms in long oblivion lie.
 But should the sun, in majesty serene,
 Adorn the grove, and paint the burnish'd green ;
 Each drooping rose its mournful head would rear,
 Bright as the heavens, and like the morning fair ;
 While purple honours crown the well-distinguish'd
 year.

ON THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

BY DR. PARNELL *. 1715.

THIS house and inhabitants both well agree,
 And resemble each other as near as can be ;
 One half is decay'd, and in want of a prop,
 The other new-built, but not finish'd at top.

ON

* Thomas Parnell, D. D. descended from an antient family of Congleton in Cheshire, was born in Dublin, in the year 1679 ; and was admitted a member of Dublin College at the early age of thirteen. He took his degree of M. A. July 9, 1700 ; and in the same year was ordained a deacon by

ON THE DEATH OF MR. VINER.

BY DR. PARNELL.

IS Viner dead? and shall each Muse become
 Silent as Death, and as his music dumb?
 Shall he depart without a Poet's praise,
 Who oft to harmony has tun'd their lays?
 Shall he, who knew the elegance of sound,
 Find no one voice to sing him to the ground?
 Music and Poetry are sister-arts,
 Shew a like genius, and consenting hearts:
 My soul with his is secretly ally'd,
 And I am forc'd to speak, since Viner dy'd.

Oh,

by Dr. William King, then bishop of Derry, having a dispensation from the primate, as being under twenty-three years of age. He was admitted into priests orders about three years after, by Dr. King, then archbishop of Dublin; and was collated by Dr. St. George Ashe, bishop of Clogher, to the archdeaconry of Clogher, Feb. 9, 1705. About that time also he married Miss Anne Minchin, a young lady of great merit and beauty, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and a daughter, living in 1770. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, August 24, 1712, say, "I am heartily
 " for poor Mrs. Parnell's death: she seem'd to be an excel-
 " lent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad
 " is much afflicted: they appeared to live perfectly well to-
 " gether." This event is supposed to have made an indelible impression on his spirits. He was warmly recommended by the Dean to archbishop King: who gave him a prebend in 1713, and the vicarage of Finglas (worth about 400 l. a year)

Oh, that my Muse, as once his notes, could swell
 That I might all his praises fully tell ;
 That I might say with how much skill he play'd,
 How nimbly four extended strings survey'd ;
 How bow and fingers, with a noble strife,
 Did raise the vocal fiddle into life ;
 How various sounds, in various order rang'd,
 By unobserv'd degrees minutely chang'd,
 Through a vast space could in divisions run,
 Be all distinct, yet all agree in one :
 And how the faster notes could swiftly pass,
 And skip alternately from place to place ;
 The strings could with a sudden impulse bound,
 Speak every touch, and tremble into sound.

The liquid harmony, a tuneful tide,
 Now seem'd to rage, anon would gently glide ;

May 31, 1716. His gratitude is beautifully expressed in a poem on the Dean's birth-day, 1713. He died at Chester, in July 1718, on his way to Ireland ; and was buried in Trinity church in that town, without any monument to mark the place of his interment. As he left no male issue, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, baronet, whose father was younger brother to the archdeacon, and one of the justices of the king's bench in Ireland. The character of Dr. Parnell is admirably portrayed by Dr. Goldsmith, in the Life prefixed to a volume of his Poems, originally published by Mr. Pope, in 1721. A posthumous volume was printed at Dublin in 1758. And both these volumes united, with several additional poems which I had formerly collected, are printed in the forty-fourth volume of the "English Poets." N.

By

By turns would ebb and flow, would rise and fall,
 Be loudly daring, or be softly small :
 While all was blended in one common name,
 Wave push'd on wave, and all compos'd a stream.

The different tones melodiously combin'd,
 Temper'd with art, in sweet confusion join'd ;
 The soft, the strong, the clear, the shrill, the deep,
 Would sometimes soar aloft, and sometimes creep ;
 While every soul upon his motions hung,
 As though it were in tuneful concert strung.
 His touch did strike the fibres of the heart,
 And a like trembling secretly impart ;
 Where various passions did by turns succeed,
 He made it chearful, and he made it bleed ;
 Could wind it up into a glowing fire,
 Then shift the scene, and teach it to expire.

Oft have I seen him, on a public stage,
 Alone the gaping multitude engage ;
 The eyes and ears of each spectator draw,
 Command their thoughts, and give their passions law ;
 While other music, in oblivion drown'd,
 Seem'd a dead pulse, or a neglected sound.

Alas ! he's gone, our great Apollo's dead,
 And all that's sweet and tuneful with him fled ;
 Hibernia, with one universal cry,
 Laments the loss, and speaks his elegy.
 Farewell, thou author of refin'd delight,
 Too little known, too soon remov'd from sight ;
 Those fingers, which such pleasure did convey,
 Must now become to stupid worms a prey :

Thy grateful fiddle will for ever stand
 A silent mourner for its master's hand :
 Thy art is only to be match'd above,
 Where Music reigns, and in that Music Love :
 Where thou wilt in the happy chorus join,
 And quickly thy melodious soul refine
 To the exalted pitch of Harmony Divine.

EPIGRAM. BY DR. PARNELL.

“ Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat

“ Res angusta domi —”

THE greatest gifts that Nature does bestow,
 Can't unassisted to perfection grow :
 A scanty fortune clips the wings of Fame,
 And checks the progress of a rising name :
 Each dastard virtue drags a captive's chain,
 And moves but slowly, for it moves with pain :
 Domestic cares sit hard upon the mind,
 And cramp those thoughts which should be unconfin'd :
 The cries of Poverty alarm the soul,
 Abate its vigour, its designs control :
 The stings of Want inflict the wounds of Death,
 And motion always ceases with the breath.
 The love of friends is found a languid fire,
 That glares but faintly, and will soon expire ;
 Weak is its force, nor can its warmth be great,
 A feeble light begets a feeble heat.
 Wealth is the fuel that must feed the flame,
 It dies in rags, and scarce deserves a name.

LOVE

LOVE IN DISGUISE,

BY DR. PARNELL.

TO stifle passion, is no easy thing;
 A heart in love is always on the wing;
 The bold betrayer flutters still,
 And fans the breath prepar'd to tell:
 It melts the tongue, and tunes the throat,
 And moves the lips to form the note;
 And when the speech is lost,
 It then sends out its ghost,
 A little sigh,
 To say we die.

'Tis strange the air that cools, a flame should prove;
 But wonder not, it is the air of love.

Yet, Chloris, I can make my love look well,
 And cover bleeding wounds I can't conceal;
 My words such artful accents break,
 You think I rather act than speak:
 My sighs, enliven'd through a smile,
 Your unsuspecting thoughts beguile;
 My eyes are vary'd so,
 You can't their wishes know:
 And I'm so gay,
 You think I play.

Happy contrivance! such as can't be priz'd,
 To live in love, and yet to live disguis'd!

CHLORIS APPEARING IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

BY DR. PARNELL.

OFT have I seen a piece of art,
Of light and shade the mixture fine,
Speak all the passions of the heart,
And shew true life in every line.

But what is this before my eyes,
With every feature, every grace,
That strikes with love and with surprize,
And gives me all the vital face?

It is not Chloris : for, behold,
The shifting phantom comes and goes ;
And when 'tis here, 'tis pale and cold,
Nor any female softness knows.

But 'tis her image, for I feel
The very pains that Chloris gives ;
Her charms are there, I know them well,
I see what in my bosom lives.

Oh, could I but the picture save !
'Tis drawn by her own matchless skill ;
Nature the lively colours gave,
And she need only look to kill.

Ah ! fair-one, will it not suffice,
That I should once your victim lie ;
Unless you multiply your eyes,
And strive to make me doubly die?

ON A LADY WITH FOUL BREATH.

BY DR. PARNELL.

AR T thou alive? It cannot be,
 There's so much rottenness in thee,
 Corruption only is in death;
 And what's more putrid than thy breath?
 Think not you live because you speak,
 For graves such hollow sounds can make;
 And respiration can't suffice,
 For vapours do from caverns rise:
 From thee such noisome stench comes,
 Thy mouth betrays thy breast a tomb.
 Thy body is a corpse that goes,
 By magic rais'd from its repose:
 A pestilence, that walks by day,
 But falls at night to worms and clay.
 But I will to my Chloris run,
 Who will not let me be undone:
 The sweets her virgin-breath contains
 Are fitted to remove my pains;
 There will I healing nectar sip,
 And, to be sav'd, approach her lip,
 Though, if I touch the matchless dame,
 I'm sure to burn with inward flame.
 Thus, when I would one danger shun,
 I'm straight upon another thrown:
 I seek a cure, one sore to ease,
 Yet in that cure's a new disease

But Love, though fatal, still can bless,
And greater dangers hide the less ;
I'll go where passion bids me fly,
And choose my death, since I must die ;
As Doves, pursued by birds of prey,
Venture with milder man to stay.

ON THE NUMBER THREE.

BY DR. PARNELL.

BEAUTY rests not in one fix'd place,
But seems to reign in every face ;
'Tis nothing sure but fancy then,
In various forms, bewitching men ;
Or is its shape and colour fram'd,
Proportion just, and Woman nam'd ?
If Fancy only rul'd in Love,
Why should it then so strongly move ?
Or why should all that look agree,
To own its mighty power in Three ?
In Three it shews a different face,
Each shining with peculiar grace.
Kindred a native likeness gives,
Which pleases, as in all it lives ;
And, where the features disagree,
We praise the dear variety.
Then Beauty surely ne'er was yet,
So much unlike itself, and so complete.

ESSAY

ESSAY ON THE DIFFERENT
STYLES OF POETRY*.

TO HENRY LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

BY DR. PARNELL†.

“—Vatibus addere calcar,

“Ut studioma jore petant Heliconavirentem.” HOR. Ep. II. 1.

I HATE the vulgar with untuneful mind;
Hearts uninspir’d, and senses unrefin’d.

Hence, ye prophane: I raise the founding string,
And Bolingbroke descends to hear me sing.

When

* This and the preceding Poems by Dr. Parnell (as has been already said of Dr. Yalden) were omitted in the former collection only because they could not then be met with. I cannot but take this opportunity of correcting a mistake (which I was led into by Dr. Birch) in the note on the English Poets, vol. XLIV. p. 263. What is there said on the Poem on Queen Anne’s Peace more probably belongs to this Essay. The peace was not signed till March 30, 1713. By Swift’s Journal to Stella, Dec. 22, 25, 1712, Jan. 6. 17, 31, and Feb. 19, 1712-13, it appears that this poem received several corrections in consequence of hints from Dr. Swift, who introduced Parnell both to Oxford and Bolingbroke. N.

† Allegory is in itself so retired a way of Writing, that it was thought proper to say something beforehand concerning this Piece, which is entirely framed upon it. The design, therefore, is to shew the several Styles which have been made use of by those who have endeavoured to write in verse.

The

When Greece could truth in Mystic Fable shroud,
 And with delight instruct the listening crowd,
 An ancient Poet (Time has lost his name)
 Deliver'd strains on Verse to future fame.
 Still, as he sung, he touch'd the trembling lyre,
 And felt the notes a rising warmth inspire.
 Ye sweetening Graces, in the Music throng,
 Assist my genius, and retrieve the song
 From dark oblivion. See, my genius goes
 To call it forth. 'Twas thus the Poem rose.

“ WIT

The scheme, by which it is carried on, supposes an old Grecian Poet couching his observations or instructions within an Allegory; which Allegory is wrought out upon the single word Flight, as in the figurative way it signifies a thought above the common level: here Wit is made to be Pegasus, and the Poet his Rider, who flies by several countries where he must not touch, by which are meant so many vicious Styles, and arrives at last at the Sublime. This way of Writing is not only very engaging to the fancy whenever it is well performed; but it has been thought also one of the first that the Poets made use of. Hence arose many of those stories concerning the Heathen Gods, which at first were invented to insinuate Truth and Morality more pleasingly, and which afterwards made Poetry itself more solemn, when they happened to be received into the Heathen Divinity. And indeed there seems to be no likelier way by which a Poetical Genius may yet appear as an Original, than that he should proceed with a full compass of thought and knowledge, either to design his plan, or to beautify the parts of it, in an allegorical manner. We are much beholden to Antiquity
 for

“ WIT is the Muses’ horse, and bears on high
 The daring rider to the Muses’ sky :
 Who, while his strength to mount aloft he tries,
 By regions varying in their nature flies.

At first, he riseth o’er a land of toil,
 A barren, hard, and undeserving soil,
 Where only weeds from heavy labour grow,
 Which yet the nation prune, and keep for show.

for those excellent compositions by which Writers at present form their minds ; but it is not so much required of us to adhere merely to their fables, as to observe their manner. For, if we preclude our own invention, Poetry will consist only in expression, or simile, or the application of old stories ; and the utmost character to which a Genius can arrive will depend on imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we must agree together not to call stealing, because we take only from the Ancients. There have been Poets amongst ourselves, such as Spenser and Milton, who have successfully ventured further. These instances may let us see that Invention is not bounded by what has been done before : they may open our imaginations, and be one method of preserving us from Writing without schemes. As for what relates any further particularly to this Poem, the Reader will observe, that its aim is Instruction. Perhaps a representation of several mistakes and difficulties, which happen to many who write Poetry, may deter some from attempting what they have not been made for : and perhaps the description of several beauties belonging to it may afford hints towards forming a Genius for delighting and improving mankind. If either of these happen, the Poem is useful ; and upon that account its faults may be more easily excused. PARNELL.

Where

Where couplets jingling on their accent run,
 Whose Point of Epigram is sunk to Pun;
 Where * wings by fancy never feather'd fly,
 Where lines by measure form'd in Hatchets lie;
 Where Altars stand, erected Porches gape,
 And sense is cramp'd while words are par'd to shape;
 Where mean Acrosticks, labour'd in a frame
 On scatter'd letters, raise a painful scheme;
 And, by confinement in their work, control
 The great enlargings of the boundless soul;
 Where if a warrior's elevated fire
 Would all the brightest strokes of verse require,
 Then straight in Anagram a wretched crew
 Will pay their undeserving praises too;
 While on the rack his poor disjointed name
 Must tell its master's character to Fame.
 And (if my fire and fears aright presage)
 The labouring writers of a future age
 Shall clear new ground, and grots and caves repair,
 To civilize the babbling echoes there.
 Then, while a lover treads a lonely walk,
 His voice shall with its own reflection talk,
 The closing sounds of all the vain device
 Select by trouble frivolously nice,
 Resound through verse, and with a false pretence
 Support the dialogue, and pass for sense.
 Can things like these to lasting praise pretend?
 Can any Muse the worthless toil befriend?

* These and the like conceits of putting Poems into several shapes by the different lengths of lines, are frequent in old Poets of most languages. PARNELL.

Ye sacred Virgins, in my thoughts ador'd,
 Ah, be for ever in my lines deplor'd,
 If tricks on words acquire an endless name,
 And trifles merit in the court of Fame!"

At this the Poet stood concern'd a while,
 And view'd his objects with a scornful smile:
 Then other images of different kind,
 With different workings, enter'd on his mind;
 At whose approach, he felt the former gone,
 And shiver'd in conceit, and thus went on:

"By a cold region next the Rider goes,
 Where all lies cover'd in eternal snows;
 Where no bright Genius drives the chariot high,
 To glitter on the ground, and gild the sky.
 Bleak level Realm, where Frigid Styles abound,
 Where never yet a daring thought was found,
 But counted feet is Poetry defin'd;
 And starv'd conceits, that chill the reader's mind,
 A little sense in many words imply,
 And drag in loitering numbers slowly by.
 Here dry sententious speeches, half asleep,
 Prolong'd in lines, o'er many pages creep;
 Nor ever shew the passions well express'd,
 Nor raise like passions in another's breast.
 Here flat narrations fair exploits debase,
 In measures void of every shining grace;
 Which never arm their hero for the field,
 Nor with prophetic story paint the shield,
 Nor fix the crest, nor make the feathers wave,
 Nor with their characters reward the brave;

Undeck'd

Undeck'd they stand, and unadorn'd with praise,
 And fail to profit while they fail to please.
 Here forc'd Description is so strangely wrought,
 It never stamps its image on the thought;
 The lifeless trees may stand for ever bare,
 And rivers stop, for aught the readers care;
 They see no branches trembling in the woods,
 Nor hear the murmurs of increasing floods,
 Which near the roots of ruffled waters flow,
 And shake the shadows of the boughs below.
 Ah, sacred Verse, replete with heavenly flame,
 Such cold endeavours would invade thy name!
 The writer fondly would in these survive,
 Which, wanting spirit, never seem'd alive:
 But, if Applause or Fame attend his pen,
 Let breathless statues pass for breathing men."

Here seem'd the Singer touch'd at what he sung,
 And grief a while delay'd his hand and tongue:
 But soon he check'd his fingers, chose a strain,
 And flourish'd shrill, and thus arose again:

"Pass the next region which appears to show:
 'Tis very open, unimprov'd, and low;
 No noble flights of elevated thought,
 No nervous strength of sense maturely wrought,
 Possess this Realm; but common turns are there,
 Which idly sportive move with childish air.
 On callow wings, and like a plague of flies,
 The little fancies in a Poem rise,
 The jaded Reader every where to strike,
 And move his passions every where alike.

There all the graceful nymphs are forc'd to play
 Where any water bubbles in the way :
 There shaggy Satyrs are oblig'd to rove
 In all the fields, and over all the grove :
 There every star is summon'd from its sphere,
 To dress one face, and make Clorinda fair :
 There Cupids fling their darts in every song,
 While Nature stands neglected all along :
 Till the teaz'd hearer, vex'd at last to find
 One constant object still assault the mind,
 Admires no more at what 's no longer new,
 And hastes to shun the persecuting view.
 There bright surprizes of Poetic rage
 (Whose strength and beauty, more confirm'd in age
 For having lasted, last the longer still)
 By weak attempts are imitated ill,
 Or carried on beyond their proper light,
 Or with refinement flourish'd out of sight.
 There Metaphors on Metaphors abound,
 And sense by differing images confound :
 Strange injudicious management of thought,
 Not born to rage, nor into method brought.
 Ah, sacred Muse ! from such a Realm retreat,
 Nor idly waste the influence of thy heat
 On shallow soils, where quick productions rise,
 And wither as the warmth that rais'd them dies."

Here o'er his breast a sort of pity roll'd,
 Which something labouring in the mind control'd,
 And made him touch the loud resounding strings,
 While thus with Music's stronger tones he sings :

“ Mount

“ Mount higher still, still keep thy faithful seat,
Mind the firm reins, and curb thy courser's heat;
Nor let him touch the Realms that next appear,
Whose hanging turrets seem a fall to fear;
And strangely stand along the tracts of air,
Where thunder rolls, and bearded comets glare.
The thoughts that most extravagantly soar,
The words that sound as if they meant to roar;
For rant and noise are offer'd here to choice,
And stand elected by the public voice.
All schemes are slighted which attempt to shine
At once with strange and probable design;
'Tis here a mean conceit, a vulgar view,
That bears the least respect to seeming true;
While every trifling turn of things is seen
To move by Gods descending in machine.
Here swelling lines with stalking strut proceed,
And in the clouds terrific rumblings breed;
Here single heroes deal grim deaths around,
And armies perish in tremendous sound;
Here fearful monsters are preserv'd to die,
In such a tumult as affrights the sky;
For which the golden sun shall hide with dread,
And Neptune lift his sedge-matted head,
Admire the roar, and dive with dire dismay,
And seek his deepest chambers in the sea.
'To raise their subject thus the lines devise,
And false extravagance would fain surprize;
Yet still, ye Gods, ye live untouch'd by fear,
And undisturb'd at bellowing monsters here:

But

But with compassion guard the brain of men,
If thus they bellow through the Poet's pen:
So will the Reader's eyes discern aright
The rashest sally from the noblest flight,
And find that only boast and sound agree
To seem the life and voice of majesty,
When Writers rampant on Apollo call,
And bid him enter and possess them all,
And make his flames afford a wild pretence
To keep them unrestrain'd by common sense.
Ah, sacred Verse! lest Reason quit thy seat,
Give none to such, or give a gentler heat."

'Twas here the Singer felt his temper wrought
By fairer prospects, which arose to thought;
And in himself a while collected sat,
And much admir'd at this, and much at that;
Till all the beauteous forms in order ran,
And then he took their track, and thus began:

"Above the beauties, far above the show
In which weak Nature dresses here below,
Stands the great palace of the Bright and Fine,
Where fair ideas in full glory shine;
Eternal models of exalted parts,
The pride of minds, and conquerors of hearts.

Upon the first arrival here, are seen
Rang'd walks of bay, the Muses' ever-green,
Each sweetly springing from some sacred bough,
Whose circling shade adorn'd a Poet's brow,
While through the leaves, in unmolested skies,
The gentle breathing of applauses flies,

And flattering sounds are heard within the breze,
And pleasing murmur runs among the trees,
And falls of water join the flattering sounds,
And murmur softening from the shore rebounds.
The warbled melody, the lovely sights,
The calms of solitude inspire delights,
The dazzled eyes, the ravish'd ears, are caught,
The panting heart unites to purer thought,
And grateful shiverings wander o'er the skin,
And wondrous ecstasies arise within,
Whence admiration overflows the mind,
And leaves the pleasure felt, but undefin'd.
Stay, daring Rider, now no longer rove ;
Now pass to find the palace through the grove :
Whate'er you see, whate'er you feel, display
The Realm you sought for ; daring Rider, stay.

Here various Fancy spreads a varied scene,
And Judgement likes the sight, and looks serene,
And can be pleas'd itself, and helps to please,
And joins the work, and regulates the lays.
Thus, on a plan design'd by double care,
The building rises in the glittering air,
With just agreement fram'd in every part,
And smoothly polish'd with the nicest art.

Here laurel-boughs, which ancient heroes wore,
Now not so fading as they prov'd before,
Wreath round the pillars which the Poets rear,
And slope their points to make a foliage there.
Here chaplets, pull'd in gently-breathing wind,
And wrought by lovers innocently kind,

Hung

Hung o'er the porch, their fragrant odours give,
 And fresh in lasting song for ever live.
 The shades, for whom with such indulgent care
 Fame wreaths the boughs, or hangs the chaplets there,
 To deathless honours thus preserv'd above,
 For ages conquer, or for ages love.

Here bold Description paints the walls within,
 Her pencil touches, and the world is seen :
 The fields look beauteous in their flowery pride,
 The mountains rear aloft, the vales subside;
 The cities rise, the rivers seem to play,
 And hanging rocks repell the foaming sea;
 The foaming seas their angry billows show,
 Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,
 Or cease their rage, and, as they calmly lie,
 Return the pleasing pictures of the sky ;
 The skies, extended in an open view,
 Appear a lofty distant arch of blue,
 In which Description stains the painted bow,
 Or thickens clouds, and feathers-out the snow,
 Or mingles blushes in the morning ray,
 Or gilds the noon, or turns an evening gray.

Here, on the pedestals of War and Peace,
 In different rows, and with a different grace,
 Fine Statues proudly ride, or nobly stand,
 To which Narration with a pointing hand
 Directs the sight, and makes examples please
 By boldly venturing to dilate in praise ;
 While chosen beauties lengthen out the song,
 Yet make her hearers never think it long.

Or if, with closer art, with sprightly mien,
Scarce like herself, and more like Action seen,
She bids their facts in images arise,
And seem to pass before the Reader's eyes,
The words like charms enchanted motion give,
And all the Statues of the Palace live.
Then hosts embattled stretch their lines afar,
Their leaders' speeches animate the war,
The trumpets found, the feather'd arrows fly,
The sword is drawn, the lance is toss'd on high,
The brave press-on, the fainter forces yield,
And death in different shapes deforms the field.
Or, should the shepherds be dispos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly pipe beguiles the day,
And jocund Echos dally with the sound,
And Nymphs in measures trip along the ground,
And, ere the dews have wet the grass below,
Turn homewards singing all the way they go.

Here, as on circumstance Narrations dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly seem to tell,
The toil of Heroes on the dusty plains,
Or on the green the merriment of Swains,
Reflection speaks : then all the Forms that rose
In life's enchanted scene themselves compose ;
Whilst the grave voice, controlling all the spells,
With solemn utterance, thus the Moral tells :
“ So Public Worth its enemies destroys,
Or Private Innocence itself enjoys.”

Here all the Passions, for their greater sway,
In all the power of words themselves array;

And hence the soft Pathetic gently charms,
 And hence the bolder fills the breast with arms.
 Sweet Love in numbers finds a world of darts,
 And with Desirings wounds the tender hearts.
 Fair Hope displays its pinions to the wind,
 And flutters in the lines, and lifts the mind.
 Brisk Joy with transport fills the rising strain,
 Breaks in the notes, and bounds in every vein.
 Stern Courage, glittering in the sparks of Ire,
 Inflames those lays that set the breast on fire.
 Aversion learns to fly with swifter will,
 In numbers taught to represent an ill.
 By frightful accents Fear produces fears;
 By sad expression Sorrow melts to tears:
 And dire Amazement and Despair are brought
 By words of Horror through the wilds of thought.
 'Tis thus tumultuous Passions learn to roll;
 Thus, arm'd with Poetry, they win the soul.

Pass further through the Dome, another view
 Would now the pleasures of thy mind renew,
 Where oft Description for the colours goes,
 Which raise and animate its native shows;
 Where oft Narration seeks a florid grace
 To keep from sinking ere 'tis time to cease;
 Where easy turns Reflection looks to find,
 When Morals aim at dress to please the mind;
 Where lively Figures are for use array'd,
 And these an Action, those a Passion, aid.

There modest Metaphors in order fit,
 With unaffected, undisguising Wit,

That leave their own, and seek another's place,
 Not forc'd, but changing with an easy pace,
 To deck a notion faintly seen before,
 And Truth preserves her shape, and shines the more.

By these the beauteous Similes reside,
 In look more open, in design ally'd,
 Who, fond of likenesses, from another's face
 Bring every feature's corresponding grace,
 With near approaches in expression flow,
 And take the turn their pattern loves to show;
 As in a glass the shadows meet the fair,
 And dress and practise with resembling air.
 Thus Truth by pleasure doth her aim pursue,
 Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled view.

There Repetitions one another meet,
 Expressly strong, or languishingly sweet,
 And raise the sort of sentiment they please,
 And urge the sort of sentiment they raise.

There close in order are the Questions plac'd,
 Which march with art conceal'd in shows of haste,
 And work the Reader till his mind be brought
 To make its answers in the Writer's thought.
 For thus the moving Passions seem to throng,
 And with their quickness force the soul along;
 And thus the soul grows fond they should prevail,
 When every Question seems a fair appeal;
 And if by just degrees of strength they soar,
 In steps as equal each affects the more.

There strange Commotion, naturally shown,
 Speaks on regardless that she speaks alone,

Nor

Nor minds if they to whom she talks be near,
 Nor cares if that to which she talks can hear.
 The warmth of Anger dares an absent Foe;
 The words of Pity speak to tears of Woe;
 The Love that hopes, on errands sends the breeze;
 And Love despairing moans to naked trees.

There stand the new Creations of the Muse,
 Poetic Persons, whom the Writers use
 Whene'er a cause magnificently great
 Would fix attention with peculiar weight.
 'Tis hence that humble Provinces are seen
 Transform'd to Matrons with neglected mien,
 Who call their Warriors in a mournful sound,
 And shew their Crowns of Turrets on the ground,
 While over Urns reclining Rivers moan
 They should enrich a nation not their own.
 'Tis hence the Virtues are no more confin'd
 To be but rules of reason in the mind;
 The heavenly Forms start forth, appear to breathe,
 And in bright shapes converse with men beneath;
 And, as a God in combat Valour leads,
 In council Prudence as a Goddess aids.

There Exclamations all the voice employ
 In sudden flushes of Concern or Joy:
 Then seem the sluices, which the Passions bound,
 To burst asunder with a speechless sound;
 And then with tumult and surprize they roll,
 And shew the case important in the soul.

There rising Sentences attempt to speak,
 Which Wonder, Sorrow, Shame, or Anger, break;

But so the Part directs to find the rest,
 That what remains behind is more than guess'd.
 Thus fill'd with ease, yet left unfinish'd too,
 The sense looks large within the Reader's view.
 He freely gathers all the Passion means,
 And artful silence more than words explains.
 Methinks a thousand Graces more I see,
 And I could dwell—but when would thought be free?
 Engaging Method ranges all the band,
 And smooth Transition joins them hand in hand:
 Around the musick of my lays they throng,
 Ah, too deserving objects of my song!
 Live, wondrous Palace, live secure of time,
 To Senses Harmony, to Souls sublime,
 And just Proportion all, and great Design,
 And lively Colours, and an Air divine.

'Tis here that, guided by the Muses' fire,
 And fill'd with sacred thought, her Friends retire,
 Unbent to care, and unconcern'd with noise,
 To taste repose and elevated joys,
 Which in a deep untroubled leisure meet,
 Serenely ravishing, politely sweet.
 From hence the Charms that most engage they choose,
 And, as they please, the glittering objects use;
 While to their Genius, more than Art, they trust,
 Yet Art acknowledges their labours just.
 From hence they look, from this exalted show,
 To choose their subject in the world below,
 And where an Hero well deserves a name,
 They consecrate his acts in song to Fame;

Or,

Or, if a Science unadorn'd they find,
 They smoothe its look to please and teach the mind;
 And where a Friendship's generously strong,
 They celebrate the knot of souls in song;
 Or, if the Verses must inflame Desire,
 The thoughts are melted, and the words on fire:
 But, when the Temples deck'd with glory stand,
 And hymns of Gratitude the Gods demand,
 Their bosoms kindle with Celestial Love,
 And then alone they cast their eyes above.

Hail, sacred Verse! ye sacred Muses, hail!
 Could I your pleasures with your fire reveal,
 The world might then be taught to know you right,
 And court your rage, and envy my delight.
 But, whilst I follow where your pointed beams
 My course directing shoot in golden streams,
 The bright appearance dazzles Fancy's eyes,
 And weary'd-out the fix'd Attention lies;
 Enough, my Verses, have you work'd my breast,
 I'll seek the sacred Grove, and sink to rest."

No longer now the ravish'd Poet sung,
 His voice in easy cadence left the tongue;
 Nor o'er the musick did his fingers fly,
 The sounds ran tingling, and they seem'd to die.

O, Bolingbroke! O Favourite of the skies,
 O horn to gifts by which the noblest rise,
 Improv'd in arts by which the brightest please,
 Intent to business, and polite for ease;
 Sublime in eloquence, where loud applause
 Hath stil'd thee Patron of a nation's cause.

'Twas

'Twas there the world perceiv'd and own'd thee great,
Thence Anna call'd thee to the reins of State ;
" Go, said the greatest Queen, with Oxford go,
And still the tumults of the world below,
Exert thy powers, and prosper ; he that knows
To move with Oxford, never should repose."

She spake : the Patriot overspread thy mind,
And all thy days to public good resign'd.
Else might thy soul, so wonderfully wrought
For every depth and turn of curious thought,
'To this the Poet's sweet recess * retreat,
And thence report the pleasures of the seat,
Describe the raptures which a Writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Describe his business while he works the mine,
Describe his temper when he sees it shine,
Or say, when Readers easy verse ensnares,
How much the Writer's mind can act on theirs :
Whence images, in charming numbers set,
A sort of likenesses in the soul beget,
And what fair visions oft we fancy nigh
By fond delusions of the swimming eye,
Or further pierce through Nature's maze to find
How passions drawn give passions to the mind.

Oh, what a sweet confusion ! what surprize !
How quick the shifting views of pleasure rise !
While, lightly skimming, with a transient wing,
I touch the beauties which I wish to sing.

* That his Lordship occasionally cultivated the Muses,
may be seen in the fourth volume of this Miscellany. N.

Is

Is Verse a fovereign Regent of the foul,
 And fitted all its motions to control?
 Or are they fifters, tun'd at once above,
 And fhake like unifons if either move?
 For, when the numbers fing an eager fight,
 I've heard a foldier's voice exprefs delight;
 I've feen his eyes with crowding fpirits fhine,
 And round his hilt his hand unthanking twine.
 When from the fhore the fickle Trojan flies,
 And in fweet meafures poor Eliza dies,
 I've feen the book forfake the virgin's hand,
 And in her eyes the tears but hardly ftand.
 I've known her blufh at foft Corinna's name,
 And in red characters confeffs a flame:
 Or with fuccefs had more adorn'd his arms,
 Who gave the world for Cleopatra's charms.

Ye Sons of Glory, be my firft appeal,
 If here the power of lines thefe lines reveal.
 When fome great youth has with impetuous thought
 Read o'er atchievements which another wrought,
 And feen his courage and his honour go
 Through crowding nations in triumphant fhew,
 His foul, enchanted by the words he reads,
 Shines all impregnated with fparkling feeds,
 And courage here, and honour there, appears
 In brave defign that foars beyond his years,
 And this a fpear, and that a chariot lends,
 And war and triumph he by turns attends;
 Thus gallant pleasures are his waking dream,
 Till fome fair caufe have call'd him forth to fame.

Then,

Then, form'd to life on what the Poet made,
 And breathing slaughter, and in arms array'd,
 He marches forward on the daring foe,
 And emulation acts in every blow.
 Great Hector's shade in fancy stalks along,
 From rank to rank amongst the martial throng;
 While from his acts he learns a noble rage,
 And shines like Hector in the present age.
 Thus verse will raise him to the victor's bays;
 And verse, that rais'd him, shall resound his praise.

Ye tender Beauties, be my witnesses too,
 If Song can charm, and if my Song be true.
 With sweet experience oft a Fair may find
 Her passions mov'd by passions well design'd;
 And then she longs to meet a gentle swain,
 And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.
 And if by chance an amorous youth appears,
 With pants and blushes she the courtship hears;
 And finds a tale that must with theirs agree,
 And he's Septimius, and his Acme* she:
 Thus lost in thought her melted heart she gives,
 And the rais'd Lover by the Poet lives.

* "With such a husband, such a wife,"

"With Acme and Septimius' life,"

is the conclusion of Cowley's beautiful imitation of Catullus, in the English Poets, vol. I. p. 176. On these lines an excellent Prelate has observed, that, to the honour of Cowley's morals and good taste, by a small deviation from his original, he has converted a loose love-poem into a sober epithalamium; we have all the grace, and, what is more, all the warmth of Catullus, without his indecency. N.

THE

THE COUNTER-SCUFFLE *, 1670.

WHEREUNTO IS ADDED,

THE COUNTER-RAT, WRITTEN BY R. S.†.

LET that majestic pen that writes
 Of brave King Arthur and his Knights,
 And of their noble feats and fights;
 And those who tell of Mice and Frogs,
 And of the skirmishes of Hogs,
 And of fierce Bears, and Mastiff Dogs,
 be silent.

* These poems are preserved on account of the many droll anecdotes they contain. "The Chimney's Scuffle, 1662," a very indifferent poem, seems to have given rise to this and many other of similar titles; among others, to "Fragmenta Carceris; or, The King's-Bench Scuffle; with the Humours of the Common-side; the King's-Bench Litany, and the Legend of Duke Humphrey, by Samuel Speed, a Member of that Royal Society, 1675." N.

† These initials are possibly intended for Sir Roger L'Estrange; who, among other vicissitudes of fortune, spent near six years in gaols, and almost four under a sentence of death in Newgate.—*Richard Steere*, the only contemporary poet I can find with these initials, was author of some well-meaning, but indifferent, verses on a religious subject, called, "The History of the Babylonish Cabal; or the Intrigues, Progression, Opposition, Defeat, and Destruction, of the Daniel-Catchers, 1682." N.

And

And now let each one listen well,
 While I the famous Battle tell,
 In Woodstreet-Counter that befell,
in high Lent;

In which great scuffle only twain,
 Without much hurt, or being slain,
 Immortal honour did obtain
by merit.

One was a Captain in degree,
 A strong and lusty man was he;
 T' other a Tradesman bold and free
of spirit.

And though he was no man of force,
 He had a stomach like a horse,
 And in his rage had no remorse
or pity,

Full nimbly could he cuff and clout,
 And was accounted, without doubt,
 One of the prettiest sparks about
the city.

And at his weapon any way
 He could perform a fingle fray,
 Even from the long pike to the Tay-
lor's bodkin.

He reckt not for his flesh a jot,
 He fear'd not Englishman nor Scot,
 For man or monster car'd he not
a dodkin.

For fighting was his recreation,
 And like a man in desperation,
 For Law, Edict, or Proclamation,
 he car'd not :

And in his anger (cause being given)
 To lift his hand 'gainst good Sir Steeven,
 Or any justice under Heaven,
 he fear'd not.

He durst his enemy withstand,
 Or at Tergoos or Calis-Sand,
 And bravely there with sword in hand
 would greet him.

And noble Ellis was his name,
 Who, 'mongst his foes to purchase fame,
 Not cared though the Devil came
 to meet him.

And this brave Goldsmith was the man,
 Who first this worthy brawl began,
 Which after ended in a can
 of mild beer.

But, had you seen him when he fought,
 How eagerly for blood he fought,
 There 's no man but would have him thought
 a wild bear.

Imagine now you see a score
 Of mad-cap gentlemen, or more,
 Boys that did use to roist and roar,
 and swagger :

Among

But some, perhaps, will say that Lent
Affords them not what here is meant,
So much, so good; and that they went
without it.

'Tis like: but, if I add a dish,
Or twain, or three, of flesh or fish,
They either had, or did it wish,
ne'er doubt it.

Then wipe your mouths, while I declare
The goodness of this Lenten fare,
Which is in prison very rare,
I tell ye.

Furmity, sweet as any Nut,
As good as ever swill'd a gut,
And butter sweet as e'er was put
in belly.

Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
Which, in white salt, uprightly stood,
And meats which heat and stir the blood
to action.

As butter'd Crabs, and Lobsters red,
Which send the married pair to bed,
And in loose bloods have often bred
a faction.

Fish butter'd to the platter's brim,
And Parsnips did in butter swim,
Strew'd o'er with pepper neat and trim,
Salt Salmon:

Smelts cry'd, come eat me, do not stay;
 Fresh-cod and Maids full neatly lay,
 And next to these a lusty Ba-
 con Gammon.

Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
 Well stuf't with sage, and for the smack,
 Daintily strew'd with pepper black.
 Sous'd Gurnet,

Pickrell, Sturgeon, Tench, and Trout,
 Meat far too good for such a rout,
 To tumble, tofs, and throw about,
 and spurn it.

The next a Neat's-tongue neatly dry'd,
 Mustard and Sugar by his side,
 Roaches butter'd, Flounders fry'd,
 hot Custard.

Eels boil'd and broil'd; and next they bring
 Herrings, that is the Fishes King,
 And then a courtly Poul of Ling
 and Mustard.

But stay, I had almost forgot
 The flesh which still stands piping hot,
 Some from the spit, some from the pot
 new taken:

A Shoulder and a Leg of Mutton,
 As good as ever knife was put on,
 Which never were by a true glutton
 forsaken.

A Loin

A Loin of Veal that would have dar'd
 One of the hungriest of the Guard;
 And they sometimes will feed full hard,
 like tall men.

And such as love the lusty Chine;
 But, when that I shall sup or dine,
 God grant they be no Guests of mine,
 of all men!

Thus the descriptions are compleat,
 Which I have made of Men and Meat:
 Mars, aid me now while I repeat
 the battle,

Where pots and stools were us'd as gins
 To break each other's heads and shins,
 Where blows did make bones in their skins
 to rattle;

Where men to madness never ceas'd,
 Till each one (furious as a beast)
 Had spoil'd the fashion of a feast
 full dainty;

Whereon (had they not been accurst)
 They might have fed till bellies burst:
 But Ellis shew'd himself the worst
 of twenty.

For he began this monstrous brawl,
 Which afterwards incens'd them all
 To throw the meat about the hall
 that even.

And now give ear unto the jar
That fell between these men of war,
Wherein so many a harmless scar
was given.

The board thus finish'd, each man fate
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,
'Mong whom a jarring question strait
was risen

For they grew hotly in dispute,
What calling was of most repute;
'Twas well their wits were so acute
in prison.

THE PARSON.

While they discours'd, the Parson blithe
Fed as he meant to have the tithe
Of every dish, being sharp as scythe
in feeding.

But haste had almost made him choke,
Or else, perhaps, he would have spoke
In praise of his long thread-bare cloak
and breeding.

THE LAWYER.

But, after a deliberate pause,
The Lawyer spoke, as he had cause,
In commendation of the Laws
profession.

“ The Law, quoth he, by a just doom
Doth censure all that to it come,
And still defends the innocent from
oppression ;

It

It favours Truth, it curbs the hope
Of Vice ; it gives Allegiance scope,
Provides a gallows and a rope
for Treason.

This doth the Law, and this is it
Which makes us here in prison fit,
Which grounded is on holy writ
and reason.

To which all men must subject be,
As we by daily proof do see,
From highest to the low'st degree ;
the Scholar,
Noble, and Rich : it doth subdue
The Soldier and his swaggering crew —"
But at that word the Captain grew
in choler ;

THE SOLDIER.

He look'd full grim, and at first word
Rapt out an oath that shook the board,
And struck his fist, that the found roar'd
like thunder;
It made all skip that stood him near,
The frightened Custard quak'd for fear,
And those that heard it stricken were
with wonder;
Nought did he now but frown and puff,
And, having star'd and swore enough,
Thus he began, in language rough,
" Thou cogging

Base foyfting Lawyer, that doft fet
 Thy mind on nothing but to get
 Thy living by thy damned pet-
 tifogging.

A flave, that fhall for half a crown,
 With buckram bag and daggled gown,
 Wait like a dog about the town,
 and follow

A bufinefs on the Devil's part
 For fees, though not with law nor art,
 But head as empty as thy heart
 is hollow ;

You ftay at home, and pocket fees,
 While we abroad our bloods do leefe,
 And then with fuch bafe terms as thefe
 you wrong us ;

But, Lawyer, it is fafer far
 For thee to prattle at a bar,
 Than once to fhew thy face i' th' war
 among us ;

Where, to defend fuch thanklefs hinds,
 The foldier little quiet finds,
 But is expos'd to ftormy winds
 and weathers,

And oft in blood he wades full deep,
 Your throats from foreign fwords to keep,
 And wakes when you securely flecp
 in feathers.

What

What could your Laws and Statutes do
Against invasions of a Foe,
Did not the valiant Soldier go
to quell them?

And, to prevent your further harms,
With ensign, fife, and loud alarms
Of warlike drum, by force of arms
repell them?

Your 'Trespas Action will not stand,
For setting foot upon your land,
When they in scorn of your command
come hither:

No remedy in Courts of Paul's *,
In Common-Pleas, or in the Rolls,
For joulung of your jobbernouls
together.

Were 't not for us, thou Swad ! (quoth he)
Where would'st thou fog to get a fee ?
But to defend such things as thee,
'tis pity.

For such as thou esteem us least,
Whoever have been ready prest
To guard you, and the Cuckow's nest,
your city."

THE CITIZEN.

That very word made Ellis start,
And all his blood ran to his heart ;
He shook, and quak'd in every part
with anger :

* The Ecclesiastical Court. N.

He look'd as if nought might assuage
The heat of his enflamed rage ;
His very countenance did presage
some danger.

“ A Cuckow's nest ! ” quoth he, and so
He humm'd, and held his head full low,
As if distracted thoughts did o-
verpress him.

At length, quoth he, “ My mother said,
At Bristol she was brought-to-bed,
And there was Ellis born and bred,
(God bless him !)

Of London-city I am free,
And there I first my wife did see ;
And for that very cause, quoth he,
I love it :

And he that calls it Cuckow's nest,
Except he says he speaks in jest,
He is a villain and a beast,
I'll prove it :

This I'll maintain, nor do I care
Though Captain Pot-gun stamp and stare,
And swagger, swear, and tear his hair
in fury ;

And, with the hazard of my blood,
I'll fight up to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrel good,
assure ye.

For

For though I am a man of trade,
And free of London-city made,
Yet can I use Gun, Bill, and Blade,
in battle;

And Citizens, if need require,
Themselves can force the foe retire,
Whatever this Low-Country squire
do prattle;

For we have Soldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the town,
And Captains of most fair renown
about it;

If any foe should fight amain,
And set on us with all his train;
We'll make him to retire again,
ne'er doubt it.

We have fought well in dangers past,
And will do while our lives do last,
Without the help of any cast
Commanders,

That hither come, compell'd by want,
With rusty swords and suits provant,
From Utrecht, Nimeguen, or Ghent,
in Flanders."

The Captain could no longer hold;
But, looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold,
and call'd him

Proud

Proud Boy, and for his faucy speech
 Did vow shortly to whip his breech :
 Then Ellis snatcht the pot, with which
 he maul'd him.

THE SCUFFLE.

He threw the jug, and therewithal
 Did give the Captain such a maul
 As made him thump against the wall
 his crupper.

With that the Captain took a dish
 That stood brim-full of butter'd fish,
 As good as any heart could wish
 to supper :

And as he threw, his foot did slide,
 Which turn'd his arm and dish aside,
 And all be-butterfishide

Nick Ballat :

And he, good man ! did none disease ;
 But sitting quiet and at his ease,
 With butter'd Rochets thought to please
 his palate.

But, when he felt the wrong he had,
 He rag'd, and swore, and grew stark-mad ;
 Some in the room been better had
 without him,

For he took hold of any thing ;
 And first he caught the Poul of Ling,
 Which he courageously did fling
 about him :

Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the Lawyer in the face,
Who at the board in highest place
was feated.

And as the Lawyer thought to rise,
The salt was thrown into his eyes,
Which him of fight in woeful wise
defeated.

All things near hand Nick Ballat threw;
At length his butter'd Rochets flew,
And hit by chance, among the crew,
the Parson :

The fauce his coat did all bewet,
The Priest began to fume and fret,
The feat was butter'd which he fet
his * * * * on :

He knew not what to do or say,
It was in vain to preach or pray,
Or cry, " You are all gone astray,
good people !"

He might as well go strive to teach
Divinty beyond his reach ;
Or, when the bells ring out, go preach
i' th' steeple.

At this mischance, the silly man
Out of the room would fain have ran,
And very angerly began
to mutter.

Ill luck had he ; for, after that,
One threw the Parsnips full of fat,
Which stuck like Broaches in his hat
with butter.

Out of the place he soon repairs,
And ran half headlong down the stairs,
And made complaint to Master Aires,
with crying.

Then up ran he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did scatter ;
Here a Trencher, there a Platter,
were lying.

I dare not say he stunk for woe,
Nor will, unless I did it know ;
But some there be that dare say so,
that smelt him.

Nor could you blame him if he did,
For they threw dishes at his head,
And did with Eggs and Loaves of Bread
bepelt him.

He thrust himself into the throng,
And us'd the virtue of his tongue ;
But what could one man's words among
so many ?

The Candles were all shuffled out,
The Victuals flew afresh about ;
Was never such a combat fought
by any.

Now

Now in the dark was all the coil;
 Some were bloody in the broil,
 And some were steep'd in Sallad-oil
 and Mustard.

The fight would make a man afeard:
 Another had a butter'd beard,
 Another's face was was all besmear'd
 with Custard:

Others were daub'd up to the knee
 With butter'd Fish and Furmity;
 And some the men could scarcely see
 that beat them.

Under the Boar Lluellin * lay,
 Being fore affrighted with the fray,
 And as the weapons flew that way,
 he eat them.

The bread stuck in the windows all,
 Like bullets in a castle-wall
 Which furious foes did seek to scale
 in battle.

Shoulders of Mutton, and Loins of Veal,
 Appointed for to serve the meal,
 About their ears full many a peal
 did rattle;

The which when Owen Blany † spy'd,
 "Oh, take away their arms, he cry'd,
 Lest some great hurt do them betide,
 prevent it.

* Will Lluellin, a prisoner there, some time the keeper. R. S.

† One of the under-keepers. R. S.

At length, quoth he, " Ellis, thou art
A fellow of courageous heart,
Yield now, and I will take thy part
hereafter."

Quoth Ellis, " Much I scorn to hear
Thy words of threat, being free from fear ;"
With which he hardly could forbear
from laughter.

Together then afresh they fly,
The Eel against the Pippin-pie :
But Blany stood there purposely
to watch them.

The weapons wherewithal they fought
Were those for which he chiefly fought,
And with an eager stomach thought
to catch them ;

But 'scap'd not now so well away
As at the Veal and Mutton fray ;
He thought to have with such a prey
his jaws fed :

But all his hope did turn aside,
He look'd for that which luck deny'd,
For Ellis all be-pippin-py'd
his calves head.

Woe was the case he now was in,
The apples hot did scald his skin ;
His skull, as it had rotten been,
did quoddle.

With

With that one Fool among the rout
 Made out-cry all the house about,
 That Blany's brains were beaten out
 his noddle :

Which Lockwood * hearing, needs would see
 What all this coil and stir might be ;
 And up the stairs his guts and he
 went waddling.

But when he came the chamber near,
 Behind the door he stood to hear ;
 For in he durst not come, for fear
 of fwaddling :

There stood he in a frightful case :
 And as by chance he stirr'd his face,
 Full in the mouth a butter'd Plaice
 did hit him.

Away he sneak'd, and with his tongue
 He lick'd and swallow'd-up the wrong,
 And, as he went the room along,
 be * * * * him.

For help now doth poor Lockwood cry,
 " Oh, bring a surgeon, or I die,
 My guts out of my belly fly ;
 come quickly !"

Blany with open mouth likewise
 For present help of surgeon cries ;
 " Pity a man, quoth he, that lies
 so sickly !"

* A Turnkey, a fat fellow. R. S.

Phillips

Phillips the skilful surgeon then
 Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd again,
 If he had skill to cure these men,
 to shew it.

At length he comes, and first he puts
 His hands to feel for Lockwood's guts;
 Which came not forth so sweet as nuts,
 all know it:

He cries for water. In the mean,
 One calls up Madge the Kitchin-quean;
 To take and make the baby clean,
 and clout it.

Fast by the nose she took the squall,
 And led him softly through the hall,
 Lest the perfume through knees should fall
 about it.

She turn'd his hose beneath the knee,
 Nor could she chuse but laugh to see
 That yellow which was wont to be
 a white breech.

She took a dish-clout off the shelf,
 And with it wip'd the sh****elf,
 Which had not wit to help itself,
 poor ****-breech.

Thus leaving Lockwood all bewray'd
 Unto the mercy of the maid,
 Who well deserved to be paid
 for taking

Such homely pains : now let us cast
Our thought back on the stir that's past,
And them whose bones could not in haste
leave aching.

And, like the candles, shall my pen
Shew you these gallants once again ;
Which now like Furies, not like men,
appeared.

Fresh lights being brought t' appease the brawl,
Shew twenty mad-men in the hall,
With blood and fauce their faces all
besmeared.

Their cloaths all rent and souc'd in drink,
Oil, Mustard, Butter, and the stink
Which Lockwood left, would make one think
in sadness,

That these so monstrous creatures dwell
Either in Bedlam or in Hell,
Or that no tongue or pen can tell
their madness.

They were indeed disfigur'd so,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe :
For each man scarce himself did know :
But after

A frantick staring round about,
They suddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
in laughter.

The

The heat of all is now allay'd,
The Keepers gently do persuade;
And, as before, all friends are made,
full kindly.

Ellis the Captain doth embrace,
The Captain doth return the grace,
And so do all men in the place,
as friendly.

“By Jove I love thee,” Ellis cry’d:
The Captain soon as much reply’d:
“Thou art, quoth he, a man well try’d;
and Vulcan

With Mars at odds again shall be,
Ere any jars ’twixt thee and me;
And thereupon I drink to thee
a full can.”

And then he kneel’d upon the ground,
“Drink ’t off, quoth Ellis, for this round
For ever shall be held renown’d:
and never

May any quarrel ’twixt us twain
Arise, or this renew again,
But may we loving friends remain
for ever!”

“Amen,” cry’d the Captain, so did all;
And so the health went round the hall;
And thus the famous Counter-brawl
was ended.

But hunger now did vex them more
 Than all their anger did before ;
 They search'd i' th' room how far their store
 extended.

They want the meat which Blany stole ;
 One finds a Herring in a hole
 With dirt and dust black as a coal,
 and trodden

All under feet. The next in post
 Snaps up and feeds on what was lost,
 And looks not whether it were roast,
 or fodder.

A third finds in another place
 A piece of Ling in dirty case,
 And Mustard in his fellow's face.
 Another

Espies, and finds a loaf of bread,
 A dish of butter all bespread,
 And stuck upon another's head
 i' th' pother.

Thus what they found contented some :
 At length the Keeper brings a broom,
 Meaning therewith to cleanse the room
 with sweeping ;

But under table on the ground
 Looking to sweep, by chance he found
 Lluellin, faining to be found-
 ly sleeping.

He

THE COUNTER-SCUFFLE. 261

He pull'd him out so swift by th' heels,
As if his bum had run on wheels,
And found his pocket stuff'd with Eels :

his *****

Did plenty of provision bring,
Somewhat it held of every thing,
Smelts, Flounders, Rochets, and of Ling
a broad piece.

At this discovery each man round
Took equal share of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd
in good drink.

For of good beer there was good store,
Till all were glad to give it o'er ;
For each man had enough and more,
that would drink.

And when they thus had drunk and fed,
As if no quarrel had been bred,
They all shook hands, and all to bed
did shuffle.

Ellis, the glory of the town,
With that brave Captain of renown :
And thus I end this famous Coun-
ter-Scuffle.

TO THE READER.

This Bacchanalian night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle being thus finished, hath ever since frightened both prisoners and gaolers from coming into any room, for fear of a second uproar. So that the Counter, for want of sweet garnishing, and cleanly looking to, is grown so nasty that no man (by his good-will) will thrust his nose in at any of the grates : nay,

will rather go a mile about than come near it; though, to keep it sweet, a great deal of mace is stuck upon every ferjeant, as if he were a capon in white broth. Upon this slovenliness it is woefully haunted with Rats: not such Rats as run up and down in Brew-houses, sucking the new wort of strong beer so long, and in such abundance, that half the city is compelled to drink beer as small as water; nor those Rats which are not mealy-mouth'd in Bake-houses, where they gnaw so many batches of bread, that a penny loaf wants sometimes three or four ounces in weight: and then the honest Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently set in the pillory. Neither are they those Rats which greaze their throats in Tallow-chandlers shops, where they nibble so much upon candles, that not one pound in an hundred is ever full weight. No, these are no Rats with four legs, but only two; and though they have nests in a thousand places of London, yet for the most part they run but into two Rat-traps, that is to say, the Counters of Wood-street and the Poultry, and for that cause are called Counter-rats:

How caught, how mouz'd, and what they are,
This picture lively doth declare. R. S.

THE COUNTER-RAT.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree,
Of Roaring Boys, that stick and snee,
Of Battoon Dam-meers, that cry *Bree*,

I sing now,
At men and women (Bawds and Whores)
At Pimps and Pandars that keep doors *,
At all that out-face Vintners scores,

I sing now.

* I mean no Play-doors: those are too honest. R. S.

What

What sing I? Nothing, but light rhymes,
 (Not tun'd as are St. Pulcher's chimes)
 No steeples' height my Muse now climbs;
 But flieth.

Close to the ground as swallows do,
 When rainy weather must ensue,
 She flies, and sings, and, if not true,
 She lyeth.

Lay, (Hocus Pocus *,) thy tricks by;
 Let Martin Parker's † Ballads die;
 Thy theming likewise I defy,
 O Fennor ‡.

Let Hogsdon-scrapers on their base
 Sound fum-fum-fum from totter'd case,
 Nor Mean nor Treble now take place,
 But Tenor;

A Counter-tenor is that note,
 Too easy—'tis ne'er sung by rote,
 But got with wetting well your throat
 With claret.

Or stout March-beer, or Windsor-ale,
 Or Labour-in-vain (so seldom stale),
 Or Pimlico, whose too great sale
 Did marr it:

He

* King's Juggler. R. S. † An allusion now unknown. N.

‡ I am afraid Martin Parker's Ballads must be consigned
 to oblivion. William Fennor was a writer in the reign of
 James the First. He published "The Compter's Common-
 wealth, or A Voiage made to an Internall Iland long since
 discovered by many Captaines, Seafaring Men, Gentlemen,
 Marchants and other Tradesmen: But the Conditions, Na-
 tures,"

He that me reads shall fall out flat
 With Homer's Frog, and Virgil's Gnat,
 And Ovid's Flea, which so near fat

The Moon-shine.

For I of stranger wonders write,
 Of a wild Vermin got each night,
 Mad Bulls i' th' dark, but Gulls in fight

Of sun-shine.

My metamorphosis is rare,
 For Men to Rats transformed are,
 And then those Rats are Prisoners fare,

O pity!

But 'tis good sport to see them drest,
 To garnish out a morning's feast,
 Each bit being salted with a jest

Scarce witty:

'These are not Rats that nibble cheese,
 Or challenge mouldy crusts for fees,
 And rather will their long tails leese

Than bacon:

No, these are they, whose guts being cramm'd,
 (As cannons hard with powder ramm'd)
 And bag-pipe cheeks with wines inflam'd,

Are taken

By Constables and Bill-men eke,
 Who speak not Latin, French, nor Greek,
 But are night-sconces out to seek

Night-sneakers,

"tures, and Qualities of the People there inhabiting, and of
 "those that trafficke with them, were never so truly expressed
 "or lively set-forth, as by William Fennor, his Majesties
 "Servant, 1617." 4to. It is a description of the Compter,
 and the hardships inflicted on prisoners, R.

Who late in taverns up do sit,
Whiffing smoke, money, time, and wit,
Pouring in bowls, till out they spit
Full beakers.

These, then, being to the Counter led,
Each Prisoner shakes his shaggy head,
And, leaning half out of his bed,
A laughing

Falls, and cries out—"A Rat—A Rat!"

"Oh! roars another, is he fat?
If not, fley off his cloak or hat!"

Thus scoffing,
Till morn they lie. The poor Rat gets
Into some hole. Beside his wits,
To hear such caterwauling fits,

So fright him:

But, day being risen, all up do rise,
And call for Beer to clear his eyes,
"A Garnish!" then, the whole room cries:
They bite him.

Ask any how such news I tell,
Of Woodstreet's hole or Poultry's hell?
Know, I did 'mongst those Gypsies dwell,
That cozen there.

I mean the Turnkeys and those knaves,
Who rack for fees men worse than slaves,
I saw brought in with bills and glaves
Some dozen there.

For

For I one night, by Rug-gowns* caught,
 Was for a Rat to th' Counter brought,
 What there my dear experience bought,
 I'll sell ye

Cheaper than I could have it there,
 For they for tokens throats will tear,
 But such as 'tis, fill with the chear
 Your belly.

Prick up your ears—for I begin
 To tell what Rats, my night, came in,
 Caught without cat, or trap, or ginn,
 But mildly,

Being call'd before the Bench of wits
 Who sit out midnights Bedlam fits;
 But some being rid, like jades with bits,
 Ran wildly.

First, about twelve, the Counter-gates
 Thunder'd with thumpings—Doors and grates
 Reel'd at the peal—when our prison mates
 Up starting,

Saw in the yard a frantic swarm,
 Crying, “O my head, neck, sides, leg, arm!”
 Sore had the fight been, but small harm
 At parting.

It was a Watch, swearing “We bleed!”
 But 'twas their noses dropt indeed;
 “Masters, quoth they, we charge you take heed
 Of him there!

* The sheriff's officers, so called from their gowns. N.

A ROARING RAT.

That Royster us to our trumps has put,
And run our Beadle through a gut,
His Bilbo has from each man cut

A limb here."

They gone, up comes the Breda-bouncer,
His tusks stiff-stark like a brave Mounser,
Of Turnbull-punks a staring trouncer,

Some knew him;

"Why here?" quoth he: "why, zounds, because
I tugg'd with bears, and par'd their paws:
But sure I mawl'd Mr. Constable's jaws,

O, flew him!"

"All's one!" said one. "Please you to bed, Sir?"
He, swearing, roar'd, "I'm better bred, Sir:
I scorn to rock my harness-head, Sir,

In feathers.

Give me a brick, Sir, for my bolster,
An Armourer still is my Upholster,
In frost, snow, muck-hills, I can roll, Sir;

Hang weathers!

Rogue, fetch me a sweet truss of straw,
To fire thy gaol.—Pox o' this Law,
That coops a Soldier like Jack-daw,

Is 't treason?

Rascal! more claret!"—"There's none here, Sir;"

"Why then, you mangy cur, some beer, Sir."

"There's not a Tapster dares come near, Sir."

"Thy reason?"

Because

“ Because you thwack out such huge words, Sir,
His wezand fears them worse than swords, Sir.”

“ Mum then—I’ll take a nap o’ th’ boards, Sir.”

He sleeps there.

A CROSS-LEGGED RAT.

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
Who, to take measure, out had been,
And, maudlin-drunk, to rince his fin,

He weeps there.

Weeps to be call’d a Rat, being known

A man at least—so down being thrown,

On a hard bench, thus did he groan

In sorrow ;

“ Brethren, where am I ?” One replied,

“ In Woodstreet Counter.”—“ O, my pride,

Thou art ta’en down ! and I must hide

To-morrow

A head that was not hid before.

Wo worth him makes Manasses roar !

But die I may not in his score,

Believe me,

For consolation I espy

Through my sweet Spanish needle’s eye,

‘The Sisters* will (if here I lie)

Relieve me.

Sisters i’ th’ Counter ! oh, no : here

Only the wicked-ones appear,

Wash then thy shame in brinish tears,

Confessing

* See Cowley’s “ Character of an Holy Sister,” in the English Poets, vol. I. p. 353. N.

Thou

Thou 'rt rightly punish'd for thy yard,
 And for thy goose which graz'd too hard,
 And for some stuffs which thou hast marr'd
 With pressing."

We ask'd him why he was brought in,
 "Black threads of vice, quoth he, I spin;"
 And then again did thus begin

Condoling,

"All are not Friars, I see, wear Cowls,
 Nor all in minc'd ruffs milk-white souls,
 I should have talk'd thus when the bowls
 Were trolling :

But then, to steal I held no harm,
 Lappets of drink to keep me warm,
 But linings wet hurt, though they arm,
 Indeed-la l

O would my sheers might cut my thread !
 Why is this cross-legg'd mischief bred ?
 Mending my want from heel to head
 With speed-la,

Sorrow has made me dry : no matter ;
 Out of mine eyes will I drink water,
 No other ram my brains shall batter
 To kill me.

Roof, touch no more wines French or Spanish !
 "All drinks Papistical I banish,
 Out of my lips this phrase shall vanish,
 Boy, fill me !"

One

One bid him call for beer. He said,
 " Oh, no more beer!—but reach me bread,
 By that I'll swear—Would I were dead
 And rotten,
 When I again shall aught but whey,
 Yet left, being cold, my zeal decay,
 Hot waters shall not be one day
 Forgotten."

A N O L D G R E Y R A T.

This done, he nods, and quickly snores;
 And then afresh wind-fly the doors,
 An Usurer hedg'd-in with mad Whores
 Came wallowing
 As does a great ship on the seas,
 Set on by gallies; for all these
 Were Fish-wives, who had wine at ease
 Been swallowing,
 And blown him up with penny-pots
 Of sack, which fall to him by lots,
 Paid him at week's end by th' old Trots,
 For shillings
 Each Monday lent them, to buy skate,
 Crabs, plaice, and sprats, at Billingsgate:
 Thus then they met, and hold thus late
 Their drillings.
 He rests in peace, but is not dead,
 Yet is worm's meat in lousy bed,
 And lies like one wrapt up in lead,
 None stirr'd him,
 But

But all his oyster-mouths gap'd wide,
 (Wine in their guts was at full tide)
 The Devil did so their rumps bestride,
 And spurr'd them:

They flung and winc'd, and kick'd down stairs
 Themselves, and stamp'd like Flanders mares,
 Hell is broke loose; no Keeper dares
 Approach them;

For at that dog (besauc'd in sack)
 They grind their teeth, and curse him black,
 Crying out, " 'tis he does break their back,
 And broach them

So fast, that all their gains boil out
 Deep red to dye his filthy snout."
 But that which flung these brands about
 So hotly

'Gan now to quench them; sleep does sound
 Retreat; dead drunk they all lie drown'd
 In cast-up wine; and on the ground
 The shot lie.

A BLACK RAT.

Scarce was this hellish din allay'd,
 But, drench'd in mire, with drink bewray'd,
 New curried was brought in a jade

All mettle,
 An Ostrich that iron bars could eat,
 And strong-beer out of seacoals beat:
 His fifty cuffs did the watch fret
 And nettle;

'This second Smug, who had the staggers,
 This Vulcanist whose nails were daggers,
 This Smith so arm'd in ale, he swaggers,
 At snoring,

Though lockt-up, yet set up his trade,
 Bolts, hinges, bars, and grates, he made
 Fly : which being heard, the Jaylors paid
 His roaring.

They furnish'd him with iron enough :
 Neck, hands, and legs, had armour tough,
 And stronger, but more cold, than buff,
 To guard him.

How did they this ? None durst come near him,
 Like Tom of Bedlam did they fear him,
 All bringing cans, to pledge them swear him,
 So snar'd him.

Yet for all this he danc'd in 's shackles,
 And cried, " T' other pot ; I want more tackles !"
 And thus, till break of day, it cackles,
 Laid having

The addle-egg of his turn'd brains,
 In his iron nest of rusty chains,
 Which made him lose both sense of pains,
 And raving.

A LONG-TAILED RAT.

The next that in our Little-ease •
 Came to be bit with lice and fleas,
 Was a spruce knave like none of these,
 But sober,

* A place of confinement for turbulent apprentices. N.

As the Strand May-pole*, he did go,
In ruff—His thumb through ring did show
A Gentleman seal'd ; for he was no

Hog-grubber :

It was a petty-fogging varlet,
Whose back wore frieze, but bum no scarlet,
And was ta'en napping with his harlot,

At noddy :

But, being hal'd in, his hair he rent ;
And swore they all should dear repent
Their baseness—for no ill he meant

To her body.

The Prisoners ask'd then what she was.

Quoth he, “ My Client—one well to pass :
Though here they impound me like an ass,
I'll ferk them.

I'll make the beadle pluck in 's horn ;

He flirled at my nose in scorn :

The Watch shall stink, the Constable mourn,

I'll jerk them—

Hang them, if need be, for they broke

Her house—that's burglary—the clock

Scarce counting two—and then they struck

O' th' mazzard.

An action of strong Battery ! good !

They made my nose then gush-out blood—

One more !—And that I miss'd the mud

Was hazard.

* Where the New-Church now stands.—Swift says,

“ I went in vain to look for Eupolis

“ Down in The Strand, just where the New Pole is.” N.

Here's law in lumps. Must, when to trial
My client comes, I have denial
For ingress to her, by scabs? A Ryall

I enter

At midnight, a plain-case: else, Ployden,
The case is alter'd. Shall each Hoyden
Bar Law her course? Dare rustic Royden
So venture?"

A farthing candle burning by,
By chance his railing rage did die,
Yet to his breast Revenge did cry.

So churning

His brains for Law-tricks how to sting them,
And up to all the bars to bring them,
He fate, hard-twisting cords to wring them,
till morning.

No more of this light skipping verse,
A dreary tale I now rehearse.

LONG this brown study did not last,
But in at Counter-gates as fast
Throng'd all the watch again. A noise
Of scraping men and squeaking boys
Straight fill'd the house. The Two-penny ward
Leapt up, and fell a-dancing hard:
Out at the hole all thrust their heads:
The Knights-ward left their seven-groat beds:
The Master's-side, hearing the din,
Swore, that the Devil was sure brought in,

But,

But, when they heard they Fiddlers were,
Some curs'd the noise, some lent an ear;
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,
Being then for want of drink half dead.

Lock'd were the Fiddlers in a room,
All cry'd, "Strike up; play, Rogues, Fum-fum!"
The minikin tinkled, roar did the base;
Then bawdy songs all sleep must chace.
The men play'd heavily, boys did whine,
Not seeing meat, money, beer, nor wine,
Up such a laugh the prisoners took,
That the beds dane'd, and chambers shook;
Nay, the strange hubbub did so please,
At prison-bace ran both lice and fleas.
The rosin rubb'd off, and cat-guts weary,
We ask'd, "How they, who made men merry,
Grew sad themselves; and why, like sprites,
Fiddlers being strung to walk a-nights,
Were they lock'd up?"—One then, i' th' eye
Putting his finger, told us why.
Quoth he, "Being met by a mad crew,
In these poor cafes, up they drew
Our fiddles, and like Tinkers swore,
We should play them to The Blue Boar,
Kept by mad Ralph * at Islington;
Whose hum and mum, being pour'd upon
Our guts, so burnt them, we desir'd
To part, being out o' th' house e'en fir'd:
As our hands play'd, our heads were plied,
And, though the night was cold, we fried;

* This mad landlord's house is now unknown. N.

For such hot waters sod our brain,
 Like Daws in June, we gap'd for rain ;
 Strong were our coxcombs, our legs weak,
 We nor our fiddles had wit to speak,
 The company then being fast asleep,
 And we paid soundly, out did creep
 Into the highway. O sweet Moon !
 We, but for thee, had been undone :
 Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,
 We all might well have been indicted,
 For breaking into other's ground,
 Three in one ditch being almost drown'd,
 Yet out we scrambled, and along
 The Play-house * came, where seeing no throng,
 We swore 'twas sure some scurvy play,
 That all the people so sneak'd away,
 And so the players descended were
 To the Stars, Nag's-head, or Christopher.
 To all those taverns †, we cry'd, let 's go,
 At which one fell, and then swore—No.

* The Red-bull Playhouse, mentioned in vol. I. p. 256, was situate in St. John's-street. The Fortune playhouse, which occurs in p. 255, was near Whitecross-street, and was rebuilt by the celebrated Edward Alleyn. See Doddsley's Old Plays, vol. IX. p. 175. N.

† It is an obvious remark, that, whatever may be the fashionable vices of the present age, drunkenness hath received a severe check amongst all ranks, and particularly in higher life. Not one of the abovementioned taverns now exists ; and every man must remember an amazing number in London more than there are at present. N.

The Bars at Smithfield well we pass'd,
For all the watch had run in haste,
Arm'd with chalk'd bills, wak'd by a cry
Of Whore-drops ta'en by th' enemy.
From Cow-crofs stood those stoves not far,
In which were enter'd men of war
(Low-country Soldiers late come o'er),
Each one going-in to press a Whore.

Leaving them pressing, on we trot
Through the Horse-fair, till we had got
Into the middle of Long-lane,
Where up the Devil does Brokers train;
There down we fell, and then 't fell out,
Our leathern cases flew about,
We fenc'd, and foin'd, and fought so long,
That all our fiddles lay half unstrung,
Their backs were broke, and we o' th' ground
Swooning for grief they did not sound;
Our noise brought up from Aldersgate
The rugged watch, who before fate
Nodding at the Mermaid's door,
Who with a guard of half a score
Seiz'd us, and cry'd at going away,
"Sad Lachrymæ you there shall play!"

This told, the Prisoners laugh'd outright;
And though the whole Ward had no light,
Yet from their beds all skip and cry,
"Scraper, strike up; we the Watch defy."

The Moon so bold was to look in,
And saw some only in their skin

(Naked as Cuckoos when June's past)
 Some had long shirts down to their waist,
 Some wanted back-parts, some an arm,
 None wore a shirt could keep him warm,
 A French boy, that sweeps chimnies, wears
 His patch'd-up frock as white as theirs :
 Some on their heads no night-caps wore,
 Some lapp'd their brows in hose all tore,
 They hobble out, they frisk, they sing,
 So long that crack'd was every string
 By their rude horse-play altogether,
 Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.
 Such horrid noise, such stinking smell,
 Cannot be heard nor felt in hell :
 Yet o'er they gave not, till the sun
 Arose ; then all to bed did run.

GOOD-MORROW.

The Rats into the trap that fell
 This night were few : the Constable
 Belike did wink, and would not see ;
 For, when the winds rise, his Watch and he
 Toss all that venture on their waves ;
 The rocks being brown-bills, clubs, and staves,
 On which they split them : these and they,
 When morning comes, are fetch'd away ;
 Those Rats, o'er night whose shapes did leese,
 Being soon turn'd Men, by paying but fees :
 Yet some lose tail, some are scratch'd bare,
 Whilst Constables and Counters share.

THE CHURCH-SCUFFLE;

OR, THE NOBLE LABOURS OF THE

GREAT DEAN OF NOTRE-DAME IN PARIS,

FOR THE ERECTING IN HIS CHOIR A THRONE FOR

HIS GLORY, AND THE ECLIPSING THE PRIDE

OF AN IMPERIOUS, USURPING CHANTER:

A N H E R O I C P O E M.

CONTAINING A TRUE HISTORY; AND SHEWING THE

FOLLY, FOPPERY, LUXURY, LAZINESS, PRIDE, AM-

BITION, AND CONTENTION OF THE ROMISH CLERGY.

BY JOHN CROWNE*.

* A dramatic writer, whose performances both in comedy and tragedy were acted with applause, though comedy seems to have been more peculiarly his talent. Seventeen of his plays are enumerated by Jacob. He was bred under his father, an independent minister in Nova Scotia. Being a man of some genius, and impatient of the gloomy education he received in that country, he resolved upon coming to England, to try if he could not make his fortune by his wits. When he first arrived here, his necessities were extremely urgent: and he was obliged to become a gentleman-usher to an old Independent lady. But he soon grew as weary of that precise office, as he was of the discipline of Nova Scotia. He set himself therefore to writing; and presently made himself so known to the court and town, that he was nominated by Charles II. to write "The Masque of Calypso."

TO JOHN EARL OF MULGRAVE, &c.

MY LORD,

I HAVE long been ashamed to see so many of my writings march into the world, and yet not one of them honoured by your lordship's patronage. It is an easy matter for a troop to force themselves on ladies and
neutral

This nomination was procured him by the earl of Rochester : it must not however be ascribed entirely to his merit, but to some little spite in this lord, who designed by that preference to mortify Mr. Dryden. Upon the breaking-out of the two parties, after the pretended discovery of the Popish plot, the favour Crowne was in at court induced him to embrace the Tory party ; about which time he wrote a comedy called " The City Politicks," in order to satirize and expose the Whigs. This comedy was by many intrigues of the party-men hindered from appearing upon the stage, till the king himself laid his absolute commands on the lord chamberlain to have it acted immediately. About the latter end of this reign, Crowne, tired out with writing, and desirous to shelter himself from the resentment of many enemies he had made by his " City Politicks," ventured to address the king himself, for an establishment in some office that might be a security to him for life. The king answered, " he should be provided for ;" but added, " that he would first see another comedy." Mr. Crowne endeavoured to excuse himself, by telling the king, that " he plotted slowly and awkwardly." His majesty replied, that " he would help
him

neutral gentlemen, or nobility, who will not arm; but they must be men of some merit and gallantry, who compel regard from a General. Your lordship is as much above us in our own ways, as you are in other respects; and I give this manifest proof of it: your fortune, and, most men believe, your inclination, fixes you on the top of ease and pleasure; therefore you would never have written one line, if it had cost you any pains: yet have you performed masteries, which we, who

“him to a plot;” and so put into his hand the Spanish comedy, called “Non pued esser,” out of which Mr. Crowne took the comedy of “Sir Courtly Nice.” The play was just ready to appear to the world; and Mr. Crowne extremely delighted to think that he was going to be made happy the remaining part of his life, by the performance of the king’s promise. But, upon the last day of the rehearsal, he met Underhill the player coming from the house as he was going to it; upon which, reprimanding him for neglecting so considerable a part as he had in the comedy, and upon the last day too; “Lord, Sir, says Underhill, we are all undone.”—“How! says Crowne, is the playhouse on fire?” “The whole nation, replies the player, will quickly be so, for the king is dead.” The king’s death ruined Crowne, who had now nothing but his wits to live on for the remaining part of his life. It is not certain when he died, but it is supposed to be somewhere about the year 1703. See Dennis’s Letters, 1721, vol. I. p. 48. and the Biographical Dictionary, 8vo. Mr. Crowne was author of two other poems, called “Pandion and Amphiginia,” and “Dæneids.”

N.
make

make poetry the whole business of our lives, could never equal. In your Essay on Poetry there appears to me a commanding genius standing on a rise, over-looking the age you live in, seeing all the writers in it marching below you, and too often disorderly; and you give us those orders which plainly shew, Poetry attends on you, you may do what you please with it; but we, compared with your lordship, are but poor drudges to it, that have oftener the will than the power to do well. Your lordship has not only a perfect understanding of what is fit to pass in the world, but you are of a severe temper, which will not give your pass to any false sense; the absence therefore of your name from my writings seems a silent charge against me of want of merit. To remove that reproach, I take this occasion to tell the world, your lordship has approved of some of my writings; and I have longed to make my brags of it, but have been hindered either by the unkindness of fortune, which has given me some blow, and made me unfit to appear before you, or by the kindness of some generous persons, by which my writings have been in a manner mortgaged. Though the law of the land does not reckon favour freely bestowed among debts, the law of gratitude does; whenever a man is obliged, a judgement is entered against him. In the late reign, when your lordship graced the Lord Chamberlain's office, you were pleased to shew me those regards which made me vain: and I was very desirous to make it known to the world, but the cloudiness of those times got I think into my head, I did not write so well as I have

have done formerly. Now I venture before your lordship, because I bring an acquaintance of yours, I am sure you value, Mr. Boileau ; and a piece of his all men of sense have esteemed, because it exposes to contempt men who are the antipodes to good sense ; priests who advance nonsense above reason, make trifles of the most solemn matters, and solemn things of trifles, are idle in the great affairs of their calling, and busy in impertinence. By the few we have had amongst us of such kind of Churchmen, we may guess the misery of the people who live in the Roman Church, where there are scarce any other ; where the whole mass of priesthood is a heap of proud flesh, and all the strength and nutriment of a nation goes to feed ecclesiastical corruption ; thanks be to God, we are in a condition to make sport with them ; if ever they come amongst us, they will spoil the jest. And, past dispute, it is very fit to render men contemptible who endeavour to make Religion so. We have had too many in our Church who have busied themselves, and embroiled others about things which the French have had the understanding to know were only fit for a droll. But now we have greater affairs on our hand. We have not time to contend for modes in Religion, when the Being of the Protestant Religion, and indeed the English Nation, lies at stake. In a calm at sea, men may have leisure to wrangle at Chess ; but, if a storm arises, the quarrel is at an end, and the bishops, knights, rooks, and pawns, that bred it, are left to shift for themselves. I am well assured the *Lutrin* pleases your lordship, but I may doubt of

my management of it; for I treat it as an English privateer would do a French prize, great part of it I fling away, and I dash, brew, and disguise, the rest as I think good. I shall not value how the world censures me, if I have the good-fortune to be approved of by your lordship, and thought worthy of the title of, my Lord,

Your lordship's most humble and obliged servant,

JOHN CROWNE.

C A N T O I.

I SING of Angels — not the heavenly Choir,
Whom Peace and Truth, and Harmony inspire.
Hoarse brazen trumpet-like is my rough voice,
Jarring Church-Angels, therefore, are my choice.
In mighty Paris two great spirits reign'd,
Where one with ease could not be well contain'd.
They strove, and from them dreadful thunders broke,
Which made great Notre-Dame both shake and smoke:
And, ere the almost falling Church could fix,
Strange janglings made, among Church-candlesticks.
Of all the Priests that wealthy Dome supply'd
With laziness, with luxury, and pride,
None deeper sunk, or firmlier remain'd
In peace and fat, than he who o'er it reign'd,
The Dean; a solid Priest in flesh and bone;
He like a sleepy Roller trundled on
Along all times; and gather'd as he roll'd
A heavy heap of fat and clammy mold.

He

He never knew when changes went or came,
All Times, Faiths, Oaths, appear'd to him the same.
He had no palate but for Meats and Wine,
In those he was a learn'd profound Divine;
And to those studies kept so close and hard,
To his Cathedral he paid small regard.
Mean-while a haughty, melancholy, sour,
Old busy snarling Chanter steep'd in power:
Chief of the Chanters there he was by right;
But, not contented with that noble height,
Usurp'd the Dean's supremacy, and, more,
Took high prerogatives unknown before,
As scorning power only at second-hand;
And he was terrible in his command;
He made the Singers shake more than in song,
This fierce Usurper rul'd in quiet long,
Obey'd, fear'd, honour'd, Church-affairs went on
In a profound still current, cross'd by none.
At length the Dean from his long slumbers woke,
Burst through his cloud, and Church repose he broke.
He saw his reverence and state were gone,
And gallantly resolv'd to seize his own;
Nay his prelatie legal pomp advance
On the intruding Chanter's arrogance.
The great foul'd Chanter having proudly reign'd,
Submission scorn'd, and usurp'd state maintain'd.
By his devotion to pomp, power, and pride,
He won the zealous Canons to his side;
Who, skill'd in causes of that mighty weight,
Lent him their aid by many a loud debate:

So,

So, of old, Pagan Prelates madly strove
The Moon's eclipse by noises to remove:
Pagans beat dishes, pans, and platters hard,
Our Priests no chattering in quotations spar'd.
What Devil, envious of Church repose,
These fire-balls into holy bosoms throws,
And turns the Church to a disorder'd rout?
How can such fury enter souls devout?
Stand off, Atheistic Wits, and Scoffers vain,
Do not my grave and solemn song prophane:
Great Notre-Dame, the high and stately scene
Of our ensuing story, long had been
Adorn'd and blest with many a deep Divine,
Not deep in arts, but in down-beds and wine.
Their great devotion doubly they express;
In Church by pomp, at home by heavenly rest.
It grac'd their Master's service, to maintain
In ease themselves his favorite Gentlemen.
On their soft beds the morn they dos'd away,
And left the Choir the drudgery to pray;
And to rich lofty cushions to supply
Their rooms in Church, and raise God's honour high.
God was well serv'd, though Priests were never there;
Bright Residentiaries the cushions were.
The holy men eat, drank, and slept with zeal,
All for Heaven's honour, and the Church's weal:
Kept from themselves all sacrilegious toil;
True to their fat they were, as Rhemes to oil,
To anoint Gallic Kings an Angel brought
Much unctuous fat God sent his holy lot,

Our

Our pious Canons, which to keep from waste
Careful they were, not to preach, pray, or fast;
Or only fast to give themselves a whet,
So when they charg'd, the rout was dreadful great.
Sometimes soul-lulling Sermons from them stream'd;
But ah! so gently, when they preach'd they seem'd
Like Halcyons brooding o'er a slumbering wave,
To the Cathedral peaceful calms they gave.
No croaking Preacher spoil'd, with tedious din,
Good Sunday dinners, or sweet weekly Sin.
No noise was there but of harmonious sound,
Division there only in song was found.
When horrid Discord rear'd her snaky head,
To see who entertain'd a calm so dead,
So loath'd by her. Her Empire she survey'd,
And found her will by millions was obey'd.
Gladly she saw in each well-govern'd state
The law with formal pomp support debate;
But Churches highly pleas'd her ear and eye,
She saw all Churches set her honour high.
Yet our Cathedral, only in Music loud,
Lodg'd Peace in scorn of Discord and her crowd.
Discord in rage perch'd on the lofty dome,
And from her mouth she rain'd a poisonous foam,
Which crack'd the glass; martyr'd th' Apostles there;
Then with a sigh, which made trees shed their hair,
Foul'd the Church-plate, that all its splendors died,
Like men in damps; she vented thus her pride:
“How dar'st thou, proud Cathedral, friendship shew
To Peace, (said she) my known and vanquish'd foe,

Which

Which round the world I've spurn'd? Where has she
In one fair Realm she's scarce one single breast. [rest?
How often there in the same person fight
Whig, Tory, Williamite, and Jacobite,
Who have by turns the better of the fray;
As French or Irish get or lose the day;
Or, as the hands of their good Moses rise,
Well to reward, or sharply to chastise.
I've made myself a barricado strong
Of stiff Non-swearers, a most stubborn throng,
Who by no art to yield can be compell'd,
And grow more hard, like trees by being fell'd.
Nay ev'n some Swearers, to advance my reign,
The crown secur'd by law unfix again;
Carve power by conquest, which is carv'd by law:
Some Swearers against these keen weapons draw,
Between them Peace and Truth lead wretched lives,
These fighters wound them with their carving-knives,
Me above Church and State all nations set:
And dares one Church neglect a power so great?
Woes for thee this provoking crime provides.
Streight her enormous figure Discord hides
With a square cap, a surplice, hood, and gown;
Nor from an old four Canon could be known.
Most true to Discord; he wag'd endless war
With Peace, in presses, pulpits, at the bar,
All bars of civil and of canon laws,
To law he went, with or without a cause.
With suits at law all his tithe-corn he ground,
Aye, and himself and all his neighbours round.

He

He would not spare his purse, brain, flesh, or bone,
To stir the clack of lawyers and his own.
Discord and wrangling better to promote,
He rail'd, he sued, he studied, and he wrote ;
Toil'd unlike God, from light he darkness spun ;
Worlds by this Anti-maker were undone.
He preach'd for malice, in the pulpit boil'd,
Till dinners and devotions were both spoil'd.
When his thin flock by winter winds were flea'd,
To gaul the sore, he'd a long service read ;
Then far above his hour in pulpit rail,
Then tack an Altar-service to the tail,
Till all their meat was burnt, and noses raw,
Some to provoke to give him food for Law.
Dissent, assent, his dues detain or pay,
(Though not to Heaven) to Court's the certain way.
By this good guide all they were sure to find,
Who not conform'd in all things to his mind :
If pious reverence they forgot to shew
To altars, and his person, by a bow ;
And did not service so exactly mark,
To start at all responses with the Clerk,
To pour their voices in the muttering throng,
And help to push the murmuring stream along ;
If they nick'd not their times to kneel and rise,
And on these faults his spectacles were spies.
But woe to Hugonots remote or nigh ;
From his hot busy zeal and watchful eye,
Proctors and Paritours had wealthy spoil,
And Constables an everlasting toil.

Baptismal water, sacramental wine,
Cast away much of the reformers coin.
Basons and bowls not blest with legal forms
Were sure to meet with most confounding storms.
Discord had chose this Canon for her own,
And therefore mark'd his brow with many a frown.
His lean cheeks wrangled, all the wrinkles clash'd
Whene'er they met, and deep his visage flash'd.
Therefore his figure Discord wisely wore,
For none could fit her better, please her more.

C A N T O II.

TO the Dean's palace stormy Discord steer'd,
And finds the bulkly Prelate sepulcher'd
In an alcove and down; in hopes at last
Of joyful resurrection to repast:
In his fair spreading cheeks, the Church's charge
Had rais'd a garden beautiful and large;
And in two stories built his goodly chin;
To let these run to ruin, were a sin.
The holy man did no expences spare,
To keep them faithfully in good repair;
And every part about him fat and sound,
For they were Church demesnes and holy ground.
Rich curtains gave his slumbers strong defence,
Against Day's sacrilegious violence.
Soft pillows had his cheeks, and let no air
Approach to harm the lively roses there:
For Youth's Spring-flowers in his dull Autumn grew,
Those checks possessing which were Age's due.

All

All things in order were for dinner laid,
When the great Goddess her proud entry made.
Such exact order highly pleas'd her eye;
She knew the Church by scrupulous decency.
In all the joys of silence, ease, and pride,
And with a breakfast strongly fortified,
The Dean, attending dinner, slumbering lay;
When thus the Goddess drove his rest away.
“Wake quickly, Dean, she said, or wake no more;
A Chanter haughtily usurps thy power,
Shines in the Choir with thy prelatic grace,
And awes it with the same commanding face.
All bows of Singers are to him addrest;
All Congregations by his mouth are blest;
He graces all the Saints high solemn days,
When, to oblige them, he in person prays.
Shortly he'll youth confirm, and priests ordain,
And scarce to thee thy rochet shall remain.
Renounce thy prelacy, or thy repose:
Thy fortune dooms thee one of them to lose.”

This said, she breathes into him, through his ear,
The spirit of a common Barretter.
He wakes and yawns, and with half-open'd eyes
Gives the dire fiend his blessing as he flies;
Then, like a raging bull with hornet stung,
Around the chamber his fat body flung;
Chid maids and lacqueys, why he did not know,
And before dinner to the Choir will go.
But his wife Steward much allay'd his rage,
By counsels seasonable, calm, and sage.

“What fury’s this, said he, has seiz’d your mind,
And hurries you to Church before you’ve din’d?
Oft have you left the work of saving souls,
To sport some hours at tables, chess, or bowls,
But for the Church ne’er dinner left till now;
The dresser-board is ready for the blow.
Your cook now foams, and so does your pot-tage,
With your judicious palate to engage.
And if your roast-meats you compel to stay,
Sir, they will weep their gravy all away.
Your haut-gousts, now most vigorous and strong,
Will sicken if in cold they tarry long,
And never be reviv’d by second heat :
Sir, if you go, you’ll murder all your meat.
It is not Lent; say ’twere, it seems a waste
Of holiness in holy men to fast.
Your tongues and pens support Church rites and laws,
What need y’ engage your bowels in the cause?
Sure ’twas the Church’s motherly intent,
Lent should keep Prelates, and not Prelates Lent.
Religiously support your high degree,
Do not by toil debase your dignity.”

This said, he wisely cover’d all the cloth
With crowds of dishes, and a flood of broth.
Much on the pious Dean this vision wrought;
His cloth a while St. Peter’s sheet he thought;
A treat let down from Heaven in a dream,
Till his pleas’d nostrils felt th’ inviting steam.
Then fiercely he apply’d himself to eat,
And found it more than visionary meat.

Fast o'er the tongue he turn'd his morsels all ;
Like morning-collects at a festival ;
Himself he almost choak'd, but not his wroth,
He champ'd his words and meat confusedly both.
He skipt from dish to dish, he knew not why,
No order minded, nor sweet decency.

The Steward thought his Master's end was near,
He knew not creatures which he lov'd so dear ;
And in great sorrow was about to run
To summon friends ; but Fame that work had done.
They scattering came like troops of daunted cranes,
When the proud pigmy a recruit obtains.
The visit rais'd the Prelate from despair,
Chac'd from his visage the late furious air.
So pleas'd he was with the respect they shew'd,
That he vouchsaf'd to rise, nay more, he bow'd :
Commanded the Westphalia-ham again,
Fill'd wine himself to honour the good men,
Drank first and largely ; the example pleas'd,
And strait a flaggon of its load was eas'd.
He kindly mov'd them then to take a part
Of what remain'd, and of a fair desert ;
The table clear, out burst his inward pain ;
“ Dear friends, said he, by whose support I reign,
Myself your charitable work I own,
Which the proud Chanter thinks to tumble down ;
At least, by interposing in my rights,
To make me useless, and blind up my lights.
To him do all Church-officers repair ;
At his command the Sexton rings to prayer.

Chapters are held at his usurping call ;
What need of Deans, if Chanters can do all ?”
But then tears stopt the current of his talk :
His loving Steward empower'd his tongue to walk
With chearful wine, when Boyrude, bending low
With heavy age, with trembling steps and flow,
Enter'd the room. The Church had us'd his pains
In four successive Deans voluptuous reigns.
None in Church-customs was so skill'd as he ;
He was a living true Church-history.
His knowledge rais'd him from a Sexton poor,
To the high trust of all Church-garniture.
Great office ! Robes are often half the Dean :
This rules those Robes, ordains them to be clean.
One in this office half a Dean ordains,
O'er half a Dean as Dean he proudly reigns.
He has in part an arch-prelatic power ;
He's of one college parcel-visitour.
At first approach, the Reverend Sage espies
The Dean's demolish'd pride and groveling eyes.
Guessing the cause, he smiling tow'rd's him mov'd,
And, father-like, his childish grief reprov'd.
“ For shame, said he, let the poor Chanter weep,
Your rights and empire study you to keep.
Hark to the counsel Heaven does now inspire ;
Where the proud Chanter over-looks the Choir
With frowning arrogance, some ages past,
The Church was shaded with an engine vast,
Desk, throne, or pulpit, call it what you please :
At once it serv'd devotion, pomp, and ease.

There,

There, thron'd in glory, I have known a Dean,
In vestments rich, on velvet cushions lean.
Prayer-books, embost with gold, before him shone,
Which drew all eyes upon them but his own.
A worm stol'n from a grave the Chanter seem'd,
Just visible enough to be contemn'd.
Time, fate, or fiends, malicious men, or all,
(For they 're all foes to good) conspir'd its fall.
Malicious men, we think, by secret art
Gave it a sickness in some noble part,
That never visited nor minded well,
One morn it yawn'd, and down to ruin fell;
And to its worth th' ungrateful Choir unjust,
Laid it in dark forgetfulness and dust:
What honour'd once the Choir, has now forlorn
Lain thirty winters languishing in scorn.
Three of us, fit for such a great affair,
Will, perriwig'd in Night's dishevel'd hair,
Steal to the pulpit, in its mournful room,
And gloriously reward its martyrdom.
If once to murmur the proud Chanter dare,
The wretch with forty biting actions tear.
Since not in Learning, be in Law renown'd;
Shew a Church-spirit, the whole Church confound,
Ere quit a tittle of your sacred right;
Let Laymen pray, Prelates are known by might.
Your dazzling right divine dart at your foe;
Then to the Church in all Church-splendor go;
And there brow-beat th' usurper to the ground;
Then, to out-brave him, disperse blessings round.

To blast his pride, and shew yourself supreme,
Bless all the Congregation, nay, bless him."

The counsel seem'd to admiration wise ;
The Dean in ravishments, with lifted eyes,
Heaven's inspiration most devoutly blest ;
But strait a new reflection struck his breast.

" I now have in the Choir a seat, said he,
Cloath'd with rich cushions, crown'd with canopy :
On what pretence can I erect this throne ?"

Boyrude reply'd, " A most religious one :
Sermons to hear !" Th' assembly trembled all
With horror at the sound fanatical.

The Prelate, hotly fir'd, profanely swore ;
And almost call'd for an Inquisitor.

" Dar'st thou, said he, name sermons in my ear?
I'll be no Dean, ere buy the place so dear.
I'll rather combat with wild beasts, like Paul,
Or, like Isaiah, be saw'd once for all,
Than weakly be with torturing sermons saw'd,
Postpone my meals, and be with fasting gnaw'd ;
Nay more, myself into the toil they'll fetch,
And I myself shall be oblig'd to preach."

" Make potent Prelates preach ! the Sage replies ;
Pray, by what rule ? you are not tongues, but eyes.
Our eyes guide all our limbs, yet keep their ease ;
Labour becomes not highest dignities.
Sectaries, like Jews, with wanderings are perplext,
Doom'd all their lives to rove from text to text,
Die in that wilderness, and ne'er possess
Rome's blessed holy land of laziness ;

A land

A land that flows with honey, milk, and gains,
At Heaven's sole cost, and not the owner's pains.
Of this you 've more than a dim Pisgah sight;
And ease is your inviolable right.
Make Canons preach; and, while the work is done,
Let your austere grave presence lash them on.
By their dull saws no doubt you would be pain'd,
But you 'll with sweet revenge be entertain'd.
They 've uncanonical rebellious tongues,
And from them you 've receiv'd a thousand wrongs.
Like jades in water-works, Sir, make them sweat,
Till from them penitential drops you get.
Then you 'll soon have revenge and reverence both;
Soon at your feet they 'll fall, to compass sloth."

Into a loud applause th' assembly broke,
And thought man never with more wisdom spoke.
All start, of fame to have the greatest share;
But the wise Dean reduc'd them as they were.
"All things in Church by order must be done,
Said he, that rears and fixes every throne.
None shall approach this work, but those whom Fate
Shall, by a lot, ordain and consecrate."

Thirty selected names are writ with haste,
And in the bottom of a bonnet cast.
Fairly to draw the billets, they employ
Rofy-cheek'd Will, that pretty Singing-boy;
His head new poll'd, his face and linen clean,
Though no Saint's-day, for much he pleas'd the Dean.
The Prelate all partiality disclaims;
Having thrice blest, as often shakes the names.

Will

Will draws, and Trole is the first name that comes :
Birds promis'd good, which freely peck'd their crumbs;
Sure no ill augury could now be read,
This red-beak'd bird from liquor never fled.
A pleasing murmur in the throng was rais'd,
And Fortune's choice by every one was prais'd.

Will to his office does again repair,
And draws a name, most fatal to the fair,
Of a young Singing-man, whose charms ('tis said)
Had been the death of many a Chamber-maid.
Nay, his keen mounting darts reach'd lofty game,
Threatened high ranks with loss of life or fame.
Whatever beauty ogled him was lost,
And soon became a strumpet, or a ghost.
Yet to the dangerous snare they ventur'd all :
His silver pipe was a true lady-call,
Which both Church-pews and Play-house boxes cram'd,
Entic'd the Fair both to be fav'd and damn'd.
But, oh ! that lady gain'd the height of bliss,
Whom he in private taught to sing and kiss.
Long the soft sex did for the youth contend ;
Some took their eyes, some money, for their friend.
Some had him all, and some had modest shares,
Some clear'd their tones, some gave a crack to theirs.
To him his fortune gave a second choice,
And now they go to ask Fate's last advice,
Their names and panting hearts are tost again,
Each fearing Fate his person should disdain.

Honest old Verger ! what sincere delight
Shook thy dry corpse, when thy name rose in sight !

Thy

Thy yellow cheeks turn'd red, and, with a shout,
Thou backwards gav'st a spring in spite of gout.
Now loyal true Church hearts, who for Church weal
Had an unquenchable religious zeal,
Much prais'd Fate's choice of men for Church affairs,
And wish'd all realms as able ministers;
All kings as deep in fight, as Fate had shewn
In chusing men, to serve the Church and Throne.
On the design now all prepare to go;
And, in a murmuring stream away they flow
To the Dean's cellar, where they rent the arch
With drunken songs, and founded oft a march.
The Prelate, calm'd, resum'd his lost repose,
And now, till supper, laid him down to dose.

C A N T O III.

N O W Night was in the middle of her reign:
Great was her pomp, and spacious was her train.
From her large throne of jet, she saw the proud
High towers of Paris scorn an humble cloud.
Ravens, and all the prophets of the air,
Nightly to dormitories near repair:
Amongst the rest, for twenty winters foul,
In a dark cave, a Sibyl, call'd an Owl,
Secur'd herself from Day's oppressing light;
And fled abroad, to prophesy at Night.
Of great disasters she has early sense,
Is an impartial true intelligence.
All sects believe her, though she joins with none;
The Schismatick flies all communion.

Night

Night for her healing touch Nature enthrones,
She often cures both crazy minds and bones.
Kings fall'n with care below e'en common men,
She re-anoints, and makes them kings again.
Day wears, but Night repairs, nay makes mankind,
The only labour to her reign assign'd,
Therefore this Ethiop with Day divides
The rule of time; half through her empire slides.
Angry to see her reign profan'd with toil,
She posted to suppress the noisy broil,
And the bold authors; for the great affair,
She chose this Owl her premier minister,
And call'd her out; her black queen's voice she knew,
To her retinue joyfully she flew.
Both swiftly through th' august Cathedral past,
And found the prison of the engine vast.
It lay neglected in a desert room;
Night plac'd her bird deep in its dusty womb.

Now Trole and Minnum, two great chiefs elect,
Left the Dean's vault, and the slow Verger check'd.
He was as vigorous as they in mind,
But age and gout detain'd him far behind.
Besides, th' old tortoise carried on his back
Of necessary tools a boisterous pack,
As hammer, chissels, mallet, saw, and nails,
Under whose weight his wasted vigour fails.
The warriors force through Night's affrightful shade;
Then valiantly the high proud dome invade.
First they ascend to the magnific porch,
Which stor'd the valued learning of the Church.

The

The Verger stopp'd the troop, whilst, with the dint
Of steel, he cut the veins of stubborn flint,
And forc'd from thence a spark ; the infant bright
As soon as born begot another light,
Which proves to them a kind of midnight sun,
By whose direction boldly they go on.
Th' unfolding gates upon the troop let loose
Detested shades, like floods through opening sluice.
Like a bold caravan the stream they stem,
The horrors and the solitude contemn,
So on in wilds where never was a road,
And reach at length the pulpit's dark abode.
Their wonders on the fall'n machine they feast,
Like birds upon the carcass of a beast.
“ How now ? said Minnum, come we here to gaze ? ”
And then, ambitious to engross the praise,
With a stiff threatening arm, and bending back,
He singly made a desperate attack.
Ere half his force the engine had receiv'd,
(Astonishing ! and scarce to be believ'd)
A horrid voice out of the pulpit flew,
Th' old Verger from his back his burthen threw ;
The fire from Trole's flaming visage stray'd,
Only in his nose, as in a socket, play'd.
Pale Minnum like a lily hung his head,
With his lost mistress wish'd himself in bed :
But, fearing shame, he put false courage on,
Seem'd bolder now more danger might be won.
The frightful dangerous engine shook once more,
With greater resolution than before.

The

The angry Owl, once more depriv'd of ease,
Rushes abroad with greater menaces,
Scattering a storm of wind and dust about,
Which put their candle and their courage out.
Their trembling knees could not their bodies bear;
Their nerves were weaker than their staring hair.
In wild confusion they flunk all away,
Like truants by their whipster catch'd at play.
Discord rag'd at their foil, and, in despite
Of their base fear, will force them to the fight.
In Boyrude's wither'd figure she appears,
Aged, but worn with wrangling more than years;
Wrinkled, but malice half the cyphers made,
And claim to half his wasted visage laid.
Her bending trunk she with a staff supports,
And hastes to find her warriors' dark resorts.
With broken voice, and hoarse with frequent brawl,
She cries, "Where are you fled, ye cowards all?
Think you, because your odious heads ye hide,
Your infamy more odious is not spy'd?
Come out, and shew the reason of your fear."

Stung with reproof, with boldness they appear,
Proud of th' encounter, and prepar'd to boast,
For all of them believ'd the Owl a Ghost.
Minnum was fix'd in the opinion strong;
His charms had kill'd a Sempstress fair and young,
Her heart was crush'd between his voice and face,
The kingdom had not such a dangerous place.
His voice had fix'd her in the fatal snare:
She often came to gaze on him at prayer,

And, when his eye was from the book releas'd,
He glances shot which pierc'd her tender breast.
At length, alas ! she perish'd in the fray,
Her ruin therefore heavy on him lay.
What shape could more exactly fit her soul,
Than that of an unlovely bashful Owl,
Whom the wing'd Chanters drive out of their fight,
And make her live in melancholy night ?

With these conceits they swelling came, and cram'd ;
Minnum for th' Owl a doleful speech had fram'd.
He said, " We saw a Ghost or Goblin foul !"
Reply'd the Goddess, " Goblin ! a poor Owl
Drives you from glory by base childish fears,
This Owl has been my neighbour thirty years.
Near my own house she every evening makes,
And sends abroad, her nightly Almanacks.
Fear you a foolish timorous Owl's grimace ?
How durst y' encounter then a Judge's face ?
Board Lawyers without fees, as I have done,
And to myself immortal glory won.
Judges from me could not protect the bar,
Where spite of them my deeds recorded are.
Oh, Sirs ! the Church produc'd brave spirits then,
A Sexton was as furly as a Dean ;
Bore wrongs as proudly, and forgave as few :
The least of us would a whole Chapter sue.
But the old world grows barren by degrees,
And breeds no more such gallant souls as these.
However, imitate their virtues great,
Let not an Owl compel you to retreat.

Think

Think what dishonour on yourselves you throw,
 How insolent you'll make the Chanter grow:
 From texts he cannot borrow such control,
 As from the shameful story of the Owl.
 'The thought o' th' Owl will ride you night and day;
 Dispirit you, though ye be ne'er so gay;
 Untune your voices when you'd sing your best,
 Ruffle your plumes when you are neatly drest,
 Your surplices, wips, cravats, fet with care,
 E'en women will regard you less than prayer;
 The pews will be neglected by degrees,
 And the old Verger lose his Sunday-fees.
 I hear a murmur say your spirits rise,
 And I see Church-like fury in your eyes.
 Away to honour, gather laurels fast,
 With present bravery hide dishonour past."

This said, the warlike Goddess took her flight,
 And, mounting, streak'd the air with tracks of light,
 Which fir'd our champions hearts. The Howlard fled;
 A generous contempt succeeded dread.
 Th' affront receiv'd from the vile saucy foe
 On th' engine was reveng'd by many a blow.
 In mournful tones the pitying organ moan'd,
 And the whole sympathizing temple groan'd.
 Ah! when this spacious wooden horse was rear'd,
 If thou, oh Chanter! hadst the treason heard,
 Thou, in defence of ecclesiastic pride,
 Like a true Church Apostle, wouldst have dy'd;
 Rather great Martyr been, than Chanter small,
 And in red letters shine, or not at all.

But sleep thou feed'st does with thy foes combine,
 And hug thee whilst they compass their design.
 For now a lofty Ecclesiastic Throne
 Buries thy Bench, where thou so long hast shone.

C A N T O IV.

NOW do the cocks begin their morning brawl,
 And drowsy Chanters to their mattins call.
 Their Chief was troubled with a frightful dream,
 Which made him sweat, and waken with a scream.
 His trembling Valets, on his second ories,
 Forsake their warm enticing down, and rise.
 But wakeful Gerot reach'd his Master first,
 An humble Valet, but a Verger curst.
 He kept the Choir on the sinister side,
 He crouch'd at home, but there he shew'd his pride.
 Mean were his common customers for pews,
 So in their humble bows he took his dues.
 Said he, "What humour drives your rest away?
 Will you to Church, when it is scarcely day?
 Sleep on; your business is to take your ease:
 Let vulgar Chanters earn their salaries."

"Friend, said the Chanter, trembling, faint, and pale,
 Your mirth would die, if you knew what I ail.
 Insult not o'er me, but prepare to hear
 Th' amazing cause of my surprizing fear.
 When sleep had twice upon my eyes bestow'd
 Of drowsy poppies a fresh-gather'd load;
 I dreamt I fill'd my lofty Seat in prayer,
 Triumphant o'er the Minor Chanters there,

Abolving, chanting, taking humble bows,
 Giving the blessing; all with frowning brows :
 When a great Dragon, with jaws dreadful wide,
 Souz'd on my Bench, and swallow'd all my pride."

Then rage tongue-ty'd him ; Gerot, laughing loud,
 Said, " Dreams were fumes from ill-concocted food ;
 Cooks with ill fauce could every night bestow
 On childish fancies such a puppet-show."

The four old man could ne'er with mirth agree,
 But now abhorr'd his ill-tim'd raillery :
 Forbad him speaking, and from bed he flings.
 Gerot, to calm him, his rich habit brings :
 Which very little could his mind sustain,
 For, if his Desk be hid, all those were vain.
 But yet their offer'd grace he will not flight ;
 He rush'd into his gown, and surplice white.
 But, above all, he will not leave behind,
 His spacious scarlet hood, with tabby lin'd :
 His haughty heart would break, if he should lack
 That proof of learning, to adorn his back.
 With his best bonnet then he grac'd his brow,
 Sole mark of learning his white head could shew,
 His purple gloves he never fail'd to wear,
 When he would honour much himself and prayer.
 And, marching now in battle to engage,
 Omitted no illustrious equipage.
 Then much beyond the weakness of his years
 Push'd on, and earliest in the Choir appears.
 But, oh ! what spite and fury fir'd his blood,
 When on his Bench he saw the Pulpit stood !

III " Oh,

“ Oh, Gerot fee, said he, the Dragon fee,
Which broke my sleep, and now will swallow me.
Oh, faithful Dream! thou too much truth hast shown;
The Dean is an ingenious tyrant grown;
By this machine, does wittily contrive
To send me to infernal shades alive.
Nothing but God will ever see me here;
Dark shadows will expunge my character.
Ere such a horrible affront I'll bear,
I'll quit my office, and the Church forswear;
I'll give my vain superfluous Chantings o'er,
And tire the ears of God and Man no more.
I'll never toil that Deans may glory win,
Nor see that Choir where I shall ne'er be seen.
'Tis time enough to go to shades when dead,
I'll now have light.” Then his old arms he spread
With fury strong; and shook the wondrous frame,
When th' Organist and the Clock-mender came,
His faithful friends. The vision struck them wan,
With trembling hands they held th' old venturous man;
Said they, “ The work's too weighty for us all;
By a full Chapter let the Monster fall,
In open day; 'twill your great party shew,
Strengthen yourself, and terrify the foe.
“ Right,” said the Chanter; “ go, by noise or force,
The sleeping Canons from their beds divorce.”

The Champions trembled, when beyond their thought
Their counsel on themselves such danger brought.

“ Oh! moderate your anger, Sir! said they.

Awaken rich fat Canons before day?

Men doubly buried both in flesh and down !
Th' attempt is rare, the deed was never known.
Starv'd Monks a larum in their bosoms keep,
Hunger, a watchful enemy to Sleep.
Their thin-worn wheels are soon in motion set :
But who can stir a Canon mir'd in fat ?”

“ Deceitful cowards, th’ old testy man reply’d,
You fain your terror of the Dean would hide :
A hundred times I’ve seen you crouching stand
With servile necks, beneath his blessing hand.
The work, good Gerot, shall by us be done,
Our friends for once shall shame the loitering fun.”

Cunning old Gerot knew the Canons well,
Spar’d his worn lungs, rung the great master-bell ;
Which, like the heavy Dean, but serv’d for state,
And almost broke the Church with needless weight.
Th’ unchrist’ned bell, with sacrilegious roar,
From his strong camp the God of slumbers tore ;
Broke open all the holy Canons eyes,
And made the Devil of noise and tumult rise.
Some believ’d thunder broke into the room,
Others half fear’d it was the day of doom.
Some Priests, less scar’d, thought ’twas a dying knell ;
Some keenly hungry hop’d ’twas Pancake-bell.
The sound with different sense fill’d every head,
Like a dark text, wondrous confusion bred.
So when, to batter down a hundred walls,
The thund’ring Lewis leaves the fair Versailles
To the young Spring, not valuing her delights,
And with spread banners all the world affrights ;

Danow

Danow to th' Euxine hastes his march to shun,
 Swift Rhine in great commotion hurries-on,
 Brussels for bursting bombs looks every hour,
 And Sodom-like to feel a fiery shower.
 Rich skirted Tagus creeps far under ground,
 And hides much treasure there in vaults profound.
 Amphibious Holland plunges deep in waves,
 Buries itself alive in watery graves.
 So under blankets the priests duck'd their heads,
 Sought a warm easy burial in their beds.

Vexatious Gerot knew their temper well:
 With potent words he seconded the bell.
 "Ho, breakfast waits!" the cunning Verger cries.
 At that angelic summons, all arise:
 In expectations of divine delights,
 All look their cloaths, but none their appetites,
 For they were ready, ere their gowns were on:
 Headlong undrest to the great hall they run:
 But, 'stead of breakfast, met a mournful tale,
 Told by the Chanter with great fury pale;
 Who, as a pestilence were in his breath,
 Struck mighty hunger with a sudden death.
 Everard a painful abstinence abhorr'd,
 And bad the Verger cover strait the board.
 To that once favoury motion no man spoke,
 At length learn'd Allen the deep silence broke.
 He only, of all the Priests our Church obey'd,
 Had not his Latin smother'd and o'erlaid.
 Others by wealth to dulness did advance,
 And with the Church's coin brought ignorance.

But he had wander'd from that practis'd rule,
 And was as learn'd as when he came from school.
 His Roman tongue there gave him mighty power,
 There he was almost Roman Emperor.
 None in his presence durst lay claim to parts,
 For, if they did, his Latin stabb'd their hearts.
 This tyrant yet was their defence and grace:
 Latin was such a terror to the place,
 All other Canons fled at first alarms
 Of men approaching with such dreadful arms.
 But noble Allen scorn'd his head to hide,
 And sturdy flocks of Latin durst abide.
 Most learnedly equipp'd, th' accomplish'd man,
 Having first cough'd, his wife harangue began:

“Some Huguenots, our curst eternal foes,
 Planted this here, to batter our repose.
 In some Church History they've read, I fear,
 Canons once preach'd, and Deans sat here to hear.
 I range in volumes, not to poach for art,
 But to meet Latin which delights my heart.
 Let us all study with what speed we may,
 And shew ourselves as deeply learn'd as they.
 About this Pulpit then let's quickly found
 All learned men in these great things profound.”

Th' unlook'd-for counsel all th' assembly scar'd;
 But made an earthquake in fat Everard;
 Who shaking with astonishment and rage,
 “How I, said he, turn school-boy in my age!
 Do thou look pale, and wither o'er a book,
 I ne'er so much as on the Bible look.

I only

I only study when our rents are due,
 When leases fall, and tenants should renew.
 Books I abhor; they fill the Church with Schisms;
 Much mischief we have had from Syllogisms.
 If to Religion you would converts make,
 Burn Books and Men, say I, and use a flake.
 I will not vex my head: my arm alone
 Shall, without Latin, throw this Pulpit down.
 I care not what Heretic Rascals say:
 What troubles me, I'll throw out of my way.
 So let's prepare for the renown'd design,
 And, when accomplish'd, plentifully dine."

No sooner the word Dinner pass'd their ears,
 Than up their stomachs rose, down fell their fears,
 But then the Chanter, none more bold and great,
 Exclaim'd, "This Tub too long has made us sweat.
 Do Deans fear dust? must they be cas'd like clocks?
 Would they like sentries awe us from a box?
 In our Church-pillar is some rottenness spread:
 To hide himself, he would be wainscoted.
 My vengeance on this foppery I'll throw;
 And an hour's fasting on the work bestow.
 'This done, at once we'll break our fast, and dine,
 And two fair meals with both their portions join."

By this inspir'd, the haughty Champions go
 With an audacious zeal to charge the foe
 The walls vain aid to the poor Engine lent,
 The nails in vain their iron fingers bent;
 The Champions vanquish'd all resistance round,
 The batter'd Engine fell with many a wound.

Antichrist never had such dreadful blows
 From mighty Priests who were his bitter foes :
 For, as this Pulpit was, he's wondrous high,
 A great Ufurper of Church-vanity..
 'Therefore have many rail'd at him aloud ;
 He will let no man but himself be proud.
 Now the Dean's State, of late so high and great,
 Once more is in a sea of darkness set !

LINES BY MR. HIGGONS *,

IN THE BLANK LEAF OF "THE ROYAL MISCHIEF,"

A TRAGEDY, BY MRS. MANLEY.

THE tender boy in our cold country's chill'd ;
 No sooner born, but the young Cupid's kill'd.
 All talk of Love, but few the passion feel,
 Till thy warm lines the sacred power reveal ;
 Such mysteries of Love thy scenes convey,
 That 'tis Enjoyment but to read thy Play.
 All sex and age attend thy moving song,
 Which virtue brings to all ; confirms the strong,
 Recruits the weak, and makes the dotard young. }

* See an account of this writer, and some of his poems, vol. I. p. 125 ; and in this volume, p. 111. — I have since been told, that he published a poem on the Peace of Utrecht ; and had some others by him, which he intended for the press. He was first cousin to the late earl Granville. Two lines of his verses on the Death of Waller, vol. I. p. 130, are evidently to be traced in the following couplet of Tickell, in the English Poets, vol. XXV. p. 188.

"Near to those chambers, where the mighty rest,
 "Since their foundation, came a nobler guest." N.

VERSES.

VERSES TO THE QUEEN AND PRINCE,
ON THEIR VISITING OXFORD, 1702.

I. TO THE QUEEN, AT CHRIST-CHURCH.

SPOKEN BY MR. HARCOURT *.

WHEN haughty Monarchs their proud state expose,
And Majesty an awful greatness shews;
Their subjects, Madam, with amazement seiz'd,
Gaze at the pomp, rather surpriz'd than pleas'd.
But your more gentle influence imparts
Wonder at once and pleasure to our hearts.
Where-e'er You come, joy shines in every face;
Such winning goodness, such an easy grace,
Through all your realms diffusive kindness pours,
That every English heart 's entirely yours.
The Muses' sons with eager transport view
Their long-desponding hopes reviv'd in You,
The Muses' sons to Monarchs ever true.

These happy walls, by royal bounty plac'd,
Often with royal presence have been grac'd.
Here Kings, to ease the cares attend a crown,
Preferr'd the Muses' laurels to their own.
And here You once enjoy'd a safe retreat,
From noise and envy free: to this lov'd seat,
To be a guest, You then did condescend;
Which now, its happy guardian, You defend.

Oxford, with joy, beholds the Royal Pair,
And finds her Muses are her Prince's care.

* Son to Sir Simon (afterwards lord) Harcourt. This young gentleman did not succeed to the title; as he died in 1720, seven years before his father. On his tomb at Stanton Harcourt is a beautiful epitaph by Mr. Pope. He was father to the first, and grandfather to the present, earl Harcourt. N.

May we presume to claim a nearer tie?
 They are your Subjects, we your Family.
 Accept the duty then we doubly owe,
 We share your Presence and Protection too.
 So, when great Jove within the country cell
 Of humble pious Baucis meant to dwell,
 The bounteous God grac'd her with gifts divine;
 And, where he found his refuge, fix'd his shrine.

II. TO THE PRINCE, AT CHRIST-CHURCH.

SPOKEN BY MR. COWSLADE*.

AND You, auspicious Prince, our other care,
 Accept the duty which your Isis pays:
 Whether in arts of Peace, or deeds of War,
 The Hero justly claims the Muse's praise.
 Aspiring Youth, fir'd with a generous flame,
 The tracts of princely virtues here pursue;
 At once both copy and admire your fame,
 And all their different aims unite in You.
 One bloody sieges and feign'd camp designs,
 And fancied schemes of future actions draws,
 And early, in imaginary times,
 Defends his Country's and his Prince's cause.
 Others the milder arts of Phœbus chuse,
 And to smooth numbers form their tuneful tongue:
 From You begin, to You direct their Muse,
 The Subject and the Patron of their song.

* I cannot find who Mr. Cowslade was; and it is remarkable, that not one of these four Speakers took a regular degree at the University. N.

Illustrious Guests, Joint-partners in our love,
 Protect these arts which by your influence live.
 Those arts which we with loyal zeal improve,
 To You return the vigour they receive.
 Whilst Ormond, by undaunted courage led,
 Regions unknown and distant foes alarms;
 We, Ormond's care, to early duty bred,
 Learn here to aid your councils and your arms.

III. TO THE QUEEN, AT SUPPER. BY MR. FINCH *

WITH love, though rude, we crowd this hallow'd place,
 And clog that triumph which we mean to grace,
 To view the Queen, that frees us from alarms,
 Secures our quiet, and directs our arms.
 England before its ruin'd trade deplor'd,
 A mourning victor and disputed lord,
 Now mouldering fleets in Gallic harbours lie,
 While British ships their double world defy.
 Our Muses hear the battles from afar,
 And sing the triumphs, and enjoy the war.
 This now; but soon the quivering spear they'll wield,
 And lead the shouting squadrons to the field.
 They'll serve that Princess whom before they sung,
 Defend that Queen beneath whose eye they sprung.
 So spreading oaks, from lovely Windsor born,
 Shall shelter Britain, which they now adorn:
 With swelling sails o'er distant seas they'll go,
 And guard that Goddess by whose care they grow.

* Heneage, grandson to the first earl of Nottingham. His father was created baron Guernsey, March 16, 1703; and earl of Aylesford, Oct. 26, 1714.—The speaker of these verses died earl of Aylesford, June 26, 1757; and was grandfather to the present earl. N.

IV. TO THE QUEEN, GOING TO BED.

SPOKEN BY MR. PULTENEY *.

MADAM, once more, th' obsequious Muse,
 With zeal and just ambition fir'd,
 Her grateful homage here renews,
 In numbers by Yourself inspir'd:
 And late her willing duty shows,
 To guard you to your safe repose.
 Within this silent humble cell,
 Secure the gifts of sleep receive;
 No factions here or discords dwell,
 To break that rest the Muses give.
 Here daily cares help to increase,
 Not interrupt, our mighty ease.
 These walls, more happy now, possess
 Of the most fair and shining Court,
 Not in the Muses, but their Guest,
 Theirs and the Muses' chief support.
 So Delphos was the bless'd abode
 Of Phœbus' Priests and of the God.
 May Heaven its sacred charge defend!
 May every Grace and every Muse,
 Round You with watchful care attend,
 And balms of gentle sleep infuse!
 Such as the virtuous only know;
 Kind as the blessings You bestow!

* This was very likely to have been the late lord Bath;
 and I am sorry that it cannot be ascertained. N.

C O N-

CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

THE Eagle and the Robin. By Dr. King.	Page 3
Robin Red Breast with the Beasts ; an Old Cat's Prophecy. By the same.	13
Bibliotheca, or the Modern Library. By the same.	19
Epistle to Mr. Goddard. By the same.	74
Receipt to make an Oatmeal Pudding. By the same.	77
Receipt to make a Sack-posset. By the same.	<i>ibid.</i>
Upon a Giant's Angling. By the same.	78
Apple-Pye. By the same.	<i>ibid.</i>
The Charms of Liberty, in Allusion to the Arch- bishop of Cambray's Telemachus. By W. Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire.	81
To the Returning Sun. By J. H.	87
On the Dutcheſs of Portsmouth.	88
The Dream. By Mr. Talbot. Occasioned by the Death of Lady Seymour.	89
Elegy, by Mr. J. Talbot. Occasioned by reading and transcribing Mr. Waller's " Poem of Di- vine Love" after his Death.	92
Against Sloth ; when the King was at Oxford.	93
Ode sung before King Charles II. on New-year's- day. By Mr. Jacob Allestry.	94
What art thou, Love ? By the same.	96
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, drawing Lady Hyde's Pic- ture. By Mr. Higgons.	113
To a Lady, who, raffling for the King of France's Picture, flung the highest chances on the Dice. By the same.	<i>ibid.</i>

318 C O N T E N T S O F

On Lady Sandwich's being stayed in Town by the immoderate Rain. By Mr. Higgons.	-	114
To Mr. Pope. By the same.	-	<i>ibid.</i>
Of the Immortality of the Muses. By Henry Cromwell, Esq.	-	115
Ode to Sylvia. In Imitation of Prior.	-	117
The Apparition. By Abel Evans, D.D. Occasioned by the publication of Tindal's Rights of the Christian Church.	-	118
Vertumnus, an Epistle to Mr. Jacob Bobart. By Dr. Evans.	-	145
On Blenheim House. By the same.	-	161
On Sir J. Vanbrugh, an Epigrammatical Epitaph. By the same.	-	<i>ibid.</i>
On a Learned Device on Blenheim Great Gate; a huge Lion tearing a Cock in Pieces. By the same.	-	162
On the same.	-	<i>ibid.</i>
On Dr. Tadow. By the same.	-	<i>ibid.</i>
Dr. Conyers to Dr. Evans Bursar, on cutting down some fine College-trees.	-	163
On the Monument at London. By Capt. Radcliffe.	<i>ibid.</i>	
Dryden's Description of Night burlesqued. By the same.	-	166
To the Memory of a fair young Lady. By Dr. Yalden.	-	<i>ibid.</i>
To Myra, written in her Cleopatra. By the same.		168
Advice to a Lover. By the same.	-	<i>ibid.</i>
To the Earl of Roscommon, on his Essay on Trans- lated Verse. By Dr. Chetwood.	-	169
		ON

THE THIRD VOLUME. 319

On the Marriage of the Lady Mary with the Prince of Orange. By Dr. Chetwood.	173
On the First Fit of the Gout. Probably by the same.	175
To Dr. Chetwood, when he had the Gout. By Dr. Waldren.	177
Epistle from Dr. Waldren to Dr. Chetwood, on his refusing to take the Oaths	179
To Celia. By the same.	180
An Essay upon Death. By the same.	181
Song, made for a Wedding. By the same.	185
Epigram on a Pigmy's Death. By Dr. Sprat.	<i>ibid.</i>
Marvel's Ghost. By Captain John Ayloff.	186
On the Cambridge Commencement. By the same.	188
Written in a Lady's Waller.	190
Song	191
Anacreon imitated.	<i>ibid.</i>
Anacreon imitated.	192
Anacreon imitated.	193
Pallas.	<i>ibid.</i>
Part of Virgil's First Georgick. By Mr. Sacheverell.	194
Song. By Sir John Eaton.	199
Sir John Eaton imitated. By John Earl of Rochester.	200
The Passing Bell.	201
Ballad on a New Opera. 1658.	202
The Hypocrite. By Mr. Caryll. 1678.	205
On Seeing a Bank of Primroses covered with Snow. By Mr. Thomas Foxton.	207
On the Castle of Dublin. By Dr. Parnell, 1715.	208
On the Death of Mr. Viner. By the same.	209
Epigram. By the same.	212
	Love

Love in Disguise. By Dr. Parnell.	- -	213
Chloris appearing in a Looking-glass. By the same.		214
On a Lady with Foul Breath. By the same.		215
On the Number Three. By the same.	-	219
Essay on the different Styles of Poetry. By the same.		217
The Counter-Scuffle, 1670	- -	237
The Counter-Rat.	- -	262
The Church-Scuffle.	- - -	279
Canto I.	- - -	284
II.	- - -	290
III.	- - -	299
IV.	- - -	305
Lines by Mr. Higgons, in the blank Leaf of the Royal Mischief, a Tragedy by Mrs. Manley.		312
Verfes to Queen Anne and the Prince of Denmark, on their visiting Oxford in 1702.	-	313
I. To the Queen at Christ-Church. By Mr. Harcourt.	- -	
II. To the Prince at Christ-Church. By Mr. Cowflade.	- -	314
III. To the Queen at Supper. By Mr. Finch.		315
IV. To the Queen, going to Bed. By Mr. Pulteney.	- -	316

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

